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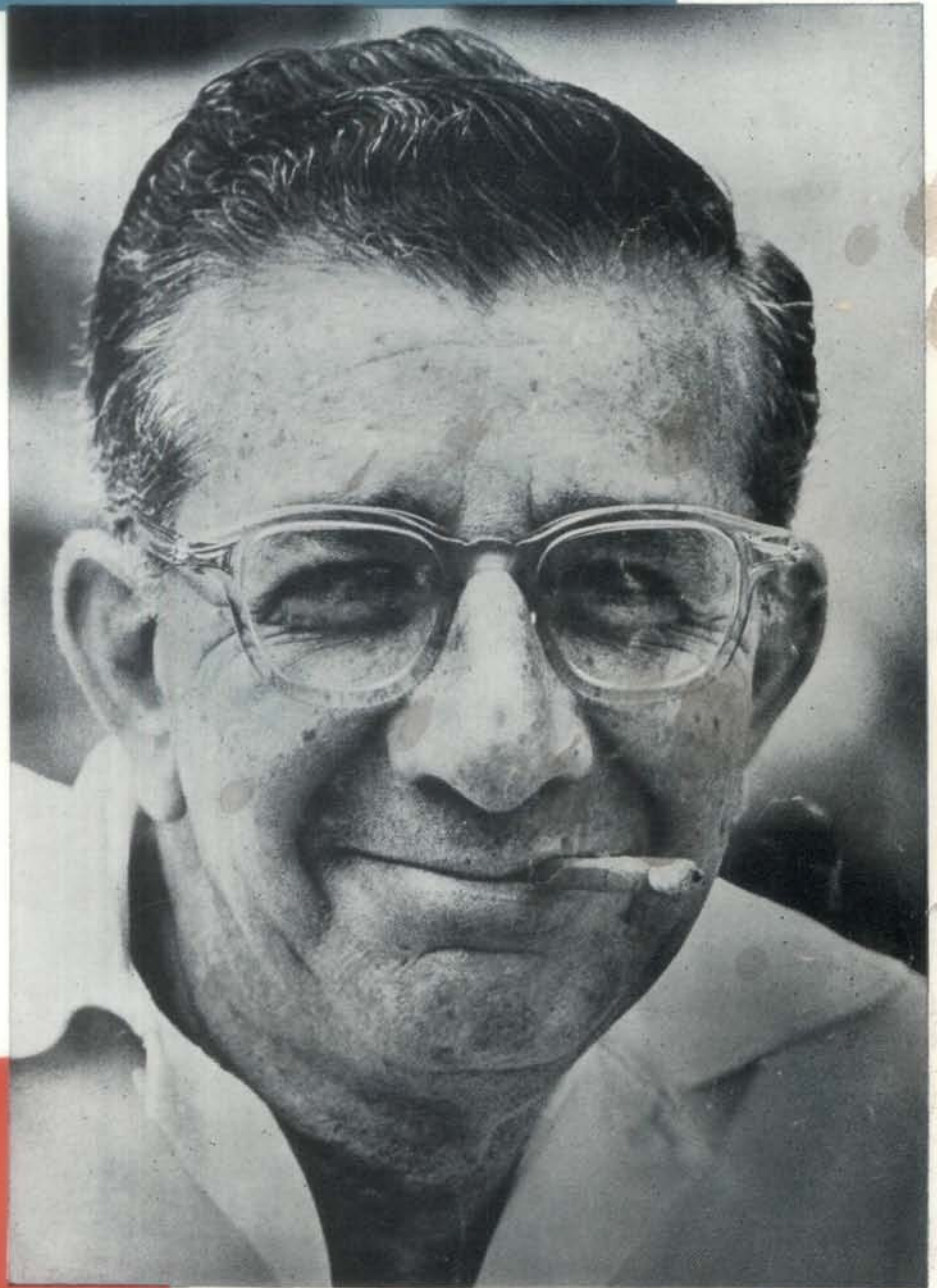
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BY

**DORE
SCHARY**



Author of **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO**

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OCTOBER

ATLANTIC

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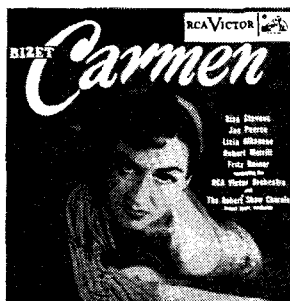
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WASHINGTON

THE old argument whether men make history or history makes men is illuminated once again in the discussion here and abroad about the exchange of visits by President Eisenhower and Soviet Premier Khrushchev. Marxists are convinced that economics governs history, but Americans reject this dialectical materialism. Economics is indeed important, we say, but man has a choice, though sometimes limited, and a nation can be the master of its fate if it has the will and wise leaders.

Probably Khrushchev and his Kremlin associates view the visits as demonstrating the truth of Marx's analysis of history. For it is undeniable, though the Administration does not like to concede it, that Khrushchev got his way by his use of the Berlin crisis as a lever against Eisenhower. Khrushchev has been aiming for the last two years, at least, at a Big Two meeting with the President. We did not know the exact circumstances which led him to create the Berlin issue last November, but there is little doubt about the basis of this challenge to the West.

Louis J. Halle, a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff, recently stated: "In the politics of power, an international arrangement is legitimate only as long as it accurately reflects the relative power of the participants. When the power relationship changes, then the arrangement itself must be correspondingly changed. Our continued presence in Berlin is no longer legitimate and acceptable to Moscow because it no longer reflects the realities of power as Moscow estimates them. Legal agreements have nothing to do with the matter. In Moscow's eyes we should now acknowledge the power realities by getting out of Berlin."

If one understands this view of Soviet thinking, then it is not at all difficult to understand why

Khrushchev kept Foreign Minister Gromyko sitting on a block of ice all through the ten weeks of the Geneva ministers' conference. Under Soviet reasoning, the West would have to yield in the end because the power realities have shifted. In the end the West did yield, not on Berlin itself, but by agreeing to Khrushchev's demand for a Big Two meeting with Eisenhower. It did so because this was the only way, in Washington's view, to keep the Berlin issue from erupting into possible war.

Both the President and the Premier have disclaimed any idea that they will be negotiating during their exchange of visits. Both have taken the public precaution to consult their allies in advance. But Khrushchev will not be satisfied until he gets his way in Berlin. He may not expect to get it while he is in the United States; Communist doctrine is not hidebound by a time schedule in the sense that Hitler was in his day. But it is hidebound in its belief in the inevitable.

The balance of terror

Vice President Nixon returned from his own trip to the Soviet Union with a conviction that one thing is paramount: to persuade Khrushchev and his associates that the United States has the military power and productivity to defeat any Soviet aggressive move and the will and determination to use that strength. This is a conviction long held by many Soviet experts in Washington. The real problem is not just to demonstrate our current strength but to keep that strength developing in a way comparable to the Russian power, so that the balance of terror is maintained.

It will be necessary to persuade Khrushchev that the United States has the will and determination to which Nixon refers. There is not only a doctrinaire Communist belief that capitalism inevitably must decay but a companion belief that the mass

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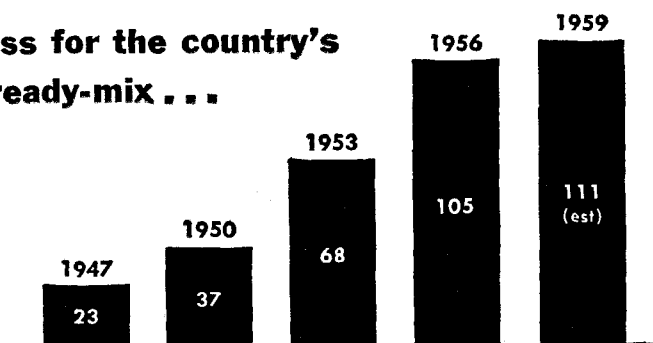
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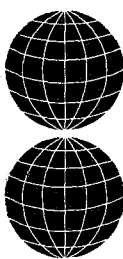
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Report on Washington



of the people will not in the long run support a capitalist government. Khrushchev already knows that the United States is not collapsing as fast as Marx might have expected, but he doubtless believes that unemployment, strikes, poverty are all symptoms of an eventual collapse. His problem is to time his own pressures on the United States to coincide with the downward curve of American power which he expects. Our problem is to convince Khrushchev to slow down his time schedule.

Khrushchev's tactic

Khrushchev's tactic is to say over and over, as he has long been saying, that the West must accept the realities and abide by what he calls the status quo. If only we do this, he says, we can have peaceful coexistence for the indefinite future. Implicit in this line is the appeal to one of the great American illusions: the belief in settlements with the Soviets. Americans tend to have the baseball-game philosophy — they want to go home to dinner knowing what was the final score. Unhappily, the East-West game is not that precise.

There has been much speculation but no real evidence about what Khrushchev really wants to talk about with the President, be it in bilateral conversations in Washington or Moscow or at a Summit conference. Two subjects are most likely: a lessening of tensions through American acceptance of the status quo, and some disarmament agreement which would permit the Kremlin to put more resources into its economic plans to catch up with and surpass the United States. In terms of the Soviet national interest as Khrushchev sees it, both aims are the same — to hasten the day when Russia is the world's number-one power, and thereby the day when Communism will dominate the world, probably without a nuclear war.

Both of these issues are difficult to resolve. The President is determined to stand fast in Berlin, though the American proposals at Geneva showed that his "we don't budge an inch" posture in that beleaguered city is subject to some modification. Nixon's warm public reception in Poland has doubled the resolve of the Administration to do nothing which would accept as final today's satellite status for eastern Europe, though "liberation" in the 1952-Republican-platform sense long ago disappeared from the Washington scene.

It is not impossible, if Khrushchev does find the United States to be more determined than he expected, that the Kremlin will agree to let the present situation in West Berlin continue more or less indefinitely, or at least until the "realities of power as Moscow estimates them" have changed even further in Moscow's favor.

Nuclear disarmament?

Disarmament discussions, at least as old as the League of Nations era, have been carried on in the nuclear age with considerable seriousness since the spring of 1955. There have been across-the-board attempts, and there have been efforts to negotiate piece by piece — notably the nuclear test ban discussions. The complexities are immense, with the only certain factor being that scientific changes in the weapons field constantly run ahead of the statesmen's efforts to cope with them.

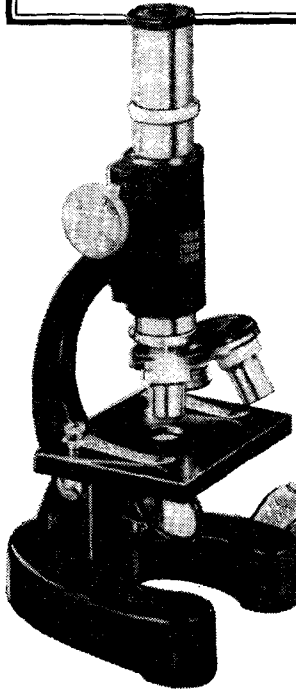
The two superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union, share a common interest in blunting or eliminating the ability of each other to strike a devastating nuclear blow. They also share a common interest in preventing the spread of nuclear weapons to smaller nations, whose use of them might somehow involve the big powers against their wills and bring on a war by mistake.

The possibility of war by miscalculation has been a major argument in Washington, at least, for a nuclear test ban, since testing is vital to the development of a nuclear arsenal for any new nuclear power which enters the field on its own, as in the case of France. But America's allies, chiefly those in NATO, have time and again vetoed any exclusively nuclear curb, on the grounds that to remove any substantial part of the West's nuclear deterrence would be to lay western Europe open to the massive Red army with its much larger manpower and modernized conventional weapons. Thus, the disarmament road is likely to remain long and rocky.

It is probable, in the view of Washington observers, that any general agreement would have to follow, not precede, a nuclear test agreement.

There has been considerable progress toward agreement in the many months of talks with the Russians at Geneva since the President announced his one-year moratorium on tests, which began last October 31. As the Geneva talks between the Americans, Russians, and British have approached the possibility of agreement, however, opposition to a total ban has mounted in Washington. This is true both with the Eisenhower Administration and among the powerful members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. The Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission, although formally backing the Eisenhower pro-

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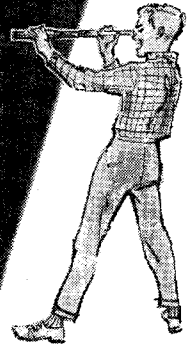
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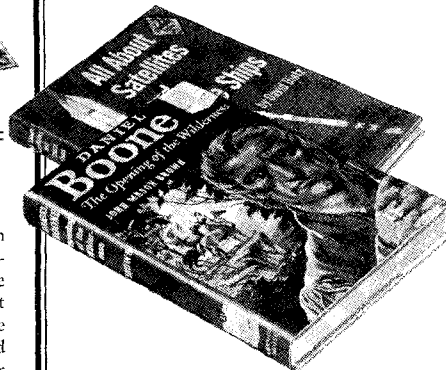


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It's a matter of common agreement that the modern electrical age was made possible by Michael Faraday's discovery of the principle of electromagnetic induction. Yet England's Prime Minister, when told of Faraday's discovery, asked, "What good is it?" And Faraday rose to the occasion with the perfect reply: "What good is a baby?"

Of course, sociologically speaking, a baby is no good at all. It consumes without producing. It makes noise without making sense. In short, it is a true parasite.

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Report on Washington



posals at Geneva, have in fact been undercutting the total ban idea with some powerful lobbying.

For a long time the anti-ban argument centered on the thesis that it would halt the development of small nuclear weapons, which alone could be a match for Russian military manpower in less than all-out wars, and of so-called "clean" bombs in the larger ranges as well. In addition, the anti-ban group has charged that the Russians could hide their tests deep underground and thereby gain in nuclear development at our expense. Nonetheless, the President has kept alive the Geneva negotiations, if only because of the worry over radioactive fall-out.

New data on the clean bomb

Recently a new element was introduced in the argument. The *Washington Post* reported that there is now being discussed a radically new type of atomic weapon, a bomb which would produce as much man-killing radiation as a large-megaton hydrogen weapon, yet have the destructive blast of a small weapon and the radioactive fall-out of an even smaller one. Work on this weapon, under the project names of Dove and Starling, is being carried out at the University of California's Radiation Laboratory at Livermore. The head man there is Edward Teller, the nuclear scientist who has been most vocal against a test ban and who is the leading proponent of the clean bombs.

If the theory involved proves correct, the new bomb will deliver a lethal dose of radiation to a distance of one mile (about the range of the 20-kiloton Hiroshima atomic bomb), yet produce far less damage and only about one thousandth of the total fall-out. The small fall-out is due to a fission-type trigger, reportedly only one tenth of one per cent of the total size of the bomb, compared to about 5 per cent in the case of a hydrogen bomb.

The point here, aside from what could be an important weapon in

both strategic and tactical terms, is that tests of such weapons would be more easily concealed. Naturally, it is assumed that the Russians are capable of the same approach as is involved in the Dove and Starling projects.

Whether or not these projects materialize, they are illustrative of the way in which science keeps the politicians off balance. The United States has tried at the Geneva test ban talks to get the Russians to consider new data developed from the American series of underground tests held last year in Nevada. The Soviet response has been to refuse on dual grounds: that the new data was put forward only to wreck the test ban talks, and that even if the data is meaningful in terms of the inspection and control problem, as the United States claims, it can be considered by the control organization after it is set up by an East-West agreement.

The yeast of change

A word should be said about the possible gains of the United States and the West should the Khrushchev and Eisenhower visits bring a new *modus vivendi*. Part of the price, perhaps the main price Khrushchev has had to pay for the Nixon and Eisenhower visits was a considerable raising of the Iron Curtain. It is a risky thing for the Kremlin to permit a flow of American attitudes and ideas into the information-hungry Soviet mind. It may be true that public opinion in Russia has little influence on the Kremlin. But what Dulles used to term "the yeast of change" is certainly at work in the Soviet Union, and public opinion cannot be totally ignored. Soviet public opinion seems clearly opposed to foreign adventures by the Red army, adventures which become less convincing the more Soviet citizens hear of the other side of the East-West issues, regardless of the degree of their own belief in Communism.

Change is afoot all over the world. Much of the American problem is that the Administration, and its predecessor as well, has not sufficiently recognized this. The Eisenhower-Khrushchev talks represent an encouraging effort to cope with some of the changes, and therefore the outcome could be critical for world peace.

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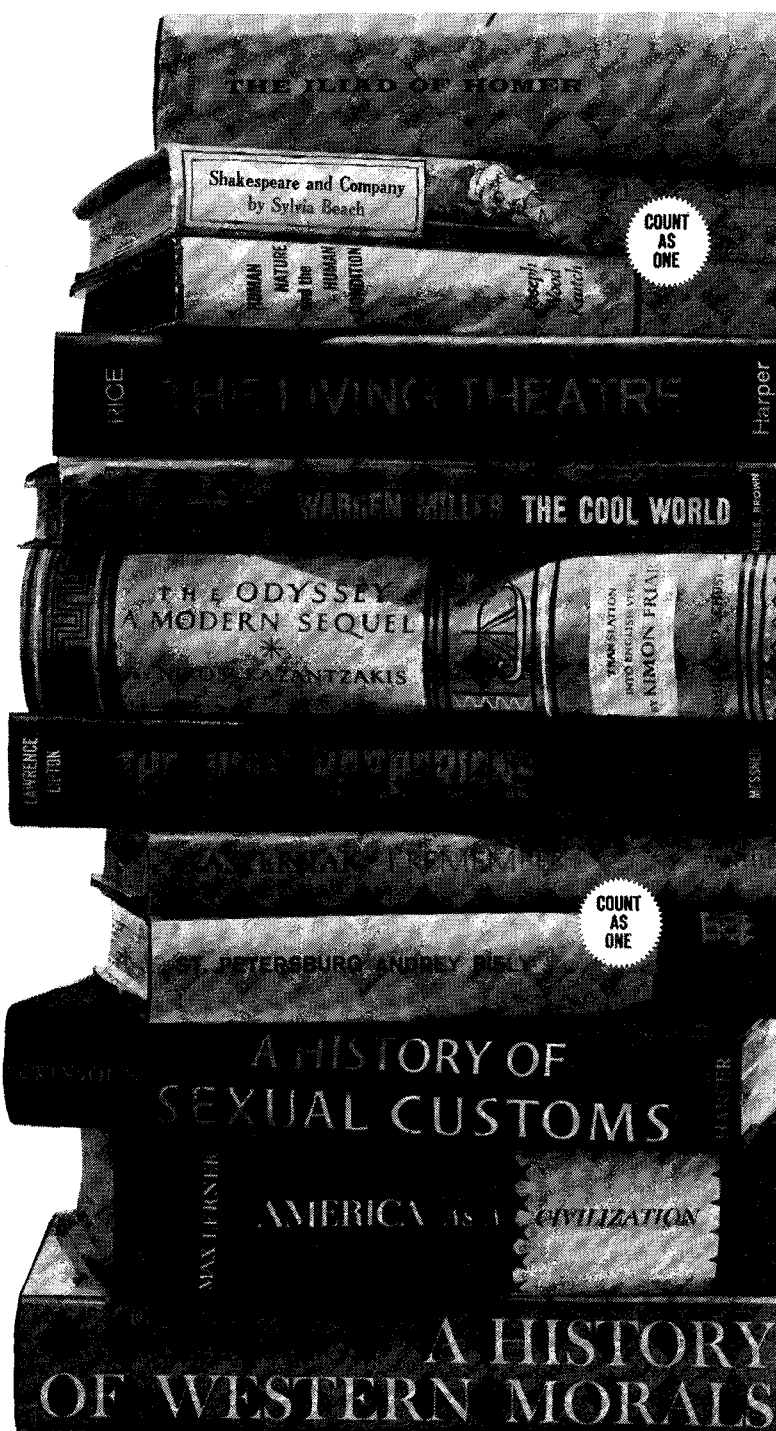
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The Atlantic Report LONDON



THE British will certainly long remember the summer of 1959, for it was the summer when England became rich for the first time in the Keynesian and the American senses. Among the notable gains were: an automobile to every three households; trade in surplus, at a season when it had always before been in deficit; unemployment at only 1.8 per cent; earnings at an all-time high. The volume of installment buying increased at the rate of 50 to 60 per cent a year. Sotheby's made \$1.5 million in commissions selling art, and London sprouted a crop of tall office buildings. Add to this the news of the Queen's expected baby at the coming of the new year, and one can well imagine the supercharged emotional atmosphere.

The astonishing thing, however, is that none of this progress, even with a decisive election approaching, seems to have had much political effect. There was no spark at all in the closing session of what Aneurin Bevan dubbed the "Squalid Parliament." The last debate, on Nyasaland, fizzled out slowly with two brief sputters of rebellion against party discipline. The general belief in Westminster was that, whichever party should win the next election, the Government returned will have only half the Tories' present majority of sixty, and the conformity that members now find so irksome will have to be more rigidly enforced than ever.

The polls still give Prime Minister Macmillan the edge. But if for economic reasons he postponed the election he might have called last May — a British prime minister can choose his time within the maximum five years — it must seem to Macmillan that there is no justice. His efforts have helped preserve the peace; now there is also plenty. What more do people want? It is an unanswered question in London as elsewhere. Yet it is perhaps among the very ingredients of Macmillan's success that one can see a natural cause of disenchantment.

The age of plenty

This has been "the year of the millionaire." Commercial television companies, after only four

years of existence in the original home of state broadcasting, have made \$60 million in profits. Max Joseph, a London real-estate owner, is reported to have netted personally more than \$11 million in cash when he sold his controlling interest in the Lintang property company. The sterling role of honor includes the names of Isaac Hillman, Frank Rind, Felix Fenston, Charles Clore, and probably twenty others. Most of the millions have been made through property deals and capital gains. And there is no capital gains tax in Britain.

But this has also been the year of stability. Lord Cohen, Sir Harold Howitt, and Professor E. H. Phelps Brown, the "three wise men" of the advisory Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes, have given their opinion that Britain has "escaped from the inflationary spiral." If it seizes the present opportunity, they say, it can hope to keep from getting caught up in it again.

It is further hoped that this is to be the year of the wage freeze. Everyone now knows that seizing the opportunity means curbing further increases in earnings. The brakes are already on. Wages in future must be like a glacier — always slowly on the move, yet withal frozen.

This is the year of peak wages. On the average, for a man over twenty-one, that peak is exactly \$36.80 a week. Could it be the coincidence of the year of the millionaire with the year of the \$36.80, and of both with the year of debt, that explains the unease, the churning moral qualms of this otherwise prosperous England?

It is as if people in England were not at all sure that they like the society they are creating. Back comes an old worry that the big rewards still are the exclusive perquisites of ownership. And ownership remains extremely unevenly divided. The top 10 per cent own 75 per cent of Britain's capital. Only 7 per cent of the families own a business or a farm (compared with 17 per cent in the United States); only 22 per cent own their homes (compared with 45 per cent); only 4 per

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— *her-ni-cle* goose. The barnacle goose.

Report on London



cent own other land or buildings (compared with 14 per cent).

The Tory slogan of "a property-owning democracy" has not yet been translated into fact. And since the important thing about justice is not simply that it be done but that it is also seen to be done, there seems therefore to be a weight missing from the scales.

These days it is the Liberals who really seem to take the Tory slogan seriously. They firmly believe it may be the trump card, that, while it cannot win them the game, can keep them in it for at least another round. Their maximum hope when the election comes is to win fifteen seats. But were they to do so, and were the two big parties in stalemate, they might have a chance at last to try in earnest to change the thought of England.

Not all Liberals realize it, but it is a very big change indeed that their leader, Jo Grimmond, is demanding. For the spreading of ownership on an effective scale requires much more than copartnership in industry and profit sharing. As economist Colin Clark has pointed out, it requires "deproletarianisation."

Ownership by the people instead of for them cannot easily be accomplished unless the unproletarian family, in Clark's opinion, "expects to pay an economic price or rent for its house . . . to pay its own druggist's bills, relying on insurance . . . to provide for old age through its own savings and superannuation, not through State pensions." Ownership appears to require the substitution of fair payments for fair shares. This is too much to expect.

Gaitskell's plans

Hugh Gaitskell could not, even if he wished, campaign for a fairer distribution of wealth through a wider distribution of ownership. He is committed to a sort of socialism. He sees no particular great cause there on which to fight the next election.

Gaitskell's major positive plans are for a 25-per-cent tax on capital gains, the purchase by the state of common stock in up to 600 of Britain's private industrial companies and corporations, more welfare, higher state pensions, and government aid for sports, the theater, art, music, and public parks. The first, and stability, will cut the millionaires down to size. The second, he says, will cut the state in on capital gains.

Socialism, understood as the nationalization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, has not disappeared altogether from Labor thought. Gaitskell is aware of competition from Frank Cousins, left-wing leader of the Transport and General Workers, the union that produced Ernest Bevan. And what is going to be decided soon is not only whether the Tories will have a third term of power but whether Gaitskell or Cousins is going to inherit the Labor Party.

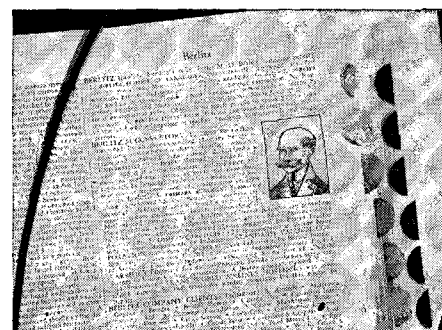
No Tory Government has ever won the election three times in a row. A failure by Gaitskell to win next time, when history is on his side, would almost surely mean the end of his leadership. And Bevan, surprisingly, has become Gaitskell's ally.

Labor's attack on violence

Labor's main effort is being devoted to an attack on the present Government as having shown itself to be in bond to violence.

The Macmillan Government's foundation, the argument goes, is Suez; its basic dogma is that the use of force there was 100 per cent right. Its agents have since continued to employ force: in Cyprus; in Kenya, where eleven hard-core Mau Mau prisoners were beaten to death after refusing to work; and in Nyasaland, where the Devlin Commission of eminent and conservative jurists found that there exists a "temporary police state." Few of the violent agents have been punished. No responsible minister has resigned when improper violence has been uncovered.

This argument may well have a strong impact. Britain's conscience is stirred. Particularly in its new-found wealth, Britain today feels a little ashamed of the underdevelopment of its remaining underdevel-



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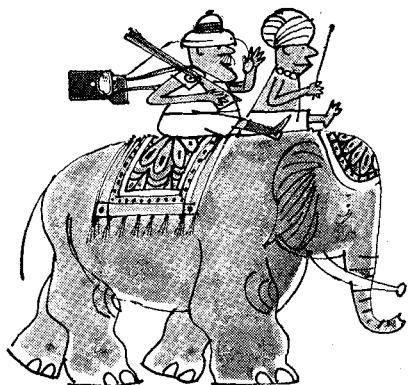
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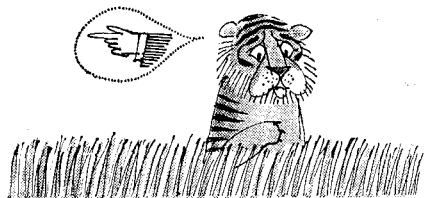
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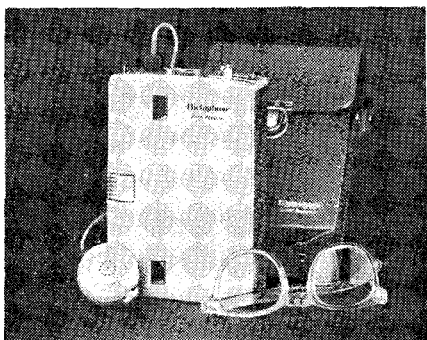
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Report on London



oped colonies and at the same time proud of its record, begun by a Labor Government, with India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, of returning subject peoples safely to independence.

Britain's leaders

The shame and the pride are somehow part of one another. And at the center of each in 1959 is the same man, Alan Lennox-Boyd, Colonial Secretary. He is the main target of the Labor Party's fire, but he is also the main source of strength for the Government's counterblast.

Under his secretaryship, the Government can point to the solution of the apparently insoluble problem of Cyprus, the independence of Malaya and Singapore, the beginnings of independence for a Federation of the West Indies, the development of free Ghana, the emergence of free Nigeria, the end of the Mau Mau in Kenya, and considerable progress in Tanganyika.

Lennox-Boyd is sometimes spoken of as a man who would like to return to private life and who might have resigned already had his resignation not seemed to the Tories like a plea of guilty. But he is also spoken of as a future prime minister.

Iain Macleod, Minister of Labor, is also a candidate for high office. And in the background, quietly, safely, shyly, Chancellor of the Exchequer Derick Heathcoat Amory works away fashioning a ladder of his own. No Chancellor has had a greater success, judged by results.

There may be some argument as to the exact proportion of the credit for these results that must be accounted to Heathcoat Amory's prudent management and to the renewed confidence in British finance that it has certainly produced abroad. But there can be no argument about the separate part played by the revival of business in America.

New markets

Even if the British and Americans were kicking and struggling, events

would conspire to bring them ever closer. The United States now is Britain's biggest customer by far. For instance, one quarter of the total British output of automobiles is now sold in North America, and the same quantity is divided among all the other markets of the world put together. Without this development in British trade there undoubtedly would be little prosperity in England today.

And now events in Europe seem likely to tie the knot more firmly, provided that a continued inflation in America at a time of stability of prices in Britain does not bring about a revival of protectionism in the United States. For, at the moment, western Europe appears to be split in two. One half looks inward. The other half, as a consequence, must look outward.

The Six — France, Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Western Germany, and Italy — are proceeding with their Common Market. They may become the Eight, with the addition of Greece and Turkey. Already fundamental changes in the direction of investment and trade are taking place.

Britain, with Scandinavia, Switzerland, Austria, and Portugal, is in process of founding a Free Trade Area of the Outer Seven, to be completed in ten years. The avowed purpose of this second market is to bring about an eventual union of the two areas. Its headquarters will be in Paris instead of London, as a gesture to the Six. But, unfortunately, neither of these two actions guarantees a union. The Common Market and the Free Trade Area remain two quite different, and opposed, conceptions.

Each of the Six meanwhile gains access to a new market three, four, or five times its own size. Britain, with 50 million out of the total 88 million population of the Seven, enlarges its home market by less than 50 per cent.

The saving fact for Britain is that by virtue of its lower prices and the fixed exchange rate with the dollar it has in practice almost free access to another market that is in terms of wealth eight times as big as its own — the United States.



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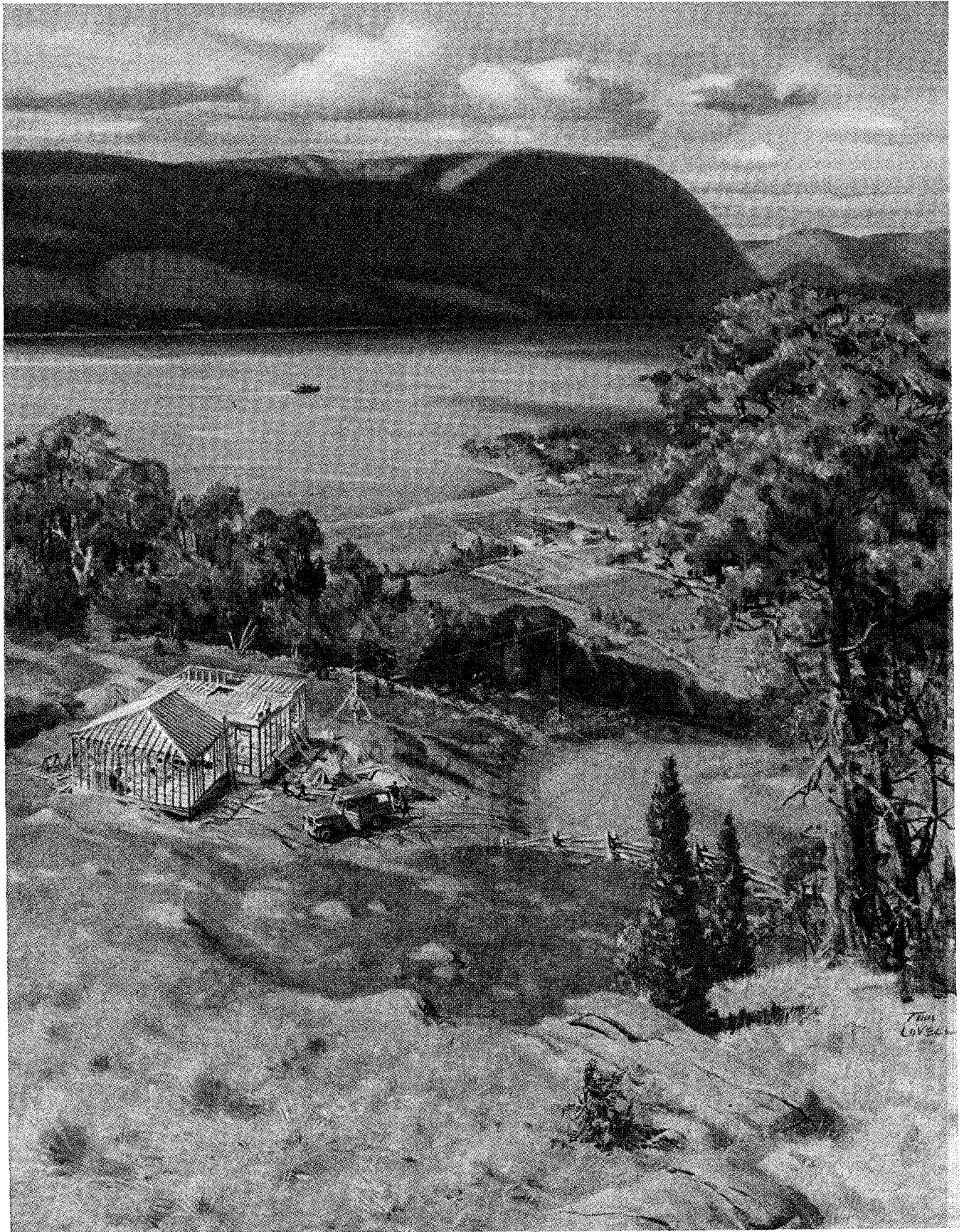
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ONE night last June, at the height of the Poets' and Writers' Congress held at the luxurious Formentor Hotel in Mallorca, the word suddenly spread that something strange was going on offshore. Leaving the bar, the writers, both foreigners and Spaniards, flocked out onto the terrace overlooking the tranquil waters of the Mediterranean.

Some distance at sea a solitary figure could be seen slowly rowing a small boat toward the land. As it came closer, the unmistakable, round head of the Congress' chief organizer came into view above a mountain of books. It was the Spanish writer, Camilo José Cela, pretending to smuggle in a contraband load of literature recently banned by the censor's office in Madrid.

This charming piece of literary horseplay is a good example of the subtle change of mood that has occurred in Spain in recent years. Criticisms of Franco, which were once made in hushed voices, are now made openly and often in the presence of government officials. Today even the most ardent advocates of the regime seem to be a little shamefaced in their apologies for a political system which has been revealed — especially since the discovery that Spaniards in high places are tucking away their money in Swiss banks — to be a hotbed of nepotism and corruption.

The dark days of mass arrests and indiscriminate shootings are clearly over. The concentration camps have disappeared, and the government claims that only 1450 political prisoners are still languishing in its jails. Critics of the regime and potential troublemakers are still occasionally arrested, but it is usually as a kind of warning, and they are normally released a few weeks later.

This leniency has led some observers to believe that the Franco regime is losing its grip and that its days are numbered. Others interpret it to mean that the regime is now so firmly established that it can afford to turn a deaf ear to occasional outbursts of criticism. The truth no doubt lies somewhere between these two extremes.

Twenty years after establishing his grip on the country, Francisco Franco shows no signs of being anxious to retire. Officially he is the Regent of the Spanish Monarchy — a status which was formally recognized by the Law of Succession of 1947 — and he is publicly committed to prepare the return of a Bourbon to the throne. But it is an open secret that he feels misgivings about Don Juan, the forty-five-year-old son of the last reigning monarch, Alfonso XIII. The Generalissimo is suspicious of the liberal tendencies which Don Juan is reported to have acquired during his period of service in Britain's Royal Navy.

The favored heir to the Spanish throne is Don Juan's son, the twenty-one-year-old Juan Carlos, who recently completed his fourth year of military training at the Air Academy of San Javier, in Murcia. Juan Carlos, however, has always been emphatic in declaring that he would never ascend to the throne while his father was alive. He is, furthermore, legally banned from immediately mounting the throne by the 1947 Law of Succession, which stipulated that the next Spanish monarch must be at least thirty years of age. Not until 1968 will Prince Juan Carlos reach that age.

Behind the lip service that Franco pays to the monarchy and to monarchic ideals, he seems to maintain a certain reserve. He was not a monarchist in his youth, he was made a general under the Republic, and it took him a good six weeks, when the Civil War first broke out, to decide with which side to throw in his lot. Circumstances rather than conviction have made him a monarchist, the monarchy appearing to him as the only durable alternative to a chaotic and Communist-threatened republic. But his reservations toward the monarchy have been so great that he has not hesitated to allow rival monarchist groups to challenge the legitimacy of Don Juan's rights to the succession.

Industrial boom

There is general agreement in Spain that only something as serious as a major economic slump could at present undermine Franco's hold on

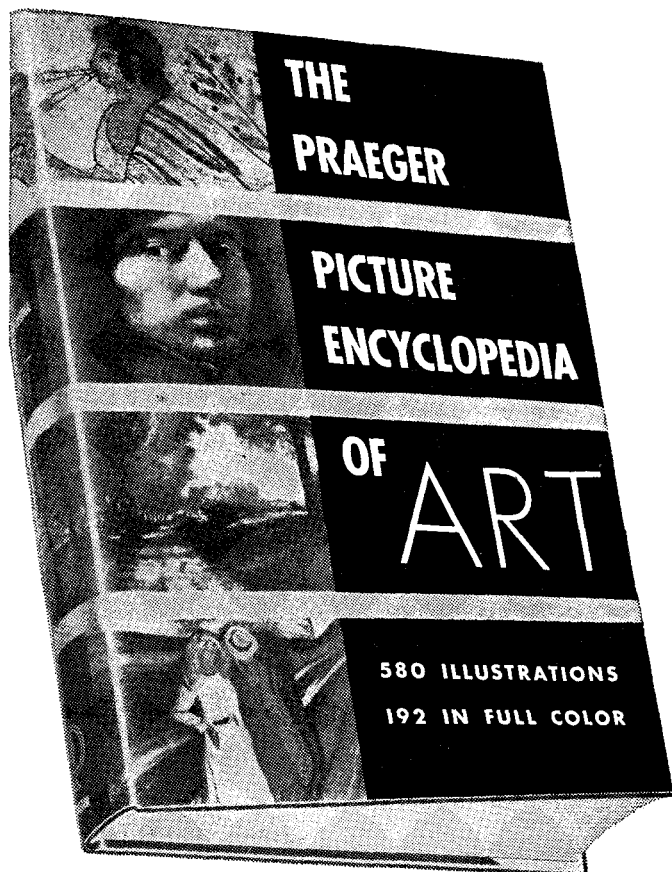
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Report on Spain



the country. Though Spain has been in serious economic straits, the situation is still not catastrophic. For the last five years, in fact, Spain has experienced something of an economic boom. Billions of pesetas have been poured into building new dams, irrigation canals, steel and iron works, car and truck assembly plants, chemical factories, oil refineries, and so on. No visitor to Madrid can fail to be impressed by the forest of new, red-brick apartment buildings which has mushroomed in the capital's rapidly expanding suburbs.

From the beginning, however, the industrial boom has been artificially maintained by American military and economic grants and loans, totaling more than \$600 million for the last five years alone. For a while this infusion of dollars helped Spain to acquire the raw materials, machine tools, and capital goods it needed for its industrial investment

program; but by the end of last year the demand for such goods had so far outstripped the annual dollar grants and loans that Spain had only \$65 million of foreign exchange reserves left, or less than one tenth of the annual import needs. The time for retrenchment had come.

As long as the investment boom lasted, it has been calculated that something like 120,000 new jobs a year were being created — enough to absorb a demographic increase which has lifted Spain's population from about twenty million at the end of the Civil War to thirty million today. During the last four years, there was a steady decline in unemployment, the lowest point being reached in the first six months of 1958, when there were only 85,000 registered unemployed in a total working population of some twelve million. But when the ax fell, the number of unemployed began to rise.

This unfavorable development has been aggravated by the carefree way in which the recent industrial expansion was financed. It has been estimated that 35 to 50 per cent of the expenditures of Spain's 820 public

and semipublic enterprises has actually been covered by budgetary receipts in the last few years; the rest has been provided by bank loans and by the printing of new money. The result has been a serious inflation, which has raised the cost of living by 40 per cent in the last two years.

By the beginning of this year, the sizable wage increases of the autumn of 1956 had been wiped out by the sharp rise in prices, which had the subsidiary effect of discouraging new consumer demand. Many plants in Barcelona were forced to close down late last spring, not only by a lack of imported raw materials but even more by the cessation of new orders and the piling up of inventories. By the time that the Minister of Commerce, Alberto Ullastres, and the Minister of Finance, Mariano Navarro, came out with their stabilization program last June, it was at least six months too late, for they were faced with a deflationary, not an inflationary situation. The net result was that the restriction of credit and other stabilizing measures will make it harder than ever for Spain to climb out of its present economic rut.

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The neglect of agriculture

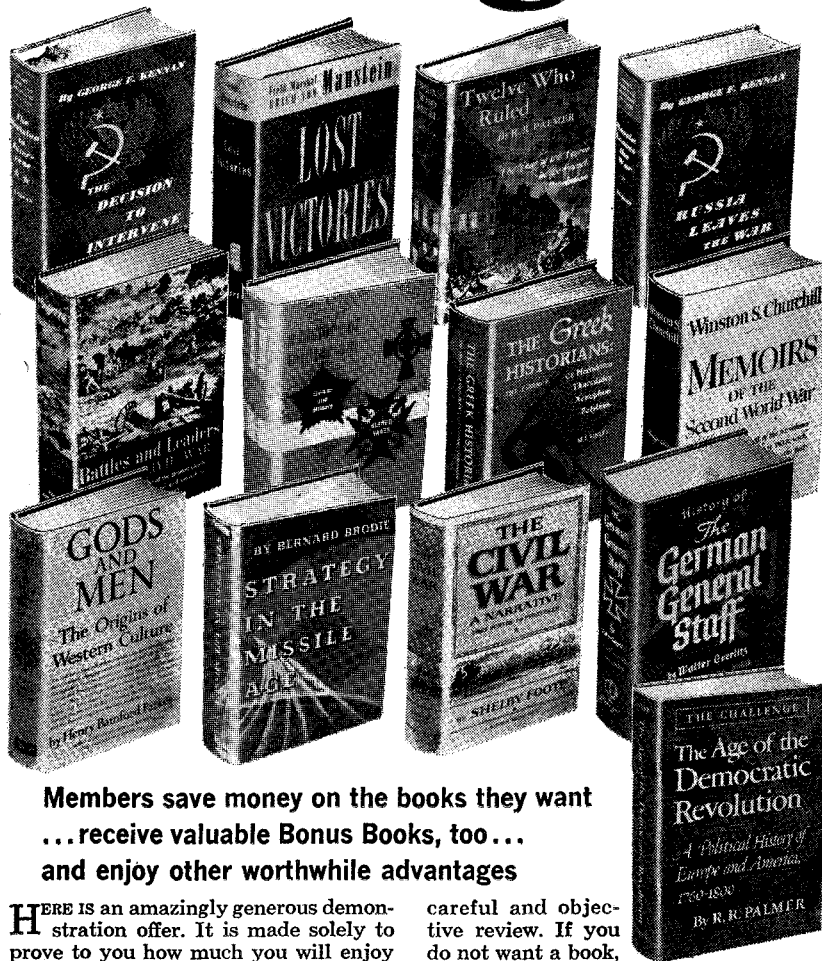
At the root of this crisis is the over-emphasis that has been placed on the rapid industrialization of Spain, to the neglect of its agriculture. There are certain areas where industrial investments have clearly been justified. Spain's coal mines, which produced seven million tons before the war, now produce sixteen million. Even the controversial Aviles iron and steel mill in northern Spain, which cost between 14 and 28 billion pesetas (depending on whether one accepts official or private estimates), can probably be justified, though it is dependent on imports of iron ore from the Moroccan Rif and of coal from the United States.

It is less easy to justify enterprises like the Seat (Spanish affiliate of Fiat) motorcar assembly plant at Barcelona or the Renault factory at Valladolid. The first produces some 18,000 cars a year, and the second, when in full operation, will turn out 12,000 Dauphines. Such low and uneconomic rates of production partly explain why a Spanish Seat costs three times as much as a Fiat in

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Report on Spain



Italy, and a Spanish Dauphine three times what one costs in France.

Only by increasing its exports can Spain hope to pay for its ever-expanding imports, and most of Spain's exports are in agricultural products like olive oil, citrus fruits, wines, and vegetables. It has been estimated that Spain's agricultural produce could be significantly expanded by simply doubling the million tons of fertilizers Spanish peasants and farmers use each year.

The crisis has been partially mitigated by the fact that there have been fairly bountiful rains, and consequently the best harvest—five million tons of wheat—in years. But a plethora of wheat cannot make up for a shortage of work and jobs.

The groups opposing Franco

Most Spaniards believe that with a little more help from Uncle Sam they can somehow muddle through. Among the opposition, a few believe that the present economic crisis would bring the Franco regime to its knees if only the United States were to leave it to its fate. But just what would happen thereafter is a question that no two Spaniards seem able to agree on. Reluctant as they are to admit it, most Spaniards are tacitly convinced that the disappearance of Franco at this uncertain juncture would simply lead to anarchy and renewed civil strife.

There are a number of reasons for this. The Spanish Catholic Church, which is as reactionary as any church in the world, is probably as hated as it was in the days of the Republic. The new Pope, John XXIII, is known to wish to liberalize the Spanish Church and to have it gradually dissociate itself from its compromising ties with the regime. But by the terms of the concordat which was renewed several years ago between Rome and Madrid, the Vatican is pledged to choose new Spanish bishops from a list of three candidates drawn up by the Spanish government. This spring there was official irritation in Madrid when the

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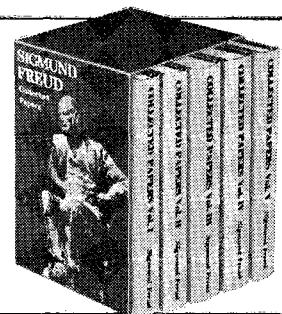
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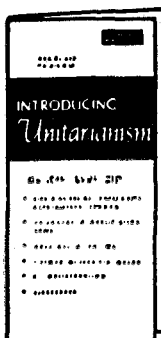
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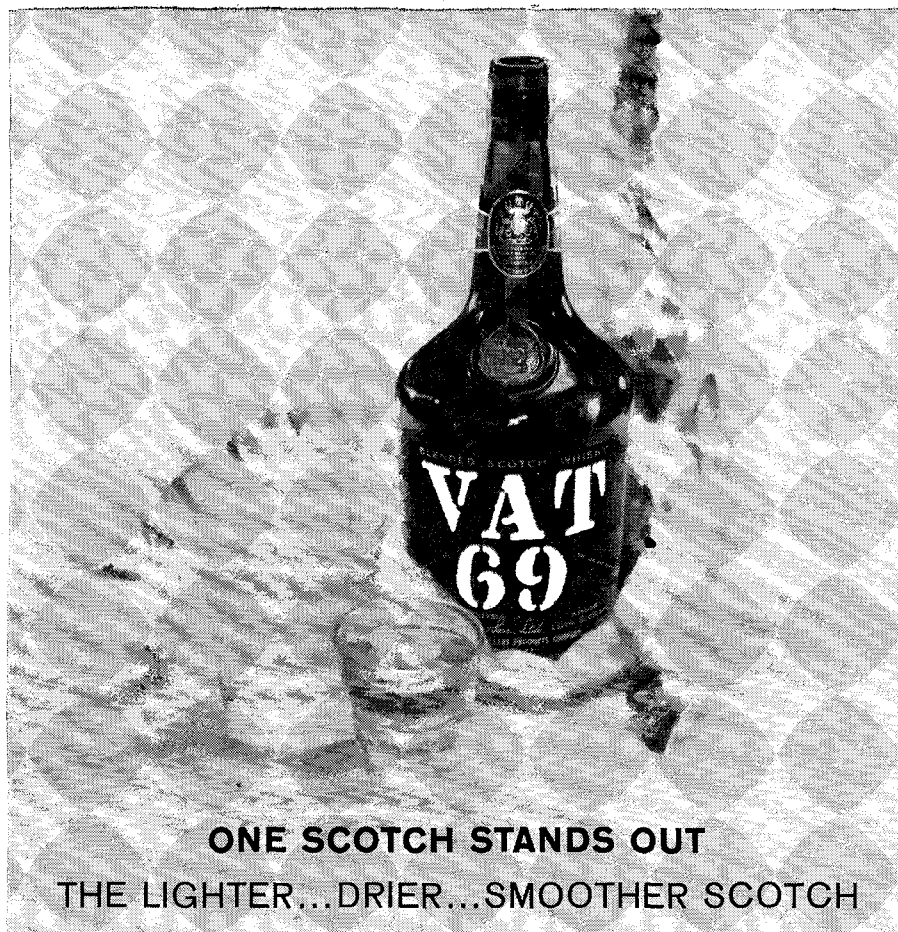
Report on Spain

Pope disregarded the three government-selected candidates for the vacant bishopric of Córdoba and named Monsignor Manuel Fernandez Conde, a Spanish prelate who had served for a number of years in the State Secretariat of the Vatican.

The active opposition groups, which include Socialists, Christian Democrats, syndicalists, anarchists, Basque and Catalan patriots, and a dozen or more splinter groups, have never been able to get together on a common program. The monarchists are a relative minority, limited to a few intellectuals who feel that any kind of monarchy would be an improvement over a military dictatorship and to a number of titled aristocrats who expect the monarchy to help them preserve their vast estates, so that they can go on declaring and paying taxes on a sixth or a seventh of their real earned incomes!

The best organized opposition group is probably the Communist Party, if only because it enjoys secret financial support from Soviet sources and a radio station which broadcasts in Spanish from Prague. But even the Communists have less real power than they like to claim. The general strike which they tried to engineer last June 18 was a spectacular flop.

In this situation the Spanish army remains the final and decisive force. Its high command and its senior officers, down to the rank of colonel, appear to be quite loyal to Franco. Spanish liberals are persuaded, however, that time is on their side. They believe that the pressure of European competition from such organizations as the Common Market is bound eventually to undermine the strength and autarchic pretensions of the present military dictatorship. The more international and European organizations that Spain can join, the better it is, they feel. Spain is already a member of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, and they look forward to the day when it will become a member of NATO, the Common Market, and the Council of Europe.



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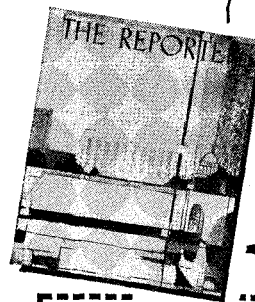
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THREE years after the revolt of 1956, satellite Hungary has dropped back into a narrow orbit around Moscow, with slight and steadily diminishing eccentricity. As a good Communist, Premier Imre Nagy wanted only to broaden the orbit somewhat, like Gomulka in Poland or perhaps even Tito. Nagy's downfall came when he called for withdrawal of Soviet troops and the Soviet troops removed his government by force. It was eighteen months, though, before the Communists felt sufficiently sure of themselves to hang him.

The man Moscow chose to replace Nagy was Janos Kadar, who has presided over a gradual but inexorable return to the system revolving about the U.S.S.R. He became first secretary of the reorganized Hungarian Socialist Workers (Communist) Party while Nagy was still in office. Superficially at least, he had more right to be called a Titoist than Nagy. He suffered torture and jail for this heresy before Stalin's death, while Nagy suffered nothing worse than temporary expulsion from the Party—until after the revolt. This may be why Kadar was picked: to attract the followers of Nagy.

At the start there was a slight hope that he might take an independent line. That hope is now gone. Kadar has denounced Tito, and last spring he proclaimed himself more orthodox than Gomulka by concurring in a new farm-collectivization drive, which Gomulka showed no sign of doing.

The Soviet troops who brought Kadar to power are no longer to be seen on the streets of Budapest. There are perhaps 40 to 50 thousand in the country, but the casual foreign visitor may never notice a Soviet uniform. Six months after the revolt was crushed, the last Soviet armored car disappeared from chestnut-lined Andrassy Avenue, just across from the Soviet Embassy.

The successive rebaptisms of this street, one of the city's handsomest, epitomize the history of Hungary since the last war. It was called originally after Count Gyula Andrassy, a liberal

statesman of the nineteenth century. Most of the population still know it by his name. In the late 1940s it was turned, inevitably, into Stalin Avenue. After October 23, 1956, when the young people of the capital toppled the huge statue of Stalin nearby, it became the Avenue of Hungarian Youth. Hungarian youth proved vulnerable to Soviet tanks but refractory to the regime they installed. Eighteen months after the end of the revolt it was officially renamed the Avenue of the People's Republic.

No trace of freedom

No trace now remains of the freedom that flourished in the summer and fall of 1956. The newspapers and political parties that proliferated during the week when the revolt seemed to have won disappeared as soon as it was crushed. The workers' councils set up at the same time kept some influence for a few months but have since been dissolved.

In Parliament, which before the rebellion actually voted down a minor government bill, no word of opposition is heard. During the "election" held last November, voters were not allowed even to strike individual names from the single official ticket. Only a small circle was provided at the bottom of the ballot where a cross could be marked to signify that the voter rejected the list as a whole. The result was a 99.6 per cent victory, the significance of which was duly noted by the Communist press throughout the world.

There is no freedom of opposition now, and no active opposition at all. This does not mean that Communism is any more popular than it was in 1956. As a matter of fact, Western observers in Budapest think the Communists would get no more than 5 per cent of the vote in a free election. Indirect opposition exists but has little serious effect. Important writers, even some who were Party members before 1956, will not publish anything on contemporary problems despite official prodding. Peasants resist collectivization. The Soviets remain aloof; it is the knowledge of their presence and the memory of 1956 that con-

stitute the authority of the Hungarian regime.

Shortly after the revolt the Hungarian secret police organization, known as the AVH, was officially dissolved. If it has a successor, the name is not generally known. Other branches of the Interior Ministry remain extremely powerful and arbitrary, with the legal right, for example, to assign any citizen to forced residence far from his home. Methods are apparently somewhat more humane than they used to be, but police power reaches deep into every office and factory. Almost anyone is a potential informer, since it is easy to bring pressure through job or family and there is no one to call the police to account.

Once the actual fighting stopped in 1956, the repression seems to have been less bloody than might have been expected. The regime staged only one show trial. It was meant to demonstrate that the intellectual leaders of the revolt, represented by a second-rate playwright and a third-rate journalist, were directly involved in the messy killing of what may have been an AVH man. In this it failed, since the authorities apparently did not take the trouble to ascertain that the playwright and the journalist had nothing to do with the killing. The propaganda situation worsened, from the regime's viewpoint, when prominent Westerners often sympathetic to Communist causes, including Picasso, joined in protests against the death sentences. Doors were soon closed on all political trials.

The authorities now say that all cases arising out of the "counter-revolution," as the orthodox must call the revolt, have been closed. It may be true; there is no way of checking. This does not mean that political repression is over. Until the end of last year, calendars were posted in the lobby of the Supreme Court building listing each week several cases of "sedition," "illegal organization," and "offenses against the People's Democratic system." Recently these cases have disappeared from the calendars, but some are known to have been heard.

Asylum for the Cardinal

Relations between Hungary and the United States have improved,



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Although not essentially a news magazine, the Saturday Review nevertheless makes news week after week. Some typical examples—from the recent issues:

- The forthright articles by Saturday Review Science Editor John Lear, about the problems posed by antibiotics and the methods by which they are advertised.
- The special section in the May 16 issue, "Photography in the Fine Arts," contained magnificent photographs—many in full color—of photographs chosen by a distinguished national Board of Judges for exhibition at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, to be followed

by a tour of the nation's leading museums.

- "Is the Press Writing its Obituary?" by Herbert Brucker—one of America's best-known newspaper editors—brought to light a serious situation that affects all communications media.
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Report on Hungary



infinitesimally, since the low point they reached after the revolt, even though both countries have put new restrictions on the travel of each other's diplomats. U.S. passports are still normally invalid for travel in Hungary, but any American consul can remove this restriction if the traveler gives a plausible reason. A complete break may have been prevented by the fact that Cardinal Mindszenty had taken refuge in the building of the U.S. Legation in Budapest. If relations had been cut, the Hungarians might have gone in and arrested him before a protecting power could take over. His presence also weakened the American position, because we have traditionally refused to recognize the right of foreigners to take asylum in our diplomatic missions.

The Cardinal lives in a somewhat bare but comfortable three-room apartment designed as a *pied-à-terre* for the American minister, whose residence is several miles away. He says Mass every day, using a State Department desk for an altar. Every Sunday members of Western diplomatic missions in Budapest, occasional visitors, and even reporters are allowed to attend. At times there are ten or twenty in the congregation; sometimes only two or three. Reporters may not speak to the Cardinal—he is theoretically incommunicado—and in public the legation tries to forget about him.

He is, of course, its chief concern. His being in the legation has earned it an unusually heavy guard of plain-clothes police, whose presence, in turn, discourages Hungarians from entering. Three groups, facing in different directions, are mounted in small European cars within a few yards of the door.

The regime and the Church

By taking asylum, the Cardinal freed the regime from the odium of rearresting him to serve out his life in prison. But it is now impossible for him to exercise much influence over the Church. With him out of the way, the Kadar regime has been

able to get the cooperation of most of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, though two bishops are in forced residence. The ranking prelate, Archbishop Jozsef Groesz of Kalocsa, has received a government decoration—certainly a novelty in a Communist country. He has also accepted leadership of a peace council, which many Catholics in the Communist countries have resisted. Three priests who are members of Parliament have been excommunicated by Rome for refusing to give up their seats. The Hungarian government maintains—and the priests by their silence seem to agree—that they have not been duly notified, so they continue in both their religious and political functions.

The leadership that took over the Lutheran and Calvinist churches during the revolt has been replaced by more malleable bishops. This process took a year and a half to complete. Important religious personalities have not been jailed again as they were before 1956, except for the Cardinal's secretary, Monsignor Egon Turcsanyi.

Under agreements made in 1948, when the Communists were newly in power, the regime continues to subsidize religious bodies. Children may even have religious training at state expense when their parents are courageous enough to register them for it.

Enough to eat

The amenities of life have improved considerably since the revolt. Visitors to Hungary are astonished to find that the pastry is more appetizing than, say, in West Germany, and what is more important to the average European, bread is considerably cheaper. There is no reason for anyone to starve. Kadar has said that the daily intake of the average Hungarian is 3240 calories, more than the average in Britain or the United States.

Comforts and even luxuries of many kinds are available, but a shopper accustomed to Western standards will find the choice extremely limited and the prices high at the prevailing wages. A shopgirl will earn perhaps \$38 a month, an expert mechanic \$87, and an experienced journalist as much as \$131. But the shopgirl will have to work all

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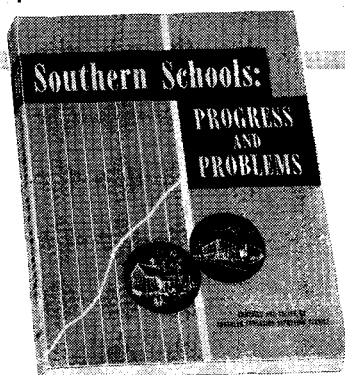
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month for two yards of good woolen cloth, the mechanic three days for a pound of coffee, and the journalist about a year for a small Czech car. Installment sales are almost unknown.

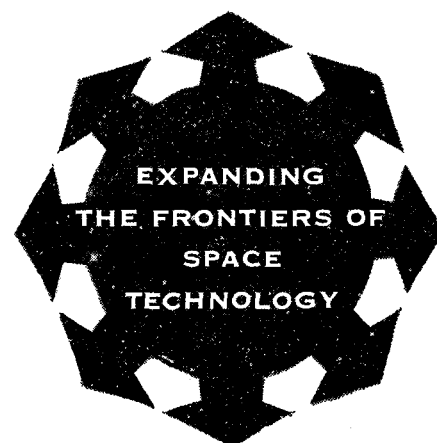
There is a surprising amount of ready cash and no lack of ways to spend it. Television sets and motorcycles sell briskly. Movies, operas, theaters, and restaurants with dance orchestras are well patronized.

The authorities seem unconcerned about the popularity of Western jazz. Some Western plays and a few American movies are shown. Western fashions are imitated, beauty contests held, and even French perfumes imported. The Party seems to look on all this as a harmless sop to liberalism. It does not so regard the free sale of Western books or newspapers.

A good deal of the ready cash comes from the peasants, a favored group since the revolt. Nagy abolished the system of compulsory crop deliveries under quotas determined largely by absentee authorities. Prices paid for farm products have increased. There has been considerable freedom to trade in land.

At the time of the revolt the peasants got the idea that nothing disagreeable would happen if they broke up the collectives many had been forced to join. Over half—some 2600—were dissolved before the end of 1956, and for two years the peasants were under no pressure to rejoin. Only last spring, after Kadar's trip to Moscow for the 21st Soviet Party Congress, did the drums start beating again for collectivization. According to the official figures the lost ground has now been more than regained. Meanwhile, the country had one extremely good crop and one fair one, so that many peasants had more money than they knew what to do with.

Though the villages are brighter as a consequence, Budapest is still pervaded by the gritty drabness characteristic of the people's democracies. After World War II, only 26 per cent of the city's residential buildings were intact. There is a theory that the regime prefers to keep it that way as a reminder of World War II and the dangers of West German rearmament.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Vultures and Calories

SIR:

In his article, "Vulture Country," in the August *Atlantic*, John D. Stewart remarks that a sixteen-pound vulture, if he did not have the help of thermal updrafts, would need to eat fifty pounds of meat in order to lift himself ten thousand feet into the air. This is nonsense. If Mr. Stewart were to heave his (as a rough guess) one-hundred-sixty-pound body off the ground and climb ten thousand feet up the nearest mountain, he would not expect to consume five hundred pounds of food along the way. Yet this is what his calculations tell him he would need.

Mr. Stewart's error arose from a confusion of units, and that arose in turn from an unfortunate usage among nutritionists. A calorie is the amount of energy required to raise the temperature of one gram of water by one degree centigrade. Mr. Stewart is correct in stating that the work of raising a sixteen-pound bird ten thousand feet corresponds to about fifty thousand calories. But now comes the difficulty. Because the heats of combustion of foods when expressed in calories per pound are rather large numbers, nutritionists prefer to use the kilogram-calorie. Some long-dead nutritionist, being too lazy to write "kilocalorie" or even "K-cal.," began to call this unit the Calorie (or large calorie) as distinct from the calorie (or small calorie). This error of a factor of one thousand is of course reflected in Mr. Stewart's final estimate. The vulture, if he could convert the heat of combustion of his food with perfect efficiency into ten thousand feet of

upward motion, would require not fifty pounds of meat but fifty thousandths of a pound, or about four fifths of an ounce.

DANIEL E. ATKINSON
Associate Professor of Chemistry
University of California
Los Angeles, Calif.

Russia's leadership

SIR:

I think Edward Crankshaw's thesis in his article, "The Men Behind Khrushchev," in the July *Atlantic* is entirely correct, and I believe it can be backed up even more meaningfully by illustrations of the type of leadership which is emerging at the republic level in Russia.

This impression was gained as a result of three weeks I recently spent in the company of the nine governors as they toured the Soviet Union.

The men and women who are conducting the affairs of the Soviet government at the real working level are in the 35 to 45 age group, which means they either were not born yet or were only babies at the time of the revolution. They bear none of the emotional scars of the old revolutionaries. They are products of the Soviet educational system and owe their prominence not to roles they played in the intra-party intrigues but to their ability to produce at the local level. Almost without exception, I found them to be young, able, dedicated, and, perhaps most important of all, flexible and pragmatic in their thinking.

It is only natural that we should do so, but I think we may be devoting too much attention to Khrushchev himself and those immediately around him in the Kremlin.

For the long-range appraisal of the nature of Soviet government, we should be taking a look at the people who will be occupying those Kremlin positions ten and fifteen years from now.

JOHN L. PERRY
Tallahassee, Fla.

Frank Lloyd Wright

SIR:

With kind and thoughtful criticism, Frank Lloyd Wright has been paid real tribute in "The Honest Arrogance of Frank Lloyd Wright" in the August *Atlantic*. He comes to life beautifully under Albert Bush-Brown's pen.

HENRY DREYFUSS
South Pasadena, Calif.

SIR:

The article about Frank Lloyd Wright by Albert Bush-Brown, associate professor of architecture at M.I.T., prompts me to inquire as to the nature of the architectural instruction he is hired to supply. The tone of the article suggests that his talents are those of a dialectician rather than a designer. His statement that no student "can learn about architectural design from Wright's pages, for he never spoke of it" is one that I do not believe any competent teacher of architectural design could honestly make. Although Bush-Brown is a graduate of Princeton, he would have you believe that he had never even heard of the six lectures which Mr. Wright gave at that university in 1930, wholly devoted to that subject. However, the subsequent statement that Mr. Wright's disciples "developed a cult of self-conscious expression

of the nature of materials, sites, structural systems, functions, and interior spaces" suggests that Bush-Brown has heard of the design principles that were the subject of those lectures.

I believe that the M.I.T. faculty have enough faith in the quality of their own teaching, directly opposed in important respects to the beliefs of Mr. Wright, to win their struggle for the minds of architectural students without suggesting that nothing can be learned from Mr. Wright.

I should mention that Mr. Wright was my father and that I live in one of his houses, which, like the vast majority of the houses he designed, has no hexagonal forms. Mr. Wright's clients would, I believe, strongly deny, if polled, that he pressed upon them "a tyrannical formalism regardless of performance"; and he was singularly free from "the fetish of hexagons" or any other fetish. Compromises have been made with his client in almost every building he ever built, and when he resisted, subsequent events have frequently made the client regret that he was able to persuade the architect to yield. If the bathtub threat Bush-Brown recounts was ever made, which I doubt, it was a rule-proving exception.

ROBERT L. WRIGHT
Bethesda, Md.

Cape Cod National Park

SIR:

Our agency thought your discussion of the Cape Cod National Seashore proposal in "The Peripatetic Reviewer" in the July issue of the *Atlantic* was excellent, and we write to express our appreciation of the insight evident in that writing.

Some people do not seem to understand why we have proposed an area larger than the ocean beach alone. Many want the proposed national seashore to provide a swimming beach only and do not realize the importance of including a representative portion of the whole complex of natural and historic features which compose the unique beauty and significance of the Cape. You have explained this aspect of the proposal, together with the many problems inherent in it, with sensitivity as well as clarity.

CONRAD L. WIRTH
Director, National Park Service
Washington, D.C.



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THE ATLANTIC



THE PORCUPINES IN THE ARTICHOKEs

BY JAMES THURBER

Macaulay once said: "I hate the notion of gregarious authors. The less we have to do with each other, the better." JAMES THURBER, in his most humorous vein, here testifies to the correctness of Macaulay's statement as he demonstrates what happens when authors get together. Mr. Thurber is the author of the runaway best seller, THE YEARS WITH ROSS, recently published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

I HAVE writers the way other people have mice," a disturbed hostess has written me. "What can I do to keep them from arguing, fighting, and throwing highball glasses after dinner? One doesn't dare mention names, such as Herman Melville and Harold Loeb, or the fight is on. What would you suggest?"

Well, now, it isn't easy to entertain writers and have any fun. You might begin by saying, over the first cocktail, "I don't want any writers to be mentioned this evening." Do not make the mistake of adding, "From Washington Irving to Jack Kerouac," because that would instantly precipitate an argument about Washington Irving and Jack Kerouac. You might begin by saying, "The porcupines are getting our artichokes." This could, of course, lead to literary wrangling and jangling, but everything is a calculated risk when writers are present, even "My grandfather almost married a Pawnee woman," or "I wonder if you gentlemen would help me put the handle back on my icebox." A writer, of course, can turn anything at all into a literary discussion, and it might be better not to say anything about anything.

I myself have found, or rather my wife has found, that you can sometimes keep writers from

fighting by getting them into some kind of pencil-and-paper game. You could say, for example, "There are thirty-seven given names and nicknames, male and female, in the word 'miracle.' I want you all to see how many you can find." This almost always takes up a good hour, during which the writers are mercifully silent.

My wife, during a party in August, when writers are at their worst, brought out the pencils and paper and said, "I want you all to write down the names of as many animals and birds as you can think of with a double 'o' in their names." This worked fine for about half an hour, during which the literary men wrote down: moose, goose, mon-goose, raccoon, baboon, loon, rook, coot, spoon-bill, kangaroo, cockatoo, rooster, poodle, blood-hound, woodchuck, woodpecker, woodcock, whip-poorwill, and cuckoo.

The trouble started, as my wife should have known it would, when the papers were gathered up and the scoring began. Every writer, in a room full of writers, wants to be the best, and the judge, or umpire, or referee is soon overwhelmed and shouted down like a chickadee trying to take charge of a caucus of crows. Nobody can ever remember exactly what happened at any drinking

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party invaded and taken over by writers, because, as the bowl continues to flow, their eloquence and invention take on the sharp edge of temper and cussedness. My wife gave up the hopeless task of scoring and turned it over to a lawyer guest when the question of the validity of habitat names set all the crows to cawing at once. It was decided that brook trout, moor hen, stool pigeon, and the like were out. Then there turned up, on this paper and that, what the lawyer, raising his voice, called behavior names — whooping crane, which was allowed after near fisticuffs, hoot owl, which also made it, and moo cow, which was shouted down, along with brood mare. The lawyer-judge, full of Scotch and a love of definition, tried to put into separate categories saber-toothed tiger, hooded falcon, smooth-haired fox terrier, hookworm and bookworm, hoop snake and coon dog, and it was soon evident that the task of arbiter was too much for him.

There are always two or three writers, in this kind of game, who deliberately louse things up by taking and holding an untenable position. One of these obstinate fellows had written down pool shark, and another had come up with booze hound, and they defended their stand on the ground that my wife, in the beginning, had not stipulated *real* animals and birds. The shouting about this died down when micro-organism turned up on the paper of a stuffy textbook writer, who defended it on the ground that a double “o” is a double “o” whether hyphenated or not. Everybody turned on him, and somebody threw an ash tray.

At this point my wife drew me aside, which isn't easy to do at a yelling party, since I am a writer, too, and told me, “You'll simply have to get them to singing.” I tried to get them to singing, but it was no good, because the whooping-crane man and the brook-trout man suddenly began attacking each other's books, viewpoint, style, and implementation. In a sense, the crane of whooping crane and the brook of brook trout saved the situation, if wreckage can be saved by further wreckage. All of a moment a whooping literary argument was on. It concerned the merits and demerits of Rupert Brooke, Stephen Crane, Tennyson's “The Brook” and Tennyson himself, Hart Crane, and Bret Harte; also *The Heart of the Matter*, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*, and *The Death of the Heart*, thus involving Graham Greene, Carson McCullers, Elizabeth Bowen, Kenneth Grahame, *The Wind in the Willows*, *Gone with the Wind*, Kenneth Tynan, Kenneth Burke, *A Biography of Kit Carson*, Burke's Speech on Conciliation with the Colonies, Marc Connelly, Mark Sabre, *If Winter Comes*, Robert Frost, W. H. Auden, J. D. Salinger, J. B., A. E. Housman, AE, A. J. Liebling, B. F.'s

Daughter, and, if my memory serves, Herman Melville, Harold Loeb, Washington Irving, and Jack Kerouac.

That night three highball glasses, two friendships, and a woman's heart were broken. There is really only one safe rule for a hostess to go by. Do not ask writers to your house, especially in the summer, and in three other seasons of the year — spring, autumn, and winter.

I was going to end my advice to hostesses on that wintry note, but after tossing and turning in bed for two or three minutes one night, which is all I can do at my age without falling asleep, I decided that I had not been helpful enough to the lady in distress who wrote me. She should, then, hide any flat package a writer brings to her party. It is likely to contain a long-playing record which he intends to plop on her phonograph when everybody else wants to argue, and there are things worse than writers' arguing, such as a recording, in Ooglala Sioux, of a group of Indian squaws chanting in an endless monotone, with a background of tom-toms, a dirge mourning the miscarriage of a chief's daughter or daughter-in-law. If it isn't that, it will be a recording of “The Waste Land” in Gaelic, or a recitation of “Evangeline” by the writer's five-year-old niece. Don't let your writer guests get their teeth into poetry, for God's sake. Prose is bad enough, but poetry is worse. Somebody is sure to misquote “Under a spreading chestnut tree,” by changing the “a” to “the,” and the hecklers will be at him like dogs on a bone. Somebody will then bet somebody else that he can't correctly finish “The light that never was . . .” and he will be right, because the challenged man will say, “on land or sea,” when it is really “on sea or land.” The hostess should conceal all flat packages and return them later, the later the better.

It is high time that a note of hope, or at least of wan cheerfulness, creep into this discourse. Don't get the idea that writers never agree about anything, because they do, approximately twice during the course of an eight-hour evening. Their form of agreement goes roughly like this: “You are right, you are right, you are absolutely right! The trouble is, you don't have the vaguest idea why you *are*.” The writer who is thus agreed with will, of course, disagree with the agreeer, like this: “You are completely wrong, and so was I. It is remarkable how you always reveal the weakness of a point by insisting that it is well taken.” Here the point, whatever it may have been, is lost sight of in an exchange of what might be called abstract double talk, or backfiring Dada. Now nobody in the room knows what the writers are not talking about, including the two men themselves.

My experience of writers at parties goes back

to the year that *Jurgen* was published and has been confined to endless talkers born between the years 1885 and 1905, the wives of some of whom have not got in more than ninety words edgewise since 1922 — at parties, that is. When the writer husband is hung over, the wife is allowed to talk, and she often does, though knowing full well that her spouse isn't paying any attention. The literary men roughly in my age group become more articulate, and less coherent, as the years go on, but their age does not keep them away from parties. Now and then those who are in their sixties or seventies confuse *Spoon River Anthology* with *Of Time and the River*, but otherwise it is hard to tell them from the younger men.

Among the American writers I have stayed up with all night were — to name only those who are, alas, no longer with us — Robert Benchley, Heywood Broun, Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, and Sinclair Lewis. Benchley was, as everybody knows who knew him, the Great Companion, who often talked about the mystery and lure of heaven when the bright stars were waning. Broun was usually in some area of politics, justice, and fair play. Once, around two in the morning, he asked me not to cross a picket line that had been set up in front of Twenty-One, and I had to tell him that that was where we were. "Under the circumstances then," he said in that unforgettable voice, "I think we should have another drink." Fitzgerald talked about the dear dead past, the Unattained and the Unattainable, for he was the romantic to the end, and the farthest removed of all male writers from such subjects as the conquest of an old-time movie actress in the back seat of a Hupmobile in the year when Teddy Roosevelt stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord. Wolfe discoursed for twelve

hours about love, and writing (his own), and Carolina. Lewis was all over the written and unwritten areas of his time, and went in for some excellent mimicry of his colleagues. All these unforgettable nights except one — I met the wondrous Sinclair Lewis in Bermuda — were spent in New York City. In London, the British writers have a strange way of going home from a party before daybreak, and the one whose early departure I always most regret is Compton Mackenzie, as good an actor and imitator as he is a writer, whose impersonation of Wordsworth I would go three thousand miles to see, and have more than once.

It was the late incomparable John McNulty who had the perfect answer to the problems of the writer-beleaguered hostess. McNulty was a piano-playing man, and he once said, "The thing to do in mixed company is play *Dear Old Girl*." He would stop the fight about Jim Tully or James Branch Cabell by going to the piano and sliding into *Dear Old Girl* in his famous silent-movie-theater style, and every guy in the room between the ages of eighteen and eighty would lean on the piano and join in the chorus. That undying song, first published in 1903, I think, leads naturally into *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, *I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl, Down by the Old Mill Stream*, and all the rest, with no space for rock and roll, or rockers and rollers, or for the voices of writers raised in argument instead of melody.

Let me, in conclusion, assure the distraught hostess that some of my best friends are writers, and adjure her, for God's sake, not to bring them and me together at a party at her house. We write such lovely letters to each other, it would be a shame to spoil it.

THE MORALS OF EXTERMINATION



BY LEWIS MUMFORD

Philosopher, author, authority on city planning, and an outspoken American, LEWIS MUMFORD reminds us of the destruction which daily threatens mankind if the fateful experiments with nuclear weapons continue uncontrolled. In this period of direct negotiation with Khrushchev, it is imperative for both sides to remember the grim alternatives.

SINCE 1945, the American government has devoted the better part of our national energies to preparations for wholesale human extermination. This curious enterprise has been disguised as a scientifically sound method of ensuring world peace and national security, but it has obviously failed at every point on both counts. Our reckless experimental explosion of nuclear weapons is only a persuasive salesman's sample of what a nuclear war would produce, but even this has already done significant damage to the human race. With poetic justice, the earliest victims of our experiments toward genocide—sharing honors with the South Pacific islanders and the Japanese fishermen—have been our own children, and even more, our children's prospective children.

Almost from the beginning, our investment in nuclear weapons has been openly directed against a single country, Soviet Russia. In our government's concern with the self-imposed problem of containing Russia and restricting by force alone the area of Communist penetration, we have turned our back on more vital human objectives. Today the political and military strategy our leaders framed on the supposition that our country had a permanent superiority in nuclear power is bankrupt, so completely that the business probably cannot be liquidated without serious losses.

As things stand now, we are not able to conduct even a justifiable police action, as a representative

of the United Nations, with the backing of a majority of the nations, without the permission of Russia and China. When they refuse permission, as they did in Korea, the limited war our strategists fancy is still open to us turns into an unlimited humiliation, as the painful truce that continues in Korea should remind us, for every original issue remains unsettled. But if we challenge that veto, our only recourse is to our absolute weapons, now as fatal to ourselves and the rest of mankind as they would be to Russia and China. The distinguished army combat generals who have publicly recognized this state of impotence have been forced out of the armed services.

This situation should give us pause. While every scientific advance in nuclear weapons and intercontinental missiles only widens to planetary dimensions the catastrophe we have been preparing, our leaders still concentrate the nation's efforts on hastening these advances. Why, then, do we still listen to those mistaken counsels that committed us to the Cold War, though our own military plans have wiped out the possibility of war itself and replaced it by total annihilation as the only foreseeable terminus of the tensions we have done our full share to produce? By what standard of prudence do we trust our lives to political, military, and scientific advisers who have staked our national existence on a single set of weapons and have already lost that shortsighted

gamble, even if they become desperate enough to use these weapons or remain blind enough to believe that they can conceal that loss by not using them?

What was it that set in motion the chain reaction of errors, miscalculations, delusions, and compulsions that have pushed us into the impossible situation we now occupy? Every day that we delay in facing our national mistakes adds to both the cumulative dangers that threaten us and the difficulty of undoing them.

THE first step toward framing a new policy is to trace our path back to the point where we adopted our fatal commitment to weapons of mass extermination. This moral debacle, it is important to remember, was not a response to any threat by Russia or by Communism; still less was it imposed by Russia's possession of similar weapons. Actually, the acceptance of extermination antedated the invention of the atom bomb.

The principles upon which the strategy of extermination was based were first enunciated by fascist military theorists, notably General Douhet, who believed, like our own Major Seversky, that a small air force could take the place of a large army by confining its efforts to mass attacks on civilians and undermining the national will to resist. This reversion to the vicious Bronze Age practice of total war was a natural extension of fascism's readiness to reintroduce terrorism and torture as instruments of government. When these methods were first carried into action, by Mussolini in Abyssinia, by Hitler in Warsaw and Rotterdam, they awakened horror in our still morally sensitive breasts. The creed that could justify such actions was, we thought correctly, not merely antidemocratic but antihuman.

In the midst of World War II a moral reversal took place among the English-speaking Allies, such a transposition as happened by accident in the final duel in *Hamlet*, when Hamlet picks up the weapon Laertes had poisoned in advance in order to make sure of his enemy's death. The fascist powers became the victims of their own strategy, for both the United States and Britain adopted what was politely called "obliteration bombing," which had as its object the total destruction of great cities and the terrorization and massacre of their inhabitants.

By taking over this method as a cheap substitute for conventional warfare — cheap in soldiers' lives, costly in its expenditure of other human lives and in the irreplaceable historic accumulations of countless lifetimes — these democratic governments sanctioned the dehumanized techniques

of fascism. This was Nazidom's firmest victory and democracy's most servile surrender. That moral reversal undermined the eventual military triumph of the democracies, and it has poisoned our political and military policies ever since.

Civilized warfare has always been an atrocity per se, even when practiced by gallant men fighting in a just cause. But in the course of five thousand years certain inhibitions and moral safeguards had been set up. Thus, poisoning the water supply and slaying the unarmed inhabitants of a city were no longer within the modern soldier's code, however gratifying they might once have been to an Ashurbanipal or a Genghis Khan, moral monsters whose names have become infamous in history. Overnight, as it were, our own countrymen became such moral monsters. In principle, the extermination camps where the Nazis incinerated over six million helpless Jews were no different from the urban crematoriums our air force improvised in its attacks by napalm bombs on Tokyo. By these means, in a single night, we roasted alive more people than were killed by atom bombs in either Hiroshima or Nagasaki. Our aims were different, but our methods were those of mankind's worst enemy.

Up to this point, war had been an operation conducted by military forces against military targets. By long-established convention, a token part, the army, stood for the greater whole, the nation. Even when an army was totally defeated and wiped out, the nation it represented lived to tell the tale; neither unarmed prisoners nor civilians were killed to seal a defeat or celebrate a victory. Even our air force, the chief shaper of our present policy, once prided itself on its pin-point bombing, done in daylight to ensure that only military targets would be hit.

As late as the spring of 1942, as I know by personal observation, a memorandum was circulated among military advisers in Washington propounding this dilemma: If by fighting the war against Japan by orthodox methods it might require five or ten years to conquer the enemy, while with incendiary air attacks on Japanese cities Japan's resistance might be broken in a year or two, would it be morally justifiable to use the second means? Now it is hard to say which is more astonishing, that the morality of total extermination was then seriously debated in military circles or that today its morality is taken for granted, as outside debate, even among a large part of the clergy.

More than any other event that has taken place in modern times this sudden radical change-over from war to collective extermination reversed the whole course of human history.

Plainly, the acceptance of mass extermination

as a normal outcome of war undermined all the moral inhibitions that have kept man's murderous fantasies from active expression. War, however brutal and devastating, had a formal beginning and could come to an end by some formal process of compromise or surrender. But no one has the faintest notion how nuclear extermination, once begun, could be brought to an end. Still less can anyone guess what purpose would be accomplished by it, except a release by death from intolerable anxiety and fear. But this is to anticipate. What is important to bear in mind is that atomic weapons did not bring about this first decisive change; they merely gave our already de-moralized strategy a more effective means of expression.

Once extermination became acceptable, the confined tumor of war, itself an atavistic pseudo-organ, turned into a cancer that would invade the blood stream of civilization. Now the smallest sore of conflict or hostility might fatally spread through the whole organism, immune to all those protective moral and political restraints that a healthy body can mobilize for such occasions.

By the time the atom bomb was invented our authorities needed no special justification for using it. The humane pleas for withholding the weapon, made by the atomic scientists, suddenly awakened to a moral crisis they had not foreseen while working on the bomb, were automatically disposed of by well-established precedent, already three years in operation. Still, the dramatic nature of the explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki threw a white light of horror and doubt over the whole process; for a moment a sense of moral guilt counteracted our exorbitant pride. This reaction proved as short-lived as it was belated. Yet it prompted Henry L. Stimson, a public servant whose admirable personal conduct had never been open to question, to publish a magazine article defending the official decision to use the atom bomb.

The argument Mr. Stimson advanced in favor of atomic genocide — a name invented later but studiously reserved for the acts of our enemies — was that it shortened the war and saved perhaps more than a million precious American lives. There is no need here to debate that highly debatable point. But on those same practical, "humanitarian" grounds, systematic torture might be employed by an advancing army to deter guerrilla fighters and to blackmail the remaining population into accepting promptly the torturer's terms.

That only a handful of people ventured to make this criticism indicates the depth of moral apathy to which our countrymen had sunk in less than a dozen years. Those who used this illustration, however, were not surprised to find that the French, themselves the victims of Hitler's carefully

devised plans of torture and mass extermination, would authorize the use of military torture in Algeria a decade later. Our own country had forecast that depravity by our national conduct. This conduct still remains without public examination or repentance, but, unfortunately, retribution may not lie far away. Should it come, Civil Defense estimates have established that it will at once wipe out forty million American lives for the one million we once supposedly saved.

Let us be clear about cause and effect. It was not our nuclear weapons that committed us to the strategy of extermination; it was rather our decision to concentrate on the methods of extermination that led to our one-sided, obsessive preoccupation with nuclear weapons. Even before Russia had achieved a single nuclear weapon, we had so dismantled our military establishment that we lacked sufficient equipment and munitions to fight successfully such a minor action as that in Korea.

THE total nature of our moral breakdown, accurately predicted a half century ago — along with the atom bomb — by Henry Adams, can be gauged by a single fact: most Americans do not realize that this change has taken place or, worse, that it makes any difference. They have no consciousness of either the magnitude of their collective sin or the fact that, by their silence, they have individually condoned it. It is precisely as if the Secretary of Agriculture had licensed the sale of human flesh as a wartime emergency measure and people had taken to cannibalism when the war was over as a clever dodge for lowering the cost of living — a mere extension of everyday butchery. Many of our professed religious and moral leaders have steadily shrunk from touching this subject; or, if they have done so, they have naïvely equated mass extermination with war and have too often given their blessing to it, for reasons just as specious as those our government has used.

It is in relation to this gigantic moral collapse that our present devotion to nuclear weapons and their equally dehumanized bacterial and chemical counterparts must be gauged.

When we abandoned the basic moral restraints against random killing and mass extermination we enlarged the destructive capacities of our nuclear weapons. What was almost as bad, our pride in this achievement expressed itself in an inverted fashion by our identifying our safety and welfare with the one-sided expansion of our weapons system. Thus we surrendered the initiative to our instruments, confusing physical power with

rational human purpose, forgetting that machines and weapons have no values and no goals, above all, no limits and no restraints except those that human beings superimpose on them.

The one thing that might have rectified our government's premature exploitation of atomic power would have been a public assize of its manifold dangers, even for wider industrial and medical use. As early as the winter of 1945-1946 the Senate Atomic Energy Committee made the first full inquiry into these matters, and the physicists who appeared before this committee gave forecasts whose accuracy was fully confirmed in the tardy hearings that have just taken place before a joint congressional committee. Almost with one voice, these scientists predicted that Soviet Russia would be able to produce a nuclear bomb within five years, possibly within three. On that basis, the nations of the world had three "safe" years to create through the United Nations the necessary political and moral safeguards against the misuse of this new power.

There was no salvation, the more alert leaders of science wisely pointed out, on purely national terms. Naturally, Russia's totalitarian isolationism and suspicion made it difficult to arrive at a basis for rational agreement, but our own sense of holding all the trump cards did not lessen this difficulty. All too quickly, after the Russian rejection of our generous but politically unsound Baruch proposal, our country used Russian hostility as an excuse for abandoning all further effort. Even before we had openly committed ourselves to the Cold War itself — a now obsolete pre-atomic military concept — our leaders preferred to build a threatening ring of air bases around Russia rather than to pursue with patient circumspection a course directed toward securing eventual understanding and cooperation. So the difficult became the impossible.

As late as 1947 this situation, though grave, was not disastrous. Our very mistakes in turning to mass extermination were capable, if openly and honestly faced, of leading both ourselves and the world back to the right path. Up to then, our totalitarian weapons system had not yet consolidated its position or threatened our free institutions; the organs of democratic society, invigorated rather than depressed by the war, had not yet been enfeebled by official secrecy, repression, suspicion, craven conformism, or the corruptions of absolute power, shielded from public criticism. Meanwhile, unfortunately, the strategy of mass extermination, which did not bear public discussion or open assessment, was rapidly taking shape.

For a brief moment, nevertheless, our leaders seized the political initiative, though they were

handicapped by ambivalent intentions and contradictory goals. Our contribution to organizing the United Nations, though it had been originally proposed by the United States, was as cagey and inept as Russia's, for the frustrating Council veto was an American conception. Under a more imaginative leadership two other, admirable American proposals came forward, UNRRA and the Marshall Plan. Both these agencies had great potentialities, for at first we had the intelligence to offer their benefits even to Communist countries.

Had we followed these efforts through, they might have permanently increased the whole range of international cooperation. In wiser executive hands, these initiatives would not have been prematurely terminated. Rather, they would have been employed to reduce world tensions and to win general assent to a program for giving all nations the prefatory exercises in magnanimity and understanding essential to the re-establishment of moral order and the control of our demoralizing weapons. But even in their brief, limited application these agencies did far more to fortify the assisted nations against oppressive Communist dictatorship than all the billions we poured into NATO and SEATO to build up futile armaments for wars neither we nor our allies were capable of fighting. Witness our long series of backdowns and letdowns: Czechoslovakia, Korea, Vietnam, Poland, East Germany, Hungary, Egypt.

IN OUR commitment to the strategy of extermination, under a decision made when General Eisenhower was Chief of Staff, the United States rejected the timely warnings of the world's leading scientists and the common counsels of humanity. Instead of holding a series of world conferences in which the dangers of nuclear energy could be fully canvassed, not alone by physicists but by thinkers in every threatened field, our official agencies deliberately played down these dangers and used every available mode of censorship to restrict the circulation of the knowledge needed for such an appraisal. In this obstinate desire to exploit nuclear power solely for our national advantage, our government relied upon insistent publicity and indoctrination to build up a false sense of security. Instead of regaining our moral position by ceasing the reckless experiments whose mounting pollution justified a world-wide apprehension, we flatly denied the need for any such cessation and allowed Russia, after it had come abreast of us, to take the moral lead here. Even at a recent United Nations

conference, which clearly demonstrated the dangers, our own representatives helped vote down the Russian preamble to the conclusions of the conference, which called for a cessation of all further nuclear testing.

To explain this obstinate commitment to the infamous policy of mass extermination one must understand that its side reactions have proved as demoralizing as its central purpose. Within a bare decade, the United States has built up a huge vested interest in mass extermination—in the weapons themselves and in the highly profitable manufacture of electronic equipment, planes, and missiles designed to carry them to their destination. There are tens of thousands of individual scientists and technicians engaged in nuclear, bacteriological, and chemical research to increase the range and effectiveness of these lethal agents, though we boast we already have a stockpile of nuclear weapons capable of wiping out the entire planet. There are also corporate bodies—the air force, the Atomic Energy Commission, great industrial corporations, and extravagantly endowed centers of research—whose powers and presumptions have been constantly widened along with their profit and prestige. While the show lasts, their careers depend on our accepting the fallacious assumptions to which they have committed us.

All these agents now operate in secret totalitarian enclaves, perfecting their secret totalitarian weapons, functioning outside the processes of democratic government, immune to public challenge and criticism or to public correction. Whatever the scientific or technical competence of the men working in this field, their sedulous restriction of interest and the limited conditions under which they work and have contact with other human beings do not foster wisdom in the conduct of life. By vocational commitment they live in an underdimensioned and distorted world. The sum of their combined judgments is still an unbalanced judgment, for moral criteria have, from the start, been left out of their general directives.

Is it any wonder that even in the narrow segments of science where they claim mastery our nuclear officials have made error after error? They have again and again been forced to reduce their estimate of the “permissible” limit of exposure to radiation, and on the basis of knowledge already available they will have to reduce these estimates still further. Thus, too, they made an error that startled themselves, in their undercalculating the range and the lethal fall-out of the hydrogen bomb, and they sought to cover that error by concealment and calumny, at first denying the plight of the Japanese fishermen they had

injured. Some have even used their authority as scientists to give pseudo-scientific assurances about biological changes that no one will be able to verify until half a century has passed. Furthermore, in matters falling within their province of exact knowledge, the judgment of these authorities has repeatedly proved erroneous and mischievous.

All this should not surprise us: neither science nor nuclear energy endows its users with superhuman powers. But what should surprise us is the fact that the American nation has entrusted its welfare, safety, and future existence to these imprudent, fallible men and to those who have sanctioned their de-moralized plans. Under the guise of a calculated risk, our nuclear strategists have prepared to bring on a calculated catastrophe. At some unpredictable moment their sick fantasies may become unspeakable realities.

Does anyone really think that, unless a miracle supervenes, there can be a more favorable outcome to the overall policy we have been pursuing? If this policy had a color of excuse before Russia had achieved her first nuclear weapon in 1949, it became thoroughly discredited in Korea in 1950 and became suicidal as soon as Russia's superiority in rocket missiles was established. The fact that Russia now has equal or better weapons of extermination and has joined us in these same insane preparations doubles our danger but does not halve our original guilt. Neither does it nullify our willful stupidity in now clinging to an obsolete, discredited strategy, based on a negation of morality and a defiance of common sense.

The only possible justification of our continued reliance upon weapons of total extermination would be that they do no present harm and would never be used by either side under any extremity of provocation. Can any mature mind comfort itself with either hope? Even our experimental explosion of nuclear bombs, at a rate of more than two for Russia's one, has poisoned our babies' milk, upset the delicate ecological balance of nature, and, still worse, defiled our genetic heritage. As for the possibility that nuclear weapons will never be used, our children in school know better than this every time they are put through the sadistic mummery of an air-raid drill and learn to “play disaster.” Such baths of fear and hostility are gratuitous assaults against the young, whose psychological damage is already incalculable; their only service is to bar more tightly the exits that would permit a real escape.

There are people who would defend these plans on the grounds that it is better to die nobly, defending democracy and freedom, than to survive under Communist oppression. Such apologists perhaps exaggerate the differences that now

exist between our two systems, but they err even more seriously in applying to mass extermination a moral standard that was defensible only as long as this death was a symbolic one confined to a restricted number of people on a small portion of the earth. Such a disaster, as in the bitter-end resistance of the Southern Confederacy, was still relatively minor and retrievable; if the original resolve to die were in fact an erroneous one, in a few generations it could be corrected. Nuclear damage, in contrast, is cumulative and irretrievable; it admits no belated confession of error, no repentance and absolution.

Under what canon of sanity, then, can any government, or any generation, with its limited perspectives, its fallible judgment, its obvious proneness to self-deception, delusion, and error, make a decision for all future ages about the very existence of even a single country? Still more, how can any one nation treat as a purely private right its decision on a matter that will affect the life and health and continued existence of the rest of mankind?

There are no words to describe the magnitude of such insolence in thought or the magnitude of criminality involved in carrying it out. Those who believe that any country has the right to make such a decision share the madness of Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*. For them Russia is the White Whale that must be hunted down and grappled with. Like Ahab in that mad pursuit, they will listen to no reminders of love, home, family obligation; in order to kill the object of their fear and hate they are ready to throw away the sextant and compass that might give them back their moral direction, and in the end they will sink their own ship and drown their crew. To such unbalanced men, to such demoralized efforts, to such dehumanized purposes, our government has entrusted, in an easily conceivable extremity, our lives. Even an accident, these men have confessed, might produce the dire results they have planned, and more than once has almost done so. To accept their plans and ensuing decisions, we have deliberately anesthetized the normal feelings, emotions, anxieties, and hopes that could alone bring us to our senses.

NO ONE can guess how a sufficiently wide recovery of moral responsibility and initiative might be brought about. Neither can one predict at what moment our nation will see that there is no permissible sacrifice of life, either in experimental preparation of these vile weapons or in a final conflict whose very method would nullify every rational end. Certainly it seems doubtful that

popular pressure would bring about such a change in government policy, except under the emotion of a shattering crisis, when it might well be too late. But great leadership, exerted at the right moment, might clear the air and illuminate the territory ahead. Until we actually use our weapons of extermination, there is nothing that we have yet done that cannot be undone, except for the existing pollution of our food and our genetic heritage with strontium 90 and carbon 14. But we must make a moral about-face before we can command a political forward march.

Yet if once the American nation made such evaluation of the morality of extermination, new policies and appropriate decisions would quickly suggest themselves. This would do more to effect an immediate improvement in the relations between the two powers now committed to preparing for mutual extermination than endless parleys between their heads of government.

A moral about-face does not demand, as those whose minds are congealed by the Cold War suppose, either a surrender to Russian Communism or a series of futile appeasements; neither does it mean any increase in the dangers under which we now live: just the contrary. Those who see no other alternatives are still living in the pre-nuclear world; they do not understand that our greatest enemy is not Russia but our treacherous weapons, and that our commitment to these weapons is what has prevented us from conceiving and proposing the necessary means for extending the area of effective freedom and, above all, for safeguarding mankind from meaningless mutilation and massacre.

No dangers we might face once we abandoned the very possibility of using mass extermination would be as great as those under which we now live; yet this is not to say that a bold change of policy would be immediately successful, or that before it had time to register its full effects in other countries it might not tempt Russia to risk measures to extend over other areas its own monolithic system of minority single-party government. But need I emphasize that these possible penalties could hardly be worse than those our government meekly accepted in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Korea, at a time when we still hugged the illusion of wielding absolute power through our monopoly of nuclear weapons? While sober judgment need not minimize these transitional difficulties and possible losses, one must not underestimate, either, the impact of a new policy, wholly concerned to re-establish the moral controls and political cooperations necessary to enable mankind to halt the threatening misuse of the extraordinary powers that it now commands.

Even in a purely military sense, this changed

orientation might produce the greatest difficulties for those Communist governments who misunderstood its intention and sought to turn it to their private national advantage. Russia would no more be able to escape the impact of our humane plans and moralized proposals than it was able to avoid the impact and challenge of our nuclear weapons. If we rallied the forces of mercy, human-heartedness, and morality with the vigor with which we have marshaled the dehumanized forces of destruction, what government could stand against us and face its own people, however strong its cynical suspicions and misgivings?

This is not the place or the moment to spell out a new policy which would start with the complete renunciation of weapons of mass extermination and go on to build constructive measures addressed to all those tasks which the Cold War has caused us to leave in abeyance. Fortunately, George Kennan, the only official or ex-official who

has yet had the courage to admit our earlier miscalculations, has already sketched in, with some boldness, the outlines of a better policy, and his proposals might be amplified and enlarged in many directions once we had overcome our official obsession with Russia and our fixation on mass extermination as an ultimate resource.

But the key to all practical proposals lies in a return to human feelings and sensitivities, to moral values, and to life-regarding procedures as controlling factors in the operation of intelligence. The problems our nation has tried to solve by mechanical weapons alone, operated by a detached and de-moralized mechanical intelligence, have proved insoluble by those means. A great leader would know that the time has come to reinstate the missing human factor and bring forth generously imaginative proposals addressed to mankind's survival and working toward its further development.

ROBERT GRAVES

ESTABLISHED LOVERS

The established lovers of an elder generation
Dead from the waist down, every man of them,
Have now expired for sure
And, after nine days' public threnody,
Lapse to oblivion, or literature . . .
Clerks of Establishment must therefore search
For faces fit to people the blank spaces.

Faces enough are found, to pretend modesty
And mask their yearning for the public call:
Pluperfect candidates
Having long ceased to live as lovers do . . .
Clerks of Establishment, checking the dates,
Can feel no qualm in recommending Orders,
Titles, and honorary love-doctorates.

Observe him well, the scarlet-robed academician
Stalled with his peers, an Order on his breast,
And (who could doubt it?) free
Of such despairs and voices as attended
His visits to that grotto below sea
Where once he served a glare-eyed Demoness
And swore her his unswerving verity.

TO A YOUNG ACTOR

BY DORE SCHARY

Motion-picture producer and writer, DORE SCHARY began his career in the entertainment field as an actor with a stock company in Cincinnati, and while working in bit parts perfected his skill at writing plays and producing them. Since BOYS TOWN, which won an Academy Award in 1938, he has had many successes, the most recent of which was SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO. This article developed out of a talk given at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.



EVERY year a number of you happy, hopeful aspirants storm the barricades in Hollywood and on Broadway in a quest for fame and fortune. Some of you are veterans of little theater groups, others are students of acting classes, others will come totally unequipped beyond good looks, energy, and ambition, and still others will arrive with no qualifications beyond the conviction that it is an easy way to make a living.

There is no monitor pattern of advice that can be given to young and eager novices, but after many years spent in meeting and interviewing young actors I have some reflections that may be of value. Probably because I spent time years ago playing bit parts, I like actors as a group and am aware that untried young people face the wide proscenium arch of their future with hope, fanciful dreams, and a healthy lacing of fear.

Many years ago some of us dabbled at a foolish game that went something like this: "If you could be a millionaire with no taxes, would you give up your left hand?" or "If you could spend one month with three famous beauties on a desert island, would you give up a screen credit on a big picture?" You can imagine the limitless absurdities into which we were led. But one proposition never was debated. That was: "If you could be in, direct, or write a smash hit on Broadway, would you be willing to be as bald as a billiard ball for the

rest of your life?" No one ever hesitated; the answer always was a loud, hopeful "Yes."

This feeling for the theater is a lovely and wondrous thing. It has been celebrated and written about by writers from Shakespeare to Irving Berlin.

There is nothing to match the experience of an opening night on Broadway if the audience and the critics, in response to a performance, applaud and cheer and approve. There is nothing so satisfying as the effect of reading a comedy line and being rewarded by the resounding roar of a big laugh. There is nothing so complimentary as playing a deep and moving scene and hearing an audience weep as the climax is reached.

Among you new actors straining toward the future is a sizable group who will not remain actors but who will instead become writers, directors, and producers. One reason for this is that actors when hungry are like everybody else — you love to eat — and sometimes under the spur of this need, you will discover talents that will lead you to fame, fortune, and the Colony Restaurant. It is good for everyone in the theater to know something about acting — it makes for better writing, directing, and producing.

One of the temptations that will beset you as you seek your careers is the temptation to conform. Usually we view the concept of conforming as something that will resolve us into stuffy, conserva-

tive, and dull nonentities. But there is afoot another type of conformity — specifically, the shuffling, shambling type of acting which is rapidly destroying the diction, the style, the range, and the intelligibility of the American actor. Realism is not only required in much of our theater, but is also desired; yet is it too querulous to ask, “Is there someone in the house who speaks English?” A pair of moccasins is no sure path to stardom, a pair of worn levis is no sign of masculinity, and a sweaty T shirt is no passport to theatrical immortality. Cleanliness is not only next to godliness, it also is a nice thing to view occasionally in the theater. Don’t mistake this: a scrubbed skin (assuring you, as the ads do, solid social security) is no guarantee that you are going to be a successful actor, but the point is that you are not automatically in the Hall of Fame if you look and behave like a slob.

Some of the new recruits, having gone to school and having worked diligently for a period of time, assume that with their diplomas in hand they will not only be radiant with the sunshine of new aspirations but that their diplomas will open wide doors to success. Not so. The diploma is evidence that the actor has spent some time on the practice tee, but he has yet to play the championship course. The tough grind is still to come. You have ahead — you eager people — the final exams one can challenge only in the classroom of practical experience. You have now to begin your rounds. You have to face the frantic calls to casting offices, the readings that bring the color flushing to your head and the “sorry, no’s” that flush the blood back to your vitals, leaving you pale and tired; you have to contend with that lovely bit part that turns into a one-line pronouncement — “He’s here now!” — or the one that is cut out completely in New Haven. You will contend with the competition, which is sturdy and often ruthless, with the endless searching and reaching, the frustration, and with the heartbreak of happy anticipation followed by dismal disappointment. How many of you will stand up to the attrition and abrasion, I don’t know. Some of you will certainly retire to your uncle’s hardware business; some of you will retreat into the security of marriage and allow your children to dream your dreams in the future; some of you may even turn out to be agents.

But some of you will reach the sunny heights; some of you will experience the ineffable delight of success. Your pictures will appear in *TV Guide*, or you will be caricatured in the *New York Times* by Al Hirschfeld. You will be reproduced thirty feet high on the screen of the Radio City Music Hall, and you will wind up with a business manager, an attorney, an agent, a masseur, and a press representative.

Since this happy image of being a star has

crossed your mind, it is possible that a big question is now asked: What makes a star? There have been an inordinate number of definitions of the quality that determines stardom. It has been called “it,” “sex appeal,” “personality,” and “magic.” I have no definitions for it. I can, like everybody else, only guess that this star quality is a kind of biological mystery — a strange emotional and electrical current which passes between an actor and an audience. It can come at the most unexpected times. It can happen even in a bad film or a bad play. I mention this in an effort to scotch the argument that “anybody can be great in a great part.” It isn’t necessarily so. Ezio Pinza once described this star quality as a “motor,” a self-generated hum that allows an actor to reach out and touch the audience. They know and understand him. He is merely a good actor when he makes an audience believe him; he is a star when he makes them care about him.

Practically all of show business is built on the foundation of the star system. In varying degrees of interest our audiences continue to be attracted to pictures, plays, theater entertainment, or television shows by the attractiveness of the star — the personality — the entertainer. We also see the star system operating in sports. For example, Orlando Cepeda flashes into stardom on the San Francisco Giants team, and the fans relegate Willie Mays to lesser billing; Ingemar Johansson flashes a right hand and becomes a star, while Floyd Patterson becomes a bit player.

Timing and circumstance play a part in many careers. One year you are piled up on the reefs of rejections and the next year find a safe harbor. In motion pictures the record is quite dramatic. Warners once dropped Van Johnson, and MGM years ago dismissed Fred Astaire. A long, long time ago I was present when Judy Garland auditioned for an executive at 20th Century Fox and was brushed off as too little a girl for such a big voice. MGM grabbed Garland, and at the same time passed up an option on a singer named Deanna Durbin. Darryl Zanuck admitted publicly that he had overlooked Clark Gable, but he must be comforted by knowing that only a few years ago a contemporary of his by the name of Dore Schary overlooked Marilyn Monroe.

So dream your dreams, but continue to work, because while one producer or one director may view your talents with astigmatic vision, another may observe you in resplendent Technicolored twenty-twenty vision.

Most important, remember that show business is a high and incredible lottery, a fantastic dice game, a mammoth roulette wheel. You are all players, and any number can play.

There is much that you can bring to this

crowded arena you are about to enter. Kazan once imagined your fantasies, and so did Logan and Kanin and Moss Hart. Anne Bancroft and Marlon Brando once wondered, as you wonder now, if the day would ever come; and Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, and William Inge trembled as you tremble at the notion that something you have to say will be heard and will move people and make them think and laugh and cry. I know that many of you will bring replenishment to the theater. From you will come moments in theatrical history. You will design and write, light and costume, direct and perform, and you will bring new images and new forms into being. And one day one of you will undoubtedly be telling others how it all came about.

When you do, say to them — remind them — that the theater is not aloof from the world in which it exists. It must reflect the attitudes and the mores and the urgencies of its time. Those who work in the theater cannot live on a small island of special interest, because that island is not especially immune to the atom or hydrogen bomb. The perplexities of our age perplex the theater. The tensions, harassments, and intransigencies of man sweep into the surf that licks at our island. Tell them, unknown chronicler, twenty-five years hence, to abstain from the shallow participation that lacks vigor and conviction; tell them to eschew the superficial that prates of art but encourages dilettantism; tell them to perspire as they

aspire; and tell them that the only corruption they face is from the forces that live within themselves.

Permit me an amplification: you will be told that your careers depend on luck, influence, knowing the right people. All this is so, but these factors avail you nothing if you do not have the talent, will, doggedness, persistency, and downright stubbornness to ride your luck, make opportune use of the influence, and impress the right people that *you* are the right one for the job.

You may one day — it happens — be that lucky understudy who is called at seven thirty and told to go on for the star. Well, unless you are ready, you are not so lucky.

There is a bright brotherhood in the arts, despite the fact that you will find dissent, insincerity, and hate during your adventures. There is a brotherhood of shared experience and common ambition. It is a fraternal association that makes the rest of the world civilians. Try not to indulge this feeling. Remember that the civilians pass the final judgment and that you are a civilian too — a civilian in a large world in which you must function and live with deep responsibility and awareness. This is the concluding substance of what I wish to say to you: behave as citizens not only of your profession but of the full world in which you live. Be indignant with injustice, be gracious with success, be courageous with failure, be patient with opportunity, and be resolute with faith and honor.

FELLOW FEELING

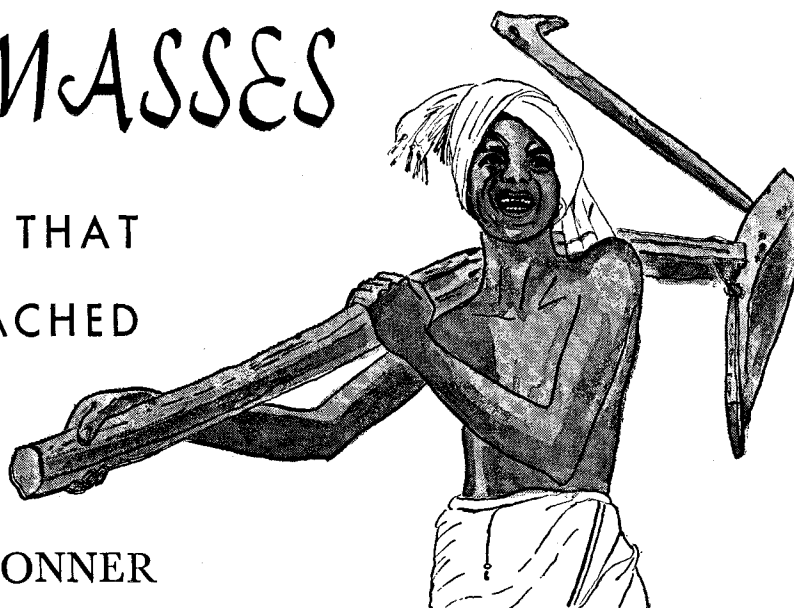
BY I. A. RICHARDS

More than affectionately old,
Old clock,
With staid ticktock,
Blocking out, rounding up
The intangible flow;
Warming-pan pendulum
Sedately swaying;
Minute hand stepping and staying,
Acting, enacting
Again and ago . . .
After faint hum
You strike:
One Endless the wait before . . .
Two But this I especially like:
Three comes sooner and the rest come
Quicker and quicker till the sum
Is told.

INDIA'S MASSES

THE PUBLIC THAT CAN'T BE REACHED

BY ARTHUR BONNER



There have been many signs of progress in India since independence was gained in 1950, but a serious barrier to democracy in this country of 500,000 villages is the lack of effective means of communication between the government and the masses. As a correspondent for CBS, ARTHUR BONNER has lived in India for more than five years.

I FIRST began thinking about India's communication difficulties three years ago. I was in the western part of Bihar when Prime Minister Nehru inaugurated one of the major dams that have sprung up throughout the country since independence. I stopped at a post office and saw, in a corner, a short spear with two little bells attached to the shaft near the head. I recognized it, from descriptions in books, as a spear carried by *dak* (mail) runners. I thought it was a relic of the days when the mail was delivered by runners who needed the spear to protect themselves from robbers and wild animals and who carried the bells just to keep up their courage as they jogged along jungle trails. But the postmaster assured me that he still delivered some of his mail by runners who took three days going out along one route and three days coming back by another.

India is trying to build itself anew, and there are many visible signs of progress. But communications are still needed drastically. Only 18 per cent of the people in India can read and write. Two years ago a research team from Jamia Milia University in New Delhi surveyed 150 villages in selected areas of the four Hindi-speaking states of north-central India. They found that 6 out of 67 persons selected at random were entirely ignorant of the fact that the British no longer ruled India.

In response to another question, the researchers found that 54 out of 314 respondents did not know

the name of their own country. Some, however, were aware of the word *Bharat* (India); they said they had heard people shouting *Bharat Mata Ki Jai* (Long Live Mother India). But when these same villagers were asked what *Bharat* signified, they said they did not know.

It is difficult to try to communicate the complicated forms of modern democracy to a people who may not even visualize a nation. I accompanied Prime Minister Nehru shortly before a general election when he attempted just this. The Prime Minister visited the lovely old ruins of Mandu in central India, where five centuries ago there lived a King who, with eight thousand wives, put Solomon to shame. A special effort had been made to gather together thousands of Gond tribesmen, who form the penniless peasantry of the surrounding scrub-jungle-covered hills. Nehru, speaking through a translator, gave a simple lecture in civics. He said there were no more British; they had all gone away. There were no more maharajas; they too were not ruling India. There were just the Indian people, who were ruling themselves. Everybody was an Indian, he said. He was an Indian and the Gonds were Indians. With no more British and no more maharajas, the Gonds like other Indians had the opportunity to choose who would be their rulers. He then went on to explain about the elections and what it meant to cast a vote.

Nehru was careful to speak slowly and to use simple terms that he repeated many times, as if speaking to children, but the entire idea must have been difficult for the Gonds to grasp. Nevertheless, Nehru delivers as many as a half dozen speeches a day during his tours because he knows that the only effective communication with the masses of India must be on a person-to-person basis.

The daily circulation of newspapers in India, with a population of 400 million, is only 3.1 million, and one third of these papers are in English. The dozen or so English-language papers are extremely important, since 99 per cent of the people are ruled by the one per cent who speak English. When I first came to India and heard people say this, I thought they were exaggerating. But my own experience has proved it true. I have talked to thousands of government officials and business, professional, and labor leaders throughout India, and we always conversed in English. An Indian who does not speak English cannot gain authority outside of his own limited circle. But the only persons who can afford the long education necessary to become proficient in English are those who were born with money or property. Thus the feudal system is perpetuated, and thus the English-language papers are so important; they help mold the opinion of the people who count.

But this should not be overemphasized. Newspapers have little impact even on many of those who are literate, either in English or the regional languages. Stanley and Ruth Freed are young American anthropologists who have spent more than a year working in a village only fourteen miles from Delhi. About two weeks after the revolt in Tibet began, when the Dalai Lama had just reached the Indian frontier, the Freeds asked several of the more educated people in the village what they thought of the matter. The newspapers were full of news about the Dalai Lama, yet only one of the persons the Freeds asked had even heard of him. The sole exception was a young man studying for his master's degree. Among those unaware of the Dalai Lama's existence was their interpreter, a young English-speaking girl who had completed two years of college.

There is no television in India, and there are only slightly more than 1.5 million radio sets in use, most of them in the four major cities: Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras. The government has installed about 40,000 subsidized community radios in the villages, but this is just a beginning — there are 500,000 villages in India. It is more than just a matter of poverty. There are no repair facilities in the rural areas, and so an entire system has to be set up to keep the community radios in working order. Besides, many villages do not have

electricity and need battery-operated sets, which means that the batteries must be brought into a district center at regular intervals to be recharged.

Language is a further barrier to understanding. There are fourteen major languages in India, plus a few hundred dialects, and when Nehru speaks in his native Hindustani he is understood by less than half of the people. Unfortunately, the intellectuals who run All India Radio, the government-owned radio network, scorn Hindustani as a polyglot tongue and insist on using a highly Sanskritized version of Hindustani called Hindi, which the government is trying to propagate as the national language. As a result, there are relatively few who understand the Hindi news broadcasts of AIR. The language pattern outside of north-central India is even more complicated. AIR news broadcasts in Bombay and Hyderabad are delivered in five languages, while special programs for the hill tracts of northeastern India are spoken in fifteen separate dialects.

It is laid down in the Indian Constitution that the government should try to switch over from English to Hindi by 1965. But there is so much opposition to Hindi that the government recently had to promise that it would not insist on this deadline. It is not that those who oppose Hindi love English more, but they fear that if Hindi becomes the national language their own languages will be neglected. They also fear that those who speak Hindi as their mother tongue would find it easier to get government jobs than those who would have to learn Hindi as a second language. In most of the rest of the world language ties a nation together. In India language separates people and makes them enemies.

INDIA is such a complex country that it needs modern communications to bind it together, yet a great majority of Indians live in the age of the bullock cart. The Indian Airlines Corporation, the government-owned airline that provides all of the internal passenger service and almost all of the air freight traffic, has only 77 aircraft on regular service. More than two thirds of these are decrepit DC-3s used during World War II. There are only 400,000 telephones, or one for every thousand persons. Most of the telephones, like most of the radios, are concentrated in the four major cities. There are only 110 pages in the telephone book for the entire state of Kerala, which has a population of 15 million, or almost double that of New York City. There is only one motor vehicle of any sort, including motorcycles, for every 850 persons. But there are 10 million bullock carts, or one for every 40 people.

Automobile drivers curse the bullock carts for slowing down traffic, and highway engineers hate them because their narrow, iron-rimmed wheels destroy the surface of the roads, especially in the summer, when the asphalt melts under the baking sun. Yet they are as much a part of Indian life today as they were at the dawn of Indian history. And, judging from ancient temple sculpture, the bullock cart has remained unchanged throughout the rise and fall of countless kingdoms. The cart has two wobbly wheels about five feet in diameter and is drawn by two humped bullocks with the yoke resting on the bullocks' necks in front of the hump and cutting into the flesh. The Indian peasant is poor in money and technology; the bullock cart is the only vehicle he can afford or knows how to use.

It is estimated that each bullock cart travels two thousand miles a year and that 70 per cent of the goods in India are carried by bullock cart. The 80 per cent of the Indians who live in villages are scattered as far as twenty miles from a motorable road. When the second Five Year Plan ends in 1961, there will still be but 138,000 miles of all-weather motorable roads, or one mile for every 9 square miles of territory. Only 1500 miles of this will be two-lane highways.

INDIA depends primarily on its government-owned railroads for interregional movement. It has the fourth largest railroad system in the world, but it still does not meet India's needs. There are 35,000 miles of track, or 27 miles per 1000 square miles of territory, compared with 74 in the United States. There are only 9 miles of track per 100,000 people, compared with 138 in the United States. The Indian railroads were neglected during the depression in the 1930s. They were badly damaged and overworked in the war years and later when the subcontinent was partitioned between India and Pakistan. Meantime, population has increased at the rate of 7 million a year, and there is the new and heavy burden of the industries and projects begun under the two Five Year Plans. Because of all this, the Indian railroads today are less able to meet the demands made on them than they were thirty years ago, even though about 20 per cent of the Five Year Plan allocations are spent for railway improvement.

Traveling in an air-conditioned car on the Indian railways is about as comfortable as traveling Pullman in the United States, but third-class travel, which is what most Indians use, can be sheer horror. About two hundred passengers are jammed along with mountains of luggage into a single dirty, hot carriage. The seats are narrow

and made of wooden slats. The smell of humanity is reinforced by the odor from the inadequate and seldom cleaned toilet. There is no drinking water on the train, and the rush for seats is so great that even when the train stops, a person who has a seat does not dare leave it to get a drink of water at the station. Some improvements have been made, but not many. The failure is deliberate. India is trying to build its industries, and freight gets priority over people.

Thanks to this priority, most of the outdated freight cars have been replaced and the total number has increased by 40,000 in the past ten years, but freight capacity is still inadequate. Businessmen complain that they have to wait three months for a freight car to carry their goods and that, at times, when a car is made available they have to wait another month before it can be attached to a passing train. They also complain that the movement of freight cars is so chaotic that even after goods are dispatched it might take a month for the shipment to arrive at a destination only five hundred miles away. The shortage of freight cars is a major cause of governmental corruption. Businessmen say that the only way they can get a car is by bribing railway officials.

Governmental inefficiency is the keynote. All of the interstate communications are owned by the central government, and many of the individual states have nationalized interurban bus and truck lines as well as their municipal transport systems. Yet entering a government office is like stepping back fifty years or more. There are few filing cabinets and paper clips. Papers are attached by a string threaded through a hole in one corner and then wrapped in a folder tied together by another string. A code letter is pinned to the cover, and the name of the file is registered in a ledger. The file is then tossed on a shelf along with mounds of others. The registers are tossed someplace else, and how any file is ever found again is a wonder. The rules for handling correspondence at the district level in Uttar Pradesh have changed little since they were drawn up in 1880. A letter has to pass through forty-one distinct steps and be entered in dozens of registers before it is answered. Throughout India, the government moves so slowly that it is not uncommon for an official to die before his pension is sanctioned and paid.

Fortunately, not all government organizations are so creaky. One of the most promising things in India is the Community Development program, which has shown itself receptive to new ideas and methods. It has sent thousands of village-level workers and others into the villages to teach everything from adult literacy to better ways of farming. It emphasizes the person-to-person approach and at times has shown great imagination.

For instance, it has organized group tours of India by as many as five hundred villagers — tempting them with a chance to worship at the traditional shrines and, in the process, showing them the new factories and dams, which Nehru calls the modern places of pilgrimage. In trying to communicate ideas, the village-level workers have a whole armory of new weapons. All branches of the central and state governments are turning out books, pamphlets, and leaflets; special movies have been prepared along with audio-visual aids. There are hundreds of mobile vans equipped with generators to penetrate into the darkest interior, and there are even a few publicity setups mounted on bullock carts.

But an urban Indian intellectual is often as much a stranger to an Indian peasant as an Englishman or an American. Even when they do speak the same language, they do not think the same thoughts. When an educational movie is prepared in a Bombay studio, using actors disguised as farmers, the real farmers will always flock to the mobile van to see it. But they laugh at the wrong places. It is often a parody of their own lives and as such is entertainment, not education.

The problem is greater than just making more realistic films. Ideas not only have to be understood, they have to be accepted; and once accepted, they have to become permanent. The Community Development program works intensively in blocks of one hundred villages for about four years, after which the area is given much less attention. There are many apparent changes in these blocks. But Community Development officials have now found, much to their dismay, that the villagers quickly give up their new habits and ideas as soon as the external pressure is removed.

The reason for this is found in the word *dharma*, a religious term roughly meaning “the Hindu way of life.” But since religion, especially in the villages, is intertwined with man’s every act, it means more than the ceremonies of religion. Dharma includes all the ethics and mores of a man’s family, caste, and community; it determines how a man dresses or plows his field or eats and even how he goes to the toilet. Dharma gives the sanction of heaven to the class and caste structure and lays down that superior authority must be obeyed. Thus a village-level worker, who represents authority, might easily get the peasant to change his habits. But once the village-level worker goes away, other aspects of the dharma — mainly the spiritual pressure of tradition — reassert themselves.

Foreign experts are often discouraged. I met a British nurse whom the World Health Organization had sent to Kerala, where she worked for three years establishing maternity and child-care cen-

ters. We had a long talk about all the things she had done, but as I got up to leave she remarked sadly that she would soon be going home and it would probably all be forgotten. I also met an American who came to India under our technical assistance program. He was sent to an area where another expert a year previously had taught the villagers how to install and use a large number of diesel pumps for their wells. When the second man arrived at the scene, he found that none of the pumps were in use. Some were mechanically defective, others had simply run out of fuel.

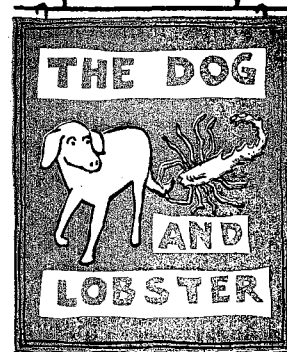
Perhaps the best way of getting ideas permanently accepted would be to present them through religious channels. But Hinduism has no established church which can be used as a means of communication. There are only individuals like Vinoba Bhave, Gandhi’s disciple, who is collecting thousands of acres of land as gifts for his Bhoodan movement. Vinoba, with his asceticism and his long tours on foot, is operating within the dharma and is easily accepted. The landlords who give part of their holdings to Vinoba for distribution among the landless are the same men who strenuously resist all land reforms proposed by the government. But the Westernized administrators of India scorn Vinoba and his religion-oriented methods.

Nehru often says that he is not “religious-minded,” and government spokesmen take pride in echoing that India is a secular state. After living in India for more than five years and realizing the force of the dharma, I am convinced that there is a direct relation between the de-emphasis of religion since Gandhi’s death and the fact that much of the enthusiasm that existed at the time of India’s independence has now evaporated.

Many factories and huge new dams spring up, yet despite the best efforts of the government, per-acre yields remain among the lowest in the world, and thousands of ancient minor irrigation works are falling into disrepair. The level of literacy is what it was a decade ago, and the fine-sounding laws banning untouchability or child marriage are seldom enforced. That is, there is a failure of the things that require the active cooperation of the masses. This cannot be accounted for solely by the lack of physical communications. Gandhi showed that despite the absence of roads and post offices it is possible to establish contact with the vast masses and mobilize them for action. But nowadays this spiritual rapport is missing; there is a vast gulf between the rulers and the ruled. This has serious implications. As long as there is no close contact between those at the top and those at the bottom, democracy in India has slender roots.

TWILIGHT OF A GOD

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD



English novelist GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD came to the ATLANTIC with his first story, "The Salvation of Pisco Gabar." A born linguist who graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, he worked as a bank clerk in Rumania, sold bananas in France and in Spain, was a British security officer in the Middle East during World War II, and finally settled down to write. All this is told with humor in his autobiography, AGAINST THE WIND, which was published by Atlantic-Little, Brown early this year.

THE contractors' temporary fencing sagged as Matthew Fowlsey leaned his weight on it and watched the clearance of a building site on the main street of his village. Fifteen feet below him, at the bottom of a slope of rubble and broken brick, the scoop was working close to the bedrock. His eyes, keen and humorous as those of a robin waiting by the spade for worms, were shielded from the sun by enormous pepper-and-salt eyebrows. Only a man whose work and hobby were connected with the ground under his feet could have permitted such luxuriant growth without ever finding it inconvenient.

He suddenly tobogganed into the hole alongside the scoop, which clanged shut a foot from his right ear.

"Closish shave, that, guv'nor!" said the dry, weary voice of the foreman from the lip of the excavation.

"Miles to spare," Fowlsey answered, cleaning the earth from a tile which he had rescued.

"Didn't stop to think, did yer, what would 'appen to me if your 'ead was in the truck?"

"He knows his job," Fowlsey said, pointing to the crane cabin. "He could take your hat off with that scoop without spoiling your parting. So could I."

"In the contracting business yourself?"

"No. Oil. Before I retired."

"Don't wonder they wear tin 'ats on the job. Wotcha got there?"

"A Roman tile. I thought I saw two D's scratched on it. And I did."

"Writing, like?"

"With the point of a sword, perhaps. I don't think he could have cut so deep with a stylus."

"Ain't come across a two-inch grease nipple with a screw thread, 'ave you?"

Fowlsey retired under his eyebrows and searched the ground beneath the crane.

"Here it is," he said.

"Cor! I was lookin' for that bastard 'alf an hour last night."

Matthew Fowlsey returned home with his tile and was greeted by his wife with a cheerful cry that lunch was ready. Assuring her that he would not be a moment, he retired to his study. The slow revelations of his soapy water, solvents, and acids were more interesting than the shouted appeals which he automatically answered. Lunch could wait.

Three quarters of an hour later he appeared in the dining room carrying the tile.

"Muriel! Vagliodunum! It is Prior's Norton, my dear. I picked this up from a hole in the main street. The graffito of a legionary! Roughly translated, it means 'God rot Vagliodunum.'"

"If Vagliodunum is Prior's Norton, Matthew, I entirely agree with him," Muriel said, and left the room.

There was a cold mess on the table which had been a soufflé, and a stew on the sideboard which

he recognized — though it was now glazed with cold grease — as a very creditable shot at his favorite Persian dish. Darling Muriel. Damn — and she wouldn't cool down till evening.

Ever since Fowlsey discovered a gold coin of Alexander the Great in the stomach of a Caucasian wild goat he had realized that archaeology was the ideal hobby for a mining engineer, though at the time his interest had been in the goat's diet. He polished his classics and mastered the scripts, ancient and modern, of the Middle East till his opinions aroused as much curiosity among dons as prospectors. Always more fascinated by discovery than finance, he had retired with a knighthood but only a comfortable pension. He was thoroughly happy. Living in Prior's Norton was a new experience — perhaps, he admitted, a little too new for Muriel.

Sir Matthew washed up the dishes, picked roses from the garden, and deployed upon his wife that charm which, in pursuit of his hobby, had always overwhelmed authority, from ministers of culture to headmen of villages. Having won her smiling permission to invite Charles Kinsale over from Oxford for a couple of nights, he picked up the telephone and dictated a long wire.

Kinsale's reply was uncompromising but satisfactory: DONT BELIEVE A WORD OF IT BUT SHALL COME FOR MURIEL AND SAUSAGES.

"Charles believes in nothing," Sir Matthew complained, "but the later Roman Empire and his own belly."

"That makes him very easy to entertain, my dear."

The Prior's Norton sausages were unique. They lent themselves to grilling rather than frying and were temperamental at that, but Muriel, aided by the advice of Miss Mallaby, who kept a tea shop on the main street, had brought the art of cooking them to perfection. Friends from more spacious days angled for invitations to a meal as if the Fowlseys were still cosseted by a host of native cooks and houseboys.

Charles Kinsale arrived early the following afternoon. After complimenting Muriel with lengthy eighteenth-century politeness, he was dragged off impatiently to the study. He was a much younger man than his host, but lacked the air of youth which irradiated Sir Matthew. When he made a definite statement it was so.

"I have looked up everything known about Vagliodunum, Matthew," he said modestly. "The site is unidentified. According to the Antonine Itinerary it should be about eight and a half miles south of here."

"That site has been excavated."

"Really? By whom?" Kinsale's voice rose to an academic falsetto of disbelief.

"It's in the middle of a brickfield," said Fowlsey.

"Very well, Matthew. Quite. But that does not help us. Now, I agree that the scribbler on your tile was Italian. So there is a possibility — we can put it no higher — that he was a soldier. All he tells us is that he disliked Vagliodunum. He does *not* tell us that Vagliodunum is Prior's Norton."

"Yes, he does. Soldiers curse the place they happen to be stationed, not the place where they were stationed before."

"Is that fact or conjecture?"

"Fact," replied Sir Matthew boldly, aware that there might be exceptions to his rule but that this was not the occasion to elaborate them.

"I will make a note of it. Now, I have another scrap of information for you. There is a fragment of a fourth-century geographer dealing with Roman Britain. It is believed by Hasensöhren, who is sometimes inspired, to come from an Alexandrian commentary on the earlier geography of Marinus."

"The Marinus who was also used by Ptolemy?" Sir Matthew asked, scoring a point.

"Quite. The text of the fragment is corrupt. Vagliodunum is a possible but not a very likely reading. But whatever town he is talking about had a considerable Temple of Mithras — for goodness' sake, don't jump to conclusions, Matthew — two hundred paces to the right of the cross as you come from the southeast."

"That would put it under the church!" Fowlsey exclaimed. "The market cross is the Roman cross-roads. Come on. Let's go."

PRIOR'S NORTON lay in a shallow, green valley between limestone hills. Its main street, running over well-drained gravel above the stream, had been constantly used by man from paleolithic hunters to the excavators of the hole where Sir Matthew had found his tile. The lane which crossed it at right angles, charging straight down one slope, over a paved ford, and straight up the other, was Roman and nothing much else.

Kinsale, protesting, was led over the ford by a white, wooden footbridge and up to the main street. To their right were the manor, the church, and the vicarage; to their left, the village shops.

Sir Matthew introduced his distinguished friend to the vicar, who politely pretended to have heard of him.

"Kinsale has some fascinating evidence that there is a Mithraeum under the church."

"I am here," Charles insisted sternly, "merely in hope of wealth. Sir Matthew's luck is fantastic. When it was his business to look for oil he found

antiquities. Now that he can devote himself to archaeology, he will certainly strike oil. But there is no more chance of a Mithraeum under your church, Vicar, than under my college."

"A Mithraeum?" said the vicar. "Well, I suppose it might be here if anywhere. So many churches are on the sites of older temples. Mithras — now, let me see . . ."

"Of Persian origin," Kinsale expounded. "The giver of life, intermediary between God and man. Like other mystical religions, Mithraism was very popular in the army and with old ladies. Baptism was by bull's blood. Some form of Mithraism might well be our religion today but for the accident that Christianity was better suited to the political system of Constantine."

"And no doubt to other purposes as well," said the vicar. "I remember now. It was a religion of great beauty. Perhaps it helped to prepare the way. Well, if there was ever a Mithraeum we ought to find some trace of it. The church is built on bedrock, and we can get at the foundations."

They could — just. But the space was less than five feet, too low to walk and too high to crawl. Fowlsey was enjoying himself on hands and knees; so, apparently, was the vicar. After half an hour of examining rock under the light of their torches, Charles Kinsale, weary of repeating that all the chisel marks were medieval, considered that the vicar might have warned him what he was in for. It had possibly been tactless to mention Constantine, let alone the old ladies.

"So what do you think?" asked Fowlsey when they returned to daylight, covered with cobwebs.

"That you should join the Boy Scouts, Matthew. No doubt they have a badge for proficiency in archaeology. Have you perhaps a clothes-brush, Vicar, before we venture upon the main street of Sir Matthew's Vagliodunum?"

"You know, I'll tell you what happened," Fowlsey said. "Your geographer got turned inside out. Vagliodunum was a garrison town."

"What the hell has that got to do with it?"

"He might have been dining in mess. Come on, they say, you're off in the morning, but there's time to visit our Mithraeum and kill another bottle with the flute girl afterwards. Now, there's a round hill on each side of the valley, and both look reasonably alike. He wouldn't know which was which after dinner. When he said two hundred paces right of the cross, he meant left."

"You are too inclined, Matthew, to judge our ancestors by yourself."

"And a very good thing, too."

"That would put it under dear Miss Mallaby's tea shop," said the vicar.

"Or under the Dog and Lobster. We'll pace it out."

"Matthew, I have already told you . . ."

"I know. But all I want you to do, Charles, is to pace out two hundred yards and have a look at the cellars of the Dog and Lobster."

"The pubs aren't open yet," said Kinsale weakly.

"For the scholar all doors are open, Charles. Even among Kurds and Yezidis. And Mr. Bunn is a Christian innkeeper who at the moment will be staking his sweet peas."

PRIOR'S NORTON was full of Friday afternoon shoppers. Sir Matthew marched along the curb, counting aloud up to two hundred and raising his hat to the bicyclists and pram pushers whom he incommoded. He arrived precisely in front of Miss Mallaby's tea shop. Her neat window, decorated by homemade jams, pickles, cakes, and scones, preserved a ladylike propriety between the coarser attractions of the Dog and Lobster on one side and James Ing, Butcher and Licensed Game Dealer, on the other.

Mr. Bunn was not exactly staking his sweet peas, but he was in the garden thinking about it. After ten minutes' talk on the weather and control of slugs, Sir Matthew asked if they might inspect the cellars.

"Nothing down there but empties," replied Mr. Bunn, looking suspiciously at Kinsale. "What's he an inspector of?"

"Nothing. Am I the sort of man, Mr. Bunn, to set inspectors on my neighbors?"

"Well, sir, you 'aven't been 'ere long enough for us to make you out, like. Not that I've anything against inspectors," he added hastily, remembering that there were at least two among his customers. "A quieter, more well-be'aved lot of gentlemen I don't want to see."

"Mr. Kinsale is the greatest living authority on the later Roman Empire . . ."

"Matthew, I —"

"Shut up! If I knew a better one, I'd send for him. His University of Oxford" — Mr. Bunn's brewers were in Oxford, and he made a sort of grunt of profound respect — "is interested in the history of our village. What Mr. Kinsale wants to see is if there is any trace of Roman masonry in your cellar."

The cellars ran under the whole length of the Dog and Lobster. In front they appeared to have been dug out of the gravel and lined with stone. At the back they had been cut from the hillside.

"Well?" asked Sir Matthew eagerly.

"My dear fellow, when the ceiling of a rock cave has been whitewashed over and over for several hundred years, it's impossible to say offhand

who cut it. What's through the brick wall at the end?"

"That's Ing, that is, beyond the wall," Mr. Bunn replied. "It all belonged to the Dog and Lobster once, when the Mallabys kept it. Four hundred years, father to son, they were 'ere. And that's only what they knows of."

"Miss Mallaby hasn't any cellars then?"

"What would she want with a cellar? Why, Ing and me, we don't use what we've got. No, she's just got the shop which 'er grandfather made for 'er when she wouldn't take over the pub. And that reminds me. There's a few bottles in the vault there from 'er grandfather's day. Would you gentlemen like to tell me what's in 'em? I'm told they drinks a lot of old wine in them colleges at Oxford."

"In moderation," said Kinsale. "In moderation. Don't wave it about, Mr. Bunn. Here, let me."

Borrowing Mr. Bunn's corkscrew, he opened the first bottle with reverent care. It was dead and undrinkable. So were the next two. But the fourth was a brown sherry in the flower of great age.

"Prefer a drop of Scotch myself," said Mr. Bunn, tasting it with disapproval. "But if you gentlemen are that 'appy with it, why, you can't do better than finish it up."

He refilled the tumblers.

"Any more bottles of it?" asked Kinsale.

"No. Nothing 'ere but what you can see."

Mr. Bunn whacked the back of the vault with a brewer's mallet. "Solid," he said regretfully. "Solid rock."

Half an hour later Fowlsey and Kinsale emerged into the daylight, thanking Mr. Bunn profusely and a little noisily.

"Now we will call on Miss Mallaby," said Sir Matthew, pacing the length of her shop window and balancing himself with too obvious concentration as he placed one foot in front of the other along the narrow curb. "That niche was Roman, damn it!"

"Might just conceivably be, Matthew," shouted Kinsale. "Not, I beg you, *is!*"

Miss Mallaby withdrew a plate of cakes from the window. She was tall and dark with a faint and graying mustache. She had a maiden lady's penetrating stare in which alarm and authority were equally mixed.

"And I am not calling on her with this breath, Matthew."

"Perhaps you are right. To Ing then!"

"He is the man who makes the sausages?"

"He is."

"Then at least I have the excuse of telling him what I think of them."

Mr. James Ing was evidently accustomed to enthusiastic compliments. He received them with a nervous dignity. For a butcher he seemed a reserved little man. He had the blue-striped apron, round face, and ruddy complexion of his trade, but all in miniature. He consented to accept a monthly order for sausages to be sent by post. The distinguished address of Kinsale's college appeared to take a weight off his mind. "Always like to know whom I'm dealing with," he said. "Can't be too careful with strangers."

He was quite willing to show what was under his shop, and led them down a semicircular staircase with a dark recess beneath it. The cellars were obviously a continuation of those of the Dog and Lobster.

Sir Matthew paced out the length. "I make it an eighteen-inch wall between Mr. Bunn and Mr. Ing," he announced. "So Grandpa Mallaby sold the lot."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked the butcher with a blank stare.

"No reason at all. What's through there?"

"Cold store," replied Mr. Ing, throwing open a door which closed one of the vaults in the inner wall.

"Containing," Kinsale added impatiently, "no departed Caesars, but two pigs, a bullock, and a lamb."

"Four sausages on the floor, two and a half pigs, a bullock, and a sheep," Sir Matthew corrected him.

"To a butcher all sheep are lambs."

"No, they ain't, sir, begging your pardon," said Mr. Ing, "not when a customer asks for mutton."

AFTER a walk along the lane which once had been a Roman highway, Sir Matthew and Charles Kinsale regained a Roman dignity. When they returned home in the cool of the evening, the house smelled delectably of the famous sausages. They carried a Martini for Muriel into the kitchen. She did not seem to be responding correctly to their compliments and attention.

"My dears," she said, "Miss Mallaby has been here."

"Oh, ginger cake, good!" Sir Matthew exclaimed.

"I am afraid you have upset her rather badly. You have been staring at her shop and bothering Ing and Bunn."

"What's the matter with the woman? There's nothing odd in archaeology. Even Kurds and Yezidis . . ."

"But not an English village, dear. And you never know how loud your voice is."

"I didn't say anything. I never went near Miss Mallaby. Charles looked at her through the window."

"You were measuring it, Matthew," said Charles promptly.

"Well, what about it?"

"Don't boom at me, dear. Are you sure you were both quite . . ."

"Muriel!" exclaimed Charles Kinsale, much shocked. "The pubs were not open, and the vicar didn't offer us anything."

"Yes, of course. Perhaps I misunderstood Miss Mallaby. She was so very agitated. But if you *have* to excavate the only shops in the village who ever have anything fit to eat, Matthew, do let me handle it for you."

"Excavation," said Kinsale, using the full prestige of learning to divert the conversation to a higher level. "I always feel it is a tragedy. A hundred years hence they will do it so much better."

He continued to lecture, changing the subject, when the bronze mound of sausages was on the table, from archaeology to analysis of flavor.

"Sage and pork, of course," he murmured after his fifth, "and there is a suggestion that somewhere along the line of ancestry was a black pudding. But am I a medieval schoolman that I should discourse upon the ingredients of heaven? For the moment they are supplied by Muriel and James Ing, whose efforts you, my dear Matthew, like an amiable and attendant angel, have underlined by this admirable claret."

When Muriel had left them alone, Sir Matthew refilled the glasses. "Very nicely to the rescue, Charles. Damn Miss Mallaby! But have you seriously been thinking of excavation?"

"Not for a moment. You have made your usual find with your usual luck. But excavation wouldn't produce any more sherry."

"Sherry? The sherry, my good man, is a clue, not a discovery. Mr. Bunn was distracting our attention from his cellar to its contents. That was obvious to me when Muriel mentioned Miss Mallaby's visit. Why should she be driven to hysterics by my balancing feats upon the curbstone?"

"I suggest she was subconsciously devastated by your physical attractions."

"Nonsense! Miss Mallaby is grim but sane. No, they are all hiding something, and it's behind the back wall which Bunn was so anxious to prove solid. In a remote spot like this the worship of Mithras might still be carried on."

"With James Ing sacrificing the bull?"

"Pipe down! That's all forgotten. I mean a mild little center of vague superstition with Miss Mallaby as presiding witch — except that she's a

pillar of the church and runs the Women's Institute."

"They generally do, Matthew. But covines are very rare. An illicit distillery would be more likely."

"Then you agree they are hiding something?"

"The evidence is more convincing than for Vagliodunum."

"Five minutes in Ing's cellar without Ing is all we need. Look here. I will order a leg of mutton. When Ing goes down to the cold store to fetch it, you tiptoe after him."

"Damn it, Matthew, I draw the line at burglary."

"It's only trespassing. While he is inside the cold store you hide under the stairs. Ing comes up with the carcass. When he has served me, he takes it back again. I follow and join you under the stairs."

"How and when do we get out?"

"Easy as pie. Whenever Ing comes down for meat and is safely inside the cold store again. Then we tiptoe up the stairs and walk boldly past the customers, if any, with our parcels."

NEXT morning after breakfast Kinsale flatly refused to play his part, but Sir Matthew, aware from long experience that men of books invariably feel inferior to men of action, shamed him into it and explained to Muriel that they intended to spend an hour or two at the excavation in the main street. The butcher's was empty. Prior's Norton did not do its shopping before eleven.

All went well. Kinsale, started by a merciless push, vanished downstairs behind James Ing and did not reappear. After cutting and wrapping the leg of mutton, Ing returned to the cold store with the carcass. Sir Matthew prepared to follow him but was interrupted by the vicar, who wanted sausages, and two housewives in need only of conversation. It was no good hanging around the shop. He went over the road to talk to the foreman at the excavation.

At last Mr. Ing got rid of his customers and took the opportunity to deliver a loin of pork to the Dog and Lobster. Sir Matthew strolled back across the road, entered the butcher's, looked out through the window to ensure that he was not observed, and an instant later was in the cellar.

"You've been the devil of a time!" whispered Kinsale.

"Couldn't help it. Found anything?"

"Yes. There's a sliding door at the back of the cold store."

"Where does it go?"

"Really, Matthew, I do not know," replied

Kinsale testily. "We are responsible persons, not little boys on a treasure hunt. And anyway, the door was locked."

"Oh, my God!" Matthew Fowlsey suddenly exclaimed, creeping up to the curve of the stair and listening.

"But I saw him go in, Mr. Ing," insisted Muriel's voice, "when I was down the road, and I am sure he has not come out."

"Indeed, madam?" James Ing answered politely.

The probable explanation appeared to dawn on him. He repeated with indignation, "Indeed, madam!"

Determined steps sounded overhead. Sir Matthew dragged Kinsale into the cold store and shut the door. "You don't know what it is," he whispered frantically. "You're not married. I've been told not to monkey, and I've monkeyed. I tell you, this could mean she'd go on strike and make me live in a flat in London!"

The sliding door at the back was partly hidden by the two halves of the bullock. It was not noticeable at a glance, but not particularly secret. Mr. Ing could well have bought a double-doored refrigerating unit cheap.

"I don't believe it goes anywhere," Sir Matthew hissed. "He got it off a bankrupt butcher and installed it as it was. Hell! It doesn't open. Hell!"

The handle on their side had been removed. He thrust the small blade of his pocketknife into the socket and turned. The blade snapped, but a second operation with the stump did the trick. The steps of Muriel and James Ing were already audible in the cellar. He pushed Kinsale through the door and slid it shut again, breathing heavily.

Sir Matthew switched on his torch. They were in a long, narrow cellar under the hillside. To their left was a stone stair evidently leading into the back of Miss Mallaby's shop. The flags of the floor were spotlessly clean.

At one end of the cellar were various tubs and buckets, at the other was an immense butcher's slab of solid oak, scored and hollowed by long use. Knives and choppers were neatly laid out on the scrubbed surface. The delectable, spicy smell was enough to tell them that this was where Ing's sausages were made.

They stared at each other, completely puzzled. There was the click of a switch above the staircase. The cellar was lit up. Miss Mallaby, a formidable figure in black, stood upon the third step looking down on them.

"Sir Matthew," she pronounced with dignity, "I am quite prepared to be reported to the police. But I must request you to leave my premises immediately."

She stood a little to one side, pointing to the way past her. Fowlsey and Kinsale were hypnotized into a slow march before the power of speech returned.

"B-b-but why should I report you to the police, Miss Mallaby?" Sir Matthew asked.

"I presume that now that you are in possession of the evidence you will consider it your duty."

"I still don't see . . ."

"Inspectors! I do!" Kinsale exclaimed. "Making sausages of unknown ingredients upon unlicensed premises. Hygiene! Modernity! Stainless steel! If the beaks knew Miss Mallaby was making sausages down here, they'd slap a fifty-pound fine on her. Good Lord, we ought to be hung. May I assure you, madam, that you are a public benefactor and that nothing would induce either of us ever to open our mouths."

"Then what are you gentlemen doing here?"

"Miss Mallaby, that arch over your head is very probably Roman. Your cellar was — I mean, may have been — cut out of the hillside some seventeen hundred years ago. That accounts for our curiosity, our perhaps discourteous curiosity. I am an authority upon the period. Sir Matthew is — er — a more general authority."

"When you come to my age, madam," said Sir Matthew pathetically, "you will realize that it is most difficult to pace distances while preserving balance."

"Oh, sir!" said Miss Mallaby, joining them on the floor. "But you will understand my agitation. Only Mr. Bunn and Mr. Ing are in on the secret."

"But why run the risk, dear Miss Mallaby? Why not go into partnership with Ing?"

"My grandfather wished the dispensary to remain in the family," Miss Mallaby explained stubbornly. "The Mallabys, Sir Matthew, always took a pride in the preparation of comestibles. Everything which they sold or served in the inn was homemade on the premises. You will no doubt be surprised to learn that there is a reference to Mallaby's faggots in the kitchen account of Queen Elizabeth."

"Those sausages did seem to me somehow out of Ing's character," said Kinsale. "An excellent fellow, but not the type to have a magic touch. How do you make them, Miss Mallaby?"

"Like everything else, it's a matter of care and exact measurement, Mr. Kinsale."

"Scholarship. Precisely! You hear that, Matthew? Unsound methods can only lead to the sort of blundering which Miss Mallaby has been good enough to overlook."

"Yes, Charles. What does the Dog and Lobster remind you of?"

"Are you thinking of Dr. Johnson's cat which ate oysters?"

"No, I'm not. There's good reason for the name of every pub in England — usually the arms of some great family. But no arms have as supporters a dog and a lobster. Then some actual occurrence? A lobster, for example, which delighted the peasantry by catching hold of a dog's tail? But Prior's Norton is too far from the sea. I suggest that if the villagers, centuries ago, were familiar with the reliefs upon an altar of Mithras, they would have noticed his hound and scorpion."

"Of all the wild, preposterous . . ." Kinsale began.

"Nonsense! The names of pubs are historical documents. It's the soundest piece of evidence I have produced yet. Miss Mallaby's ancestors had no idea of the origin of the altar. They couldn't move it. They were tired of the pictures. So they covered it up and put it to use. That faint suggestion of black pudding in the sausages — isn't one of the ingredients a little bullock's blood, Miss Mallaby?"

"I don't see how you guessed it wasn't pig's, Sir Matthew. But you are quite right."

"And that is all which remains of a great religion after sixty generations," Fowlsey declared. "That and a little of the power of the god, would you say, Charles? It was you who mentioned magic in the sausages."

"I'd say, to use an Americanism, that you've gone nuts."

"No. You are looking at the altar of Mithras."

"Where?"

"There!" Sir Matthew shouted, pointing to the butcher's slab. "There, where the bull died and gave life to the people."

"Assuming that is the altar, the niches are in the right place," said Charles.

"Miss Mallaby, may we?" begged Sir Matthew. "Without letting another soul into the secret I can lift the casing off the altar with a block and tackle and do no damage to either."

"I am afraid you would. The dowel pins have shrunk. I think perhaps the front of the slab would come away if you were to extract them. No, not with that knife, if you please, Sir Matthew. I will fetch you a gimlet."

"Madam, you must be the only woman in the world to realize that a gimlet can be used like a corkscrew to extract a wooden peg."

"I have been compelled by circumstance," said Miss Mallaby primly, "to do all repairs to the cellar myself."

Sir Matthew removed the dowels without much difficulty. "If you will now lift the top slightly, Charles, the whole front will be free."

The noble slab of oak fell down. There, cut in the marble of the altar, was the god Mithras slaying the bull. The reliefs, except to eyes familiar

with the composition, were not immediately obvious. In the upper half, the knife, the bull's head, and the face of the god were worn faint. But at the bottom the scorpion and the waiting hound were as clear and vivid as if they had been chiseled the week before.

"There is only one other to be compared with it in all Europe," said Charles reverently. "Miss Mallaby, Miss Mallaby, what are we to do? Your cellar will become a place of pilgrimage."

"The sooner the better, Mr. Kinsale. No doubt Mr. Ing and I will be able to come to some mutually profitable arrangement. Whatever my ancestors may have thought, I should not wish to continue making sausages upon a heathen altar, and I am sure the dear vicar would agree."

OUTLOOK, UNCERTAIN

BY ALASTAIR REID

No season
brings conclusion;

Each year,
through heartache, nightmare,

true loves alter,
marriages falter,

and lovers illumine
the antique design,

apart, together,
foolish as weather;

right as rain,
sure as ruin.

Must you, then, and I
adjust the whole sky

over every morning;
or else, submitting

to cloud and storm;
enact the same

lugubrious ending;
new lives pending?

SOVIET

TRADE RELATIONS

Exploitation, Not Aid

BY DAVID L. COHN

A native of Greenville, Mississippi, who was educated at Yale, DAVID L. COHN is an author, world traveler, and economist, and one of the shrewdest political observers in Washington today. His books include an authoritative study of Southern economics, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KING COTTON, and a study of the Negro in the South, WHERE I WAS BORN AND RAISED.

FOR a long time the German Nazis successfully cultivated in the United States the myth of their infallibility. Now the Soviet Union is implanting the myth here that in its trade-aid relations with other countries it is infallible, while we are stupid and bungling. Since the myth has acquired among many of us the force of truth, it is worth examining.

This is not to decry the Russians' abilities or deny that we have made some horrendous mistakes in trade-aid. The trade offensive of the Soviet bloc is well planned and ably executed; it has high priorities; the best men are assigned to it. Yet the bloc's operations, while rapidly growing, are still small by comparison with ours and are therefore the easier to execute. The task will become more difficult as its dimensions widen, and already the Communists' errors in this field indicate that they are not infallible.

The Soviet Union long regarded with real or affected disdain the economic programs we have been conducting since 1948 through the Marshall Plan and Point Four. But in 1954 the Soviet Union and Red China began to emulate us. Economic penetration became their goal in certain countries, together with the use of devices to discredit American efforts.

Let us compare the scale of Soviet activities with ours. From 1955, when the Communist offensive started, to the end of 1958, the Soviet bloc agreed to provide eighteen countries with

\$2.373 billion in grants and credits for military-economic aid. The corresponding figure for the United States is \$4.442 billion. American aid extended to these countries since 1948 totals \$8.628 billion. It is notable, moreover, that while the Soviet bloc has promised much and continues to promise more, its actual deliveries of goods amount to only \$900 million, of which more than half is military.

The bloc's task of administering its economic programs is the simpler because they have been concentrated in a few countries: the United Arab Republic (Egypt-Syria), Iraq, Afghanistan, India, Indonesia, Argentina, and, for a while, Yugoslavia. These countries, except Argentina, border on or are not remotely distant from the Soviet bloc.

Apparently Indonesia's soft airs cause even hard-bitten Communists to nod. Else how account for the costly fiasco of the East-German-built sugar mill near Jogjakarta? It was scheduled for completion in 1956, and area cane-growers increased their plantings. For more than two years they had to ship cane at heavy expense to East Javan mills because of delay in completing the new mill. The mistake lay in installing beet sugar equipment in a cane sugar plant, thus making it imperative to convert many machines and to replace others entirely.

The Soviet Union granted Indonesia a credit equivalent to \$100 million. But the Indonesians —

as others have before them — found that Russian goods shipped against credits often come doubly dear, being high in price and low in quality. Russian jeeps cost them \$4000. The American-made jeep then sold for \$3100, the Japanese for \$2500, and both are superior to the Russian product.

A famous example of Russian trade is the deal under which Burma agreed to take Russian goods in exchange for a huge quantity of rice. The goods included cement to be delivered to Rangoon, a port short of warehouses. The Soviet ship carrying the cement sailed at a moment when its arrival in Burma would coincide with the monsoon rains. The Burmese vainly appealed to the Russians to defer delivery because of lack of warehouses to store cement. This plea failing, they reportedly tried to sell the cargo at a loss to India. But the Soviet shipmaster followed his orders. He dumped thousands of bags of cement on the docks. There it solidified into giant blocks under the rains.

Burma, moreover, learned other sharp lessons as it dealt with the Soviet bloc. It thought that barter trade with the bloc would be highly profitable because the bloc was willing to pay the uncompetitive prices that its government monopoly had set for rice. It soon discovered, however, that Communist prices on barter goods sent to Burma were even more inflated. Burma also found that what it took to be a Soviet credit to Burma proved to be a Burmese credit to the Soviet Union. The process by which this miracle was accomplished is simple. Burma discovered that it was unable to obtain from the Soviet Union goods equal to the value of the rice it had shipped to Russia.

Egypt and other Middle East countries have had a similar experience and awakened to find that they were carrying Russian, East European, and Red Chinese import balances. Ethiopian merchants, because of the absence of recourse when orders are not properly filled or shipping dates are not met, are reluctant to deal with the Soviet Union, although it offers merchandise at prices below those of Western countries.

When Khrushchev began to play Big Brother to Colonel Nasser, he traded guns for a huge quantity of Egyptian cotton. Cotton is Egypt's main source of foreign exchange and is overwhelmingly important in its weak economy. But the Soviet Union, rather than stockpile cotton in eastern Europe, sold it to France and other countries that have always bought cotton direct from Egypt, and furthermore sold it at discounts of 10 per cent or more from the Egyptian price. The result was that Big Brother got the foreign exchange, Egypt's world cotton market was disorganized, and Nasser got obsolescent weapons.

In its Egyptian deals, the Soviet Union not only arbitrarily raised prices by as much as 40 per cent on goods delivered to Egypt, but it delivered inferior merchandise. The Egyptian government complained that nearly half of the wheat delivered to it was so wormy as to be inedible, that crude oil shipped to it was of such high sulphur content that it damaged Egyptian refineries, while Russian kerosene had to be refined before it could be used. The Egyptians also found bloc diesel units so unsatisfactory that they tried to work out an impossible deal to spend their rubles for General Motors diesels produced in West Germany.

The Soviet Union, in its dealings with underdeveloped countries, is the judge, within its sole and arbitrary discretion, of everything pertaining to its contracts, including delivery dates. The buyer has no recourse, and cancellation is refused however the U.S.S.R. has breached the contract. When the Suez fighting ended, Egypt ordered a quantity of Russian cement. It needed it badly, and quick shipment was promised. But delivery was so tardy that the Egyptian cement industry was able to satisfy local demands before the promised Russian shipments arrived. Egypt tried in vain to cancel the Russian order. When it finally arrived, one of Alexandria's large cement plants had to close for a month.

The Soviet bloc overprices goods, changes contract terms at will, and delivers goods tardily; it also sometimes dumps goods to the severe injury of the underdeveloped countries. A notable example occurred in 1958 when the bloc, at a time of oversupply in the world tin market, dumped 18,000 long tons of tin on the free world. Tin prices dipped sharply, with severe effects upon the principal tin-producing countries — Bolivia and newly independent Malaya.

Dr. Ismail, chief of Malaya's delegation to the United Nations, addressing the General Assembly on September 27, 1958, accused the Soviet Union of wrecking the International Tin Agreement by "consistent dumping." This agreement, he said, was a "good manifestation" of the will of the underdeveloped countries to help themselves. "Yet hardly had the agreement begun to work when one great power, the Soviet Union, began to wreck it," concluded Dr. Ismail.

Dumping of Red Chinese textiles led the Federation of Malaya and Singapore to ban certain imports of them. The minister of commerce and industry of the Federation told the Legislative Council on December 9, 1958, that "Chinese textiles have been known to be sold at prices which did not even cover the cost of the raw materials used in their manufacture."

The minister concluded by saying that, although he expected local industries to meet fair competi-

tion, "It is not reasonable to expect them to overcome such enormous odds, wielded by an enormous state trading corporation, which . . . does not trade in the commercially acceptable sense of that term."

ONE of the boasts of the Soviet bloc is that its trade-aid is given with no strings attached, while similar American efforts are imperialist devices to trap the unwary. Three well-known examples may be cited to explode this myth.

Consider Yugoslavia. Following the Tito-Stalin break of 1948, the Soviet Union subjected it to ruthless economic pressures. Ten years afterward the performance was repeated. In May, 1958, the Soviet Union "suspended" agreements providing \$285 million of developmental credits to Yugoslavia, although Belgrade had used only \$41 million of this sum. Here the Russians tried to deal a mortal blow to the Yugoslav economy, a blow which fell only five weeks after Tito's charge to the Yugoslav Party Congress that Moscow had failed to abide by the Yugoslav-Soviet declaration of 1956 advocating the concept of "many roads to socialism."

Trade and aid, for the Soviet bloc, is an extension of politics by other means. Israel, for example, had a contract for buying Russian petroleum and had fulfilled its obligations. But the contract was canceled by the Soviet Union in 1956 when Israel invaded Egypt — an act that had nothing to do with the agreement. Then the Delek Israeli Fuel Corporation brought suit against Soyuz Nefteksport, the Russian oil-dealing agency, but the \$2.4-million damage suit was rejected by the Moscow Chamber of Commerce in 1958.

Small, Westward-oriented Finland daily walks a tightrope in its relations with its Communist neighbor. Here again the Soviet Union uses trade as a weapon. Dissatisfied with the Fagerholm government of Finland because of its friendly attitudes toward the West, the Soviet Union destroyed it through economic pressures. Finnish economic planning hinges upon trade with the Soviet Union. Moscow, therefore, at a time of high Finnish unemployment, delayed the annual trade negotiations with Finland. Since Finland is heavily dependent upon exports of forest products, Moscow could hamper the Finns by ordering Budapest to buy Austrian timber rather than Finnish. The resulting economic pressures served to bring about the fall of the Fagerholm government in December, 1958.

The Russians, who break contracts at will, are infuriated when others do the same. In 1958, Argentine-Soviet trade relations bloomed when Argentina agreed to buy seven million barrels of

Soviet oil at prices under the world level and the Soviet Union agreed to extend a \$100-billion credit to Argentina for buying Russian oil equipment. The deal no longer looks good to the Argentinians because there has recently been a sharp drop in Middle East oil prices, spurred partly by American oil-import restrictions, and two giant private corporations, Esso and Shell, are offering oil to Argentina on easy credit terms.

It is also part of the Soviet bloc myth that their representatives are multilingual while ours are not. Let us turn again to Burma. There the services of the Russian Agricultural Mission are being terminated. The mission numbers twenty-three persons. Nine of these are interpreters. They do not interpret from Russian to Burmese, but from Russian to English. Mission members live inconspicuously, for two reasons: the first is that they are ordered to live in this manner; the second is lack of funds. When the Russians were visited upcountry by an American he found them insufferably bored by their isolation, irritated by a lack of amenities, and feverishly impatient for their tours of duty to be over.

The Soviet bloc, for all the myths it disseminates, is not infallible in its trade-aid relations with underdeveloped countries, and it is a mistake to regard members of the Soviet bloc as supermen.

One other Soviet myth needs to be exploded. Ever since the 1956 rebellions in Poland and Hungary, spokesmen for the Soviet bloc have repeatedly said they trade fairly with the smaller members of the bloc; that, indeed, prices prevailing on the "capitalistic world market" set the standards for prices made in trade agreements between Communist countries.

What is the fact? It is that the Soviet Union cheats its satellites by underpaying them for what it buys from them and overcharging them for what it sells them. Dr. Horst Mendershausen, an economist of the Rand Corporation, according to a survey in *The Review of Economics and Statistics*, published by Harvard University, reports that during the years 1955 to 1957 the various satellites paid the Soviet Union from 8 to 16 per cent more than they would have if they had bought the same goods at the prices free Europe paid for them. At the same time, the satellites realized from 12 to 18 per cent less on their sales to the Soviet Union than if they had sold their goods at prices paid by the Soviet Union to suppliers elsewhere.

How great is the scale of this exploitation of the satellites? It is so great, suggests Dr. Mendershausen, that it may have cost the satellites in the period studied the staggering sum of 2 to 2.5 billion rubles. This is enough to offset the widely proclaimed Soviet credits to its satellites during the same period.

HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

The son of a Greek Orthodox minister, HARRY MARK PETRAKIS held a variety of jobs as steelworker, real-estate salesman, and speech writer before he broke into print in the ATLANTIC with his first story in 1957. Since then he has received a Benjamin Franklin Magazine Citation and an Atlantic "First" Award, and his novel, LION AT MY HEART, a strong and compassionate view of Greek-American life, was published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

PA AND THE SAD TURKEYS

SOME damn fool once said that all a Greek had to do to make money in a restaurant was to enter partnership with another Greek and watch the cash register. The guy that started that rumor better stay away from my Pa.

Our place wasn't classy enough to be called a restaurant. It was a drab lunchroom in a factory district near the railroad yards. We had six tables and twenty-six stools. They were all filled for an hour over lunch, and the rest of the day and night a customer might think the place was a graveyard.

There were three of us as partners, and that was a mistake. Pa and Uncle Louie had been partners for a number of years. When the army drafted me, Pa forgave me for having left college after one year, and, in a flurry of patriotism, he and Uncle Louie cut me in for an equal share of the business. They wanted me to have something to come back to a few years later. When I returned in a month with a medical discharge for a bad knee, Pa was sorry, but by then the papers had been signed.

Not that I wanted to stay in the lunchroom forever, but I was still developing my character and had nothing special that I wanted to do yet besides make a fortune playing the horses. The lunchroom was near a reputable bookie, and I had to spend the time between races somewhere. I worked out in front as a waiter, and Pa and Uncle Louie worked in the kitchen as chefs, dishwashers, butchers, and anything else that came up.

Business was terrible and getting worse. About three in the afternoon, when we hadn't seen a customer in two hours, Pa would stamp out of the kitchen and begin. "May the fiend that sold us this place fall in a sewer," Pa said. "May his back swell with boils and his lying tongue turn black."

"Take it easy, Pa," I said. "That won't bring in any business."

Uncle Louie came to stand smiling in the kitchen doorway. He and Pa were brothers, but they weren't a bit alike. Pa was big with a barrel back and the thick neck of a bull. A heavy head of hair, iron-gray at the temples, came down over his forehead until it almost merged with his bushy eyebrows. I loved him, but I had to admit he resembled a gorilla, with a disposition to match.

Uncle Louie was an amiable idiot. I don't say that with any intended disrespect. I loved him too. He was a good-natured gentle little man who always smiled. That might seem commendable except that Uncle Louie carried smiling too far. Tell him about a terrible auto accident with the occupants smashed and bleeding, and Uncle Louie would listen carefully and smile and shake his head. Working with Pa in the kitchen would have driven a normal man crazy. Uncle Louie was insulated.

Pa fixed me with a baleful eye. "Lucky for me you went one year to college," he said. "Tell me, how did you manage four years of education in that one year?"

Uncle Louie smiled broadly.

"Cut it out, Pa," I said.

"Sure," he said and shook his head violently. "I will cut it out when you stop playing the horses and start thinking of a way to save us. This place is a graveyard. You hear me, hoodlum, a graveyard, and you are standing around with a shovel."

"Shut up, Pa," I said. "Here comes a customer."

Pa stared in disbelief as a leather-jacketed bag-gage handler shuffled in the door and sat down at the counter. Uncle Louie scurried back to the kitchen.

I brought the customer a glass of water. Pa elbowed me aside and handed him a menu.

"Coffee," the man said.

For a moment Pa's face twisted in a silent snarl.

"With or without a toothpick?" Pa asked, and he stood above the man with his hairy arms spread wide on his hips. The man looked up as if suspecting a joke, but Pa was grim.

"Have you had lunch?" Pa asked.

The man gaped at Pa for a moment and then numbly shook his head.

"What are you waiting for?" Pa said. "By skipping a meal you do injury to your stomach. Regular eating habits assure a sound body." He shook his head sadly. "Your appearance is unhealthy. When did you last see a doctor?"

The man nearly fell off his stool in shock and outrage. He stumbled to the door and, with his hand on the knob, turned and spoke in choked indignation. "You must be nuts!"

The door slammed behind him.

"Nice going, Pa," I said. "That should help pick up business."

Uncle Louie stuck his head out the kitchen door. "Thomas," he said to Pa. "I was waiting to hear an order. Where is the patron?"

"Coffee!" Pa said. "At a time when I am faced with eviction for nonpayment of rent, that lout comes in and orders coffee."

"He doesn't care about our troubles," I said.

"Who docs?" Pa said and laughed in a show of frivolity. "Does my horse-playing son care? My educated son who spent one hard year in college and got a degree in the Daily Triple."

"The Daily Double, Pa," I said patiently. "Get it right."

"Thank you," Pa said. "I am happy you are around to correct me. I am so happy I wish I could die now in the middle of my joy."

"Don't expire yet, Pa," I said. "The Oscar Mayer man is due in for the meat order for next week."

"No order," Pa said somberly. "They have refused us further credit unless we put up cash. Not a bone without money."

"I'm sorry, Pa," I said. "I'm broke."

Uncle Louie ducked into the kitchen. He might have been simple, but he knew when to disappear. Not that he had any money either, but he didn't want to put Pa to the trouble of asking.

Pa laughed again without mirth. "In this way does it end," he said. "Next week my doors will close for good. People will whisper all across the city that Thomas Lanaras has failed. The icebox has nothing left but three small pork chops."

"One chop left, Pa," I said apologetically. "I got hungry late last night."

He fixed cold furious eyes on me.

"Can't we have a macaroni and spaghetti festival next week?" I asked.

"Do me a favor," he said slowly. "Don't think. Don't talk. Don't make a suggestion." He walked stiffly to the kitchen. In a moment I heard him wailing to Uncle Louie.

SAM ANASTIS came in about four thirty. He was a renegade wholesale meatman specializing in animals that died natural deaths. He had the wide hot smile of a professional con man, a high-pitched shrill voice, and he always looked back over his shoulder at intervals as if afraid he was being followed. He carried a brown bag that he held tightly as if it contained some peerless treasure.

I lifted my nose out of the racing form. "Pa," I called out. "Sam Anastis is here."

"Tell him to drop dead," Pa shouted from the kitchen.

Sam Anastis laughed heartily. "What a sense of humor that man has," he said brightly.

"He's a riot all right," I said.

Sam Anastis walked on small quick feet to the swinging door and opened it a little. "Mr. Lanaras," he called out gaily. "It is me, Sam Anastis. I want to talk to you."

"Go to hell, Sam Anastis!" Pa roared.

Sam Anastis laughed shrilly. When he could catch his breath he shook his head at me. "What a man," he said. "Always kidding."

He opened the door slightly again. "Mr. Lanaras, please come out now," he said. "Sam Anastis has something for you at a price. I could have sold to any of a hundred restaurants, but when this golden opportunity came my way, I thought of you."

Pa said something shocking in Greek that called in question the parentage of Sam Anastis.

"All right, sir," Sam Anastis grinned slyly. "All right. I'll have to take my proposition to Mr. Botilakis. How he will laugh when I tell him I offered it to you first."

He finished and stepped back quickly. A mo-

ment later Pa came violently through the swinging door. Uncle Louie followed smiling behind him. If there was anything could set Pa's teeth on edge, it was mention of our archcompetitor, the Olympia Lunchroom on 15th Street, run by that blackhearted Macedonian, Antonio Botilakis.

Pa pointed a big warning finger at Sam Anastis. "I give you thirty seconds," he said. "At the end of that time I personally will kick you from here into the gutter. Begin!"

Sam Anastis wasted ten seconds trying to decide whether Pa was serious. When he realized Pa was, he hastily opened the bag he carried and drew out something long and scrawny. "Look!" he said triumphantly. "Look!"

"In God's name, what is it?" Pa asked.

Sam Anastis looked hurt. He appealed to Uncle Louie. "You know what it is, of course."

Uncle Louie furrowed his brow. He smiled pleasantly and sympathetically at Sam Anastis. "It looks familiar," Uncle Louie said brightly.

Sam Anastis looked heartbroken. "It is a turkey," he said. "A genuine milk-fed purebred turkey. A wonderful specimen."

"Of course," Uncle Louie said. "A turkey."

Pa looked incredulous.

"That is a turkey?" he asked.

"It is some kind of bird all right," I said. "I think I can make out a wing."

Sam Anastis laughed, and Uncle Louie laughed with him.

"Like father like son," Sam Anastis said. "Both always clowning."

"If that is a turkey," Pa said somberly, "it has been hit by a truck."

"No!" Sam Anastis exploded in protest.

"Why is it so dark?" I asked.

"I'm glad you asked," Sam Anastis said. "This turkey was raised on a farm in Florida. Healthy sunshine all year round."

He made off to hand the bird to me.

"I don't want to touch it," I said. "I don't want to catch whatever it was that killed it."

"I was in Florida once," Uncle Louie said.

"Sam Anastis," Pa said, "I have known you for ten years. I knew your father. In the old country he was arrested three times for trying to sell the Parthenon to tourists. For you to come in here and suggest I buy that bird is an action so arrogant even he would not have dared."

"What is the matter with this turkey?" Sam Anastis asked in a grieved voice.

"What did the autopsy show?" I asked.

"In Florida it was very pleasant," Uncle Louie said. "I spent much time on the beach."

"Get out," Pa said, and he waved his big fist toward the door. "Go sell that abomination to Botilakis."

Sam Anastis backed toward the door still dangling the turkey.

"You are making a terrible mistake," he said shrilly. "I have a crate of these fine birds. You can have them for twelve cents a pound. At twelve cents a pound your profit will be enormous."

Pa stopped short. "Twelve cents a pound?" he asked.

"We stayed at a big hotel," Uncle Louie said. He smiled warmly. "The windows looked out on the water."

"Pa," I said warningly. "Forget it. Serve those birds and the police will put us away for life."

Sam Anastis took a step forward.

"Any chef can fix an attractive bird," he whined eagerly. "These birds are a real test. A lot of boiling to tenderize the meat. Plenty of seasoning to lend aroma. A good thick gravy. Believe me, these birds are a challenge I would be proud to accept if I were a chef."

"Get out, Sam Anastis," I said. "I'm only a sad horse player, not a murderer."

"Wait," Pa said. "Let me examine that bird more closely."

"A turkey," Uncle Louie said. "Of course."

Pa took the bird and turned his nose away. He pressed the bony thigh. "There is meat there," he said. "And there. And there. There is considerable meat on it."

"What did I say?" Sam Anastis shrieked. "A lovely bird and for the price a steal. I make nothing on the sale, but I hope to keep you as friends always."

"How much will the crate come to?" Pa asked.

"Eighty pounds," Sam Anastis said quickly. "Exactly nine dollars and sixty cents."

"I'll give you seven fifty," Pa said.

"I contracted for twelve cents a pound," Sam Anastis said, outraged. "I gave you the best possible price. I saved them for you. Now you make a ridiculous offer."

Pa shrugged. "Forget it," he said and turned away.

"Wait!" Sam Anastis cried. "It has been a long day. My feet hurt. I'll take it."

He started quickly to his car to get the turkeys before Pa changed his mind.

"Pa," I said. "You must be nuts. Poisoning people is no joke."

"Shut your face about poison," Pa said. "This is a miracle which has been provided to save us from bankruptcy and disgrace."

"Maybe they will let you work in the prison kitchen," I said.

"Zipper your mouth!" Pa said. "You have no faith. Uncle Louie and I will fix those birds. We will fix them so they would be fit to serve on the table of a king."

Sam Anastis came in struggling with the crate. "Where?" he gasped.

"In the kitchen," Pa said, and there was a wild gleam in his eyes.

THAT night after closing, the lights blazed in our kitchen. Pa and Uncle Louie placed great pots of water to boil on the stoves. When the kitchen was shrouded in steam, they threw in the turkeys. They boiled them all night, the two of them fretting around the pots like a pair of mad chefs. The smell was awful.

On Saturday morning it was hard to get an order out of the kitchen because Pa and Uncle Louie were working frantically over those birds. Some of the smell from the night before still lingered, and when customers wrinkled up their noses and complained, I told them a gas line had broken.

We did a light lunch business because it was Saturday, and then the place emptied again. By sometime that afternoon the first batch of turkeys had been out of the ovens a couple of hours and the second batch was in. Pa came out and sat at one of the tables with a pad of paper and a pencil, mumbling to himself as he figured out the menus for the coming week.

"Monday will be roast young tom turkey," Pa said. "Tuesday, turkey and noodles. Wednesday, hot turkey sandwich. Thursday, chicken à la king. Friday, turkey hash." He finished pleased at his sagacity.

"You forgot chicken croquettes," I said.

"Shut up," Pa said.

I buried my head back in the racing form and wondered how I might sneak out to make a bet in the fifth race at Tropical Park.

Everything was quiet. No other sound than Pa mumbling and a mail truck rumbling past in the street outside. I heard the swinging door from the kitchen, and I looked up.

"Pa, look!" I said. "Look!"

Uncle Louie stood in the doorway. For the first time I could remember he wasn't smiling. There was a look of some incredible distress on his face, and he held his hand across his stomach.

"Louie, what is the matter?" Pa asked.

Uncle Louie tried to speak, but no sound came. Before our eyes his face seemed to darken and his cheeks seemed to swell. He made another valiant effort to speak, and only a deep mournful croak came out.

"Louie!" Pa hollered. "In God's name, what has happened?"

"Pa!" I shouted. "I bet he ate some turkey!"

When he heard the word "turkey," Uncle Louie stiffened as if he had been shot. Then he stepped

forward, placing one foot down carefully, and followed it slowly with the other. He made one final mighty effort to smile. When that failed he spun around like a top, once, twice, propelled by some relentless force, and then he collapsed on the floor flat on his back.

"He is dead!" Pa wailed and ran to him. "Louie is dead!"

"A stomach pump!" I shouted. "His stomach must be emptied!" I rushed to the phone.

Pa knelt weeping beside Uncle Louie. "Speak to me, my beloved brother," Pa beseeched him. "Speak to me, companion of my youth. Speak!"

Uncle Louie stared in anguish at the ceiling.

I got Doctor Samyotis, who had a little office on the boulevard about a block away, and he promised to come at once. I rushed over to where Pa cradled Uncle Louie's head just in time to hear a terrible rattle rise out of Uncle Louie's throat.

"His death cry!" Pa shouted. "Get a priest!"

"Take it easy, Pa," I said. "The doctor will be here in a minute."

"Too late," Pa wailed. "My brother will be gone."

"Don't give up hope, Pa," I said. I opened Uncle Louie's collar. He sure looked awful.

The door banged open, and Doctor Samyotis came in. He took one look at Louie. "In the kitchen," he snapped. "Carry him back there."

Pa and I picked up Uncle Louie and carried him into the kitchen.

"Put him on the table," Doctor Samyotis said. "Get a pail. The ambulance is coming."

We set him down, and I felt a little sick myself. I left Pa to help the doctor and walked back to the front. A truck driver had come in and was nonchalantly sitting at the counter.

"We are closed," I said.

"I just want a bowl of soup," he said.

"We are closed," I said. "Get out."

"Whadyumean closed?" he said. "I just want a bowl of soup."

From the kitchen Uncle Louie wailed a terrible cry of anguish and doom.

The guy made it to the door in a single leap. I locked up and sat down to wait. I was worn out.

In a few moments the ambulance pulled up in front of the store. I unlocked the door, and two white-coated guys came in with a collapsible stretcher. I waved them into the kitchen.

In another few moments they came out carrying Uncle Louie. He was covered with a blanket to his throat, and a towel was wrapped around his head. All that showed was his mouth, and poor Uncle Louie wasn't smiling.

Pa came out with Doctor Samyotis.

"Doc," I asked, "will Uncle Louie be all right?"

"He will be all right," Doctor Samyotis said. "Just sick for a while."

The attendants loaded Uncle Louie in the ambulance. A small crowd of railroad workers gathered around outside and peered in through the plate-glass window.

Pa started to get his coat. Doctor Samyotis stopped him. "You stay here!" he barked. "Go bury those turkeys!"

Pa stared shamefaced at the floor.

The doctor walked out and slammed the door. The ambulance pulled away.

A FEW guys still stared through the window. Pa made a fierce face through the glass, and they scattered. He came back and sat despondently at one of the tables.

"What have I done?" Pa said, and he rocked back and forth like a mourner. "What have I done?"

"It wasn't entirely your fault, Pa," I said.

He shook his head somberly. "He might have died," he said. "Poor Louie might have died."

"It would have been worse if it was a customer," I said. "We might have gotten sued."

"Shut up!" Pa said. "You have no family feeling."

I didn't say anything more because I knew how stricken he was about Uncle Louie.

At that moment the front door opened and Sam Anastis came in as if he had sprung out of the earth. He stood beaming his hot wide smile at us. I was afraid to look at Pa.

"Greetings," Sam Anastis glowed. "I was passing by and thought I would stop and inquire how went the turkeys? Are they roasted yet?"

I finally looked at Pa, and his face was impassive, but there was a blue vein swelling on his forehead and his cheeks were gathering red with blood.

"Welcome, Sam Anastis," Pa said in a strangely gentle voice. "What a friend you were to bring those turkeys to me."

"What did I tell you?" Sam Anastis trumpeted. "I made nothing on that sale, but for friends like you I don't care."

He saw Pa approaching. For a moment a cloud of uneasiness swept his face. Then it was too late. Pa reached him, and I held my breath. But Pa just clapped him softly on the shoulder.

Seeing Pa close enough to feel the heat shaking off his cheeks made Sam Anastis realize something was wrong. He tried to smile away his fear, but by that time Pa had his arm and began to walk him back to the kitchen.

"Come and see the turkeys, Sam Anastis," Pa said. "I will make you a little sandwich."

Sam Anastis looked shocked. He had an iron-clad rule against eating anything he sold. "I have just eaten," he laughed weakly. "I am not a bit hungry. I never eat this time of day."

By the time they got to the kitchen door, Sam Anastis was dragging his heels. Pa graciously all but lifted him through the door and turned back to me. "You!" he barked. "Call Doctor Samyotis!"

I went quickly to the phone and dialed the doctor's office. He wasn't back yet, and I left urgent word with the nurse for him to come. For Pa's sake, I hoped he would make it in time.

As I hung up, a terrible cry of lament and despair sounded from the kitchen. I got my coat and hurried out the door. I didn't want to go all through that again. Besides, if I hurried, I might still get a bet down in the last race at Jamaica.

How much is “public power” costing the people of your state?

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Federal government electric power systems have already cost the nation’s taxpayers \$5½ billion. The list on the right shows about how much of this has been collected in each state.

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CONNECTICUT	123,750,000
DELAWARE	32,450,000
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	36,300,000
FLORIDA	125,950,000
GEORGIA	68,750,000
IDAHO	14,300,000
ILLINOIS	400,400,000
INDIANA	132,000,000
IOWA	63,800,000
KANSAS	51,150,000
KENTUCKY	57,200,000
LOUISIANA	67,100,000
MAINE	23,100,000
MARYLAND	103,400,000
MASSACHUSETTS	194,150,000
MICHIGAN	273,900,000
MINNESOTA	90,750,000
MISSISSIPPI	23,100,000
MISSOURI	127,050,000
MONTANA	16,500,000
NEBRASKA	35,750,000
NEVADA	11,550,000
NEW HAMPSHIRE	17,600,000
NEW JERSEY	232,100,000
NEW MEXICO	19,250,000
NEW YORK	752,400,000
NORTH CAROLINA	72,050,000
NORTH DAKOTA	10,450,000
OHIO	338,800,000
OKLAHOMA	50,050,000
OREGON	50,050,000
PENNSYLVANIA	396,550,000
RHODE ISLAND	30,800,000
SOUTH CAROLINA	33,000,000
SOUTH DAKOTA	12,100,000
TENNESSEE	63,250,000
TEXAS	235,400,000
UTAH	19,250,000
VERMONT	9,900,000
VIRGINIA	91,300,000
WASHINGTON	85,250,000
WEST VIRGINIA	41,800,000
WISCONSIN	114,400,000
WYOMING	9,350,000

Amounts (to nearest \$50,000) figured on the percentage of all federal taxes collected in each state. Current tax collections used as basis.

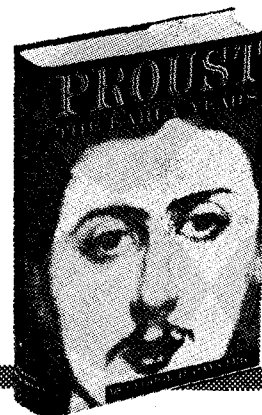
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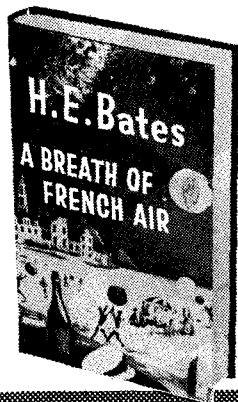
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RADIO IS WORTH SAVING

BY WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

Instead of choking itself to death with disc jockeys' commercials, radio could still find a large and profitable audience. Some of its resources, WILLIAM O'HALLAREN contends from long broadcasting experience in Los Angeles, continue to be superior to those of television.

IT is a common pronouncement at conventions of broadcasters these days that radio is doing nicely, thank you. This cheerful word usually comes from sales managers of local stations and is backed by impressive statistics. In 1957, the nation's 3143 radio stations reported revenues of \$444,400,000, up 8.3 per cent from the preceding year. Profits before taxes were \$54,600,000, up 11.9 per cent. It is a safe rule that a station which sold for \$100,000 in 1949 is worth at least half a million today.

Sales managers of radio networks are more reticent, but if pressed they will speak bravely of "great gains," the gains being a cut in losses. The revenues of the four nationwide and three regional radio networks for 1957 came to an anemic \$73,500,000, enough, perhaps, to come close to breaking even.

But it is the local stations that are making it, and their sales managers have a ready explanation for the harvest: "Top music and news—that's the ticket. Get rid of the junk." Over the nation these stations have been getting rid of the junk,

junk being defined as drama, commentary, live music, religion (except the Bible-thumping, send-in-your-quarter type sold at premium rates), all special events from anything more intriguing than the opening of an advertiser's new fish counter, and all comedy more subtle than an announcer's malaprops.

The "top music" of the gypsy formula means the thirty or so numbers leading one of the weekly surveys of taste in this field, and a considerable number of stations actually refuse to use any other music. The "and news" of the formula is hardly more than a pious afterthought and generally consists of a five-minute newscast each hour. After commercials have been deducted from the five minutes, there is a net news time of about two and a half minutes, which is filled by a package of bland headlines ripped from the radio wire of the Associated Press and delivered in a confident shout.

In the past there was a tendency to have great blocks of this programing presided over by highly paid and highly publicized disc jockeys, who tried to add some of their own life-of-the-party personalities to the mélange. Lately owners have been discovering that staff announcers working for minimum scale are just as capable of crying, "Here's a big one, coming up fast!"

Why is such obvious nonsense profitable? Chiefly because gypsy radio is ludicrously cheap. It not only dispenses with program planners, script writers, actors, sound-effects men, directors, and other production people, but it also reduces broadcasting to the point where only a license, a transmitter, and a subscription to *Billboard* are essential. Record pluggers will gladly supply the top tunes, and the skimpiest announcer-engineer staff can play the records and stuff in the commercials. More and more announcers are "combination men," which means they sit at a simplified panel and do the work of an engineer as well as announcer. There is a place in the Rockies where one man is three radio staffs. He plugs himself in at a console and gives a commercial for a station in one town, then he pushes in another plug and speaks on another station in another community, then he goes on to a third station—all owned by the same firm. Staff turnover is said to be high.

Granted it is cheap, but does gypsy radio have any listeners? Not many, but enough. It does not need masses of listeners because it can sell its spots for a few dollars apiece and still be staggered by the profits. Teen-agers listen in considerable

numbers, mainly because they buy 90 per cent of the records sold in this country, and the top music of formula broadcasting is their music. There are many adults for whom radio is almost an unbreakable habit, no matter how surly it gets. These people find it a companionable noise while ironing or fighting traffic. There are always some waiting for the weather, the news, the baseball scores, or the word that the single tax has at last been adopted. There are the blind, the lonely, the people who lug portables to beaches and parks.

These are the core of the radio listening public, long suffering, inured to insult, always available as survey statistics. Their number never grows, but nothing erodes it very much either. To advertisers, the cost per thousand of reaching them through radio is attractive. It doesn't seem to matter that they get reached pretty often.

Leo Guild, while a columnist for the entertainment trade paper *Hollywood Reporter*, held a stop watch on a half hour's programming of a typical formula operation in Los Angeles. For the half hour he found:

Music	12 minutes 41 seconds
News	1 minute 45 seconds
Commercials	15 minutes 34 seconds

Such a breakdown means a listener hears at least thirty separate commercial messages every hour. A standard procedure is to play one record, follow it with three commercials, sometimes bridging them with the temperature or a one-line weather forecast (this is reported to the FCC as public service), then another record, and so on.

Sometimes the choice of which record will follow the commercial is determined by simple bribery. Record companies, desperately competitive to air their offerings for the malt-shop buyers, have simply been paying disc jockeys to use their releases. Vick Knight, president and owner of Key Records, told a convention of the Southern California Broadcasters Association that pay-offs have grown high enough to force some record companies out of business. Knight said it was time the broadcasters started policing their own employees.

The following day, a number of prominent disc jockeys throughout the country issued virtuous "not me" statements. One such refutation came from a veteran Los Angeles radio personality. A couple of days later an ad paid for by Knight appeared in the Hollywood trade papers. It said:

Dear Al:

I'll take back what I said if you'll give back the money.

Vick

So far there is no record of Knight taking back what he said.

All this being true, a proper reaction might be, why bother? Why not let radio splutter itself out?

One good answer is that the gypsies are destroying something that does not belong to them. Radio frequencies are still public property, and Congress has said that a license to use them should be granted only in the public interest. The Federal Communications Commission has never taken this very seriously, though once, in the Truman Administration, it issued a document called the *Blue Book*, which suggested that stations might restrain themselves in the matter of commercials. Broadcasters generally scoffed at the *Blue Book*, and in time the FCC shamefacedly pulled it from sight.

Another reason for saving radio is that there are still millions searching for acceptable radio programming. These are the people who listen to the good music stations, the people who will find out about Mort Sahl's evening spear throwings on NBC, who know when to catch Bob and Ray on *Monitor*, who listen to Eric Sevareid and Edward P. Morgan. The volume of all such programs in a given week is small, and most of the programs are under constant attack from the formula pitchmen, who know that they could make more money by putting on spots. But programs of merit are still with us, and so are the people who listen to them. Whether the programs will be with us next year or five years from now is another matter.

It is indicative of radio's sickness that worthwhile programs, programs with a number of listeners, do not bring in as much revenue as the same amount of time given over to a mishmash of records and jingles. A program of local origin, filled with as many spots as the owner's conscience will allow, will always bring in more revenue than the most brilliantly executed network show.

Yet the struggle to save radio centers on the networks. If the networks were to go under because of the sweep to formula radio, radio sets would simply become coinless jukeboxes. In the past two years, major station after major station has been dropping network affiliation, not because of any serious quarrel with the quality of network programming, but simply because it is more profitable to fill the time with local spots. The networks have also found it increasingly difficult to get the affiliates who remain to carry their programming.

They have sought to placate the affiliates with various plans designed to give the local stations more holes for spots. At the start of 1959 CBS Radio unveiled what it called its Program Consolidation Plan, described by CBS Radio president Arthur Hull Hayes as "a more truly national net-

work service." The one feature of the plan most quickly noted by CBS staffers was that about half the network's programming was dropped. As Mr. Hayes put it, local stations "now have longer blocks of contiguous time in which to develop and build local personalities . . . and in which to bring listeners top sports and other attractions in the evenings and on weekends." Mr. Hayes knows that the "top sports and other attractions" which the local stations are now inserting in place of his programming are chiefly caterwauling records and barbaric commercials, but there is little that he or anyone else seems able to do about it.

The next feature of the Program Consolidation Plan was a change in the format of most of the surviving network shows so that local stations could jam in commercials. Seven hours of network news a week were opened to local sponsorship. In one way, it is a plan to enable seven hours of network news to survive. In another way, it means that seven hours of the highly regarded CBS news will now be afflicted with the same type of screeching commercials heard on most locally originated tear-it-off-the-wire-and-read-it-cold, skip-the-hard-names newscasts.

Mr. Hayes says that the CBS plan will mean the survival of the network and therefore the survival of "Edward R. Murrow, Lowell Thomas, Eric Sevareid, Walter Cronkite, 'Capitol Cloakroom,' 'The Leading Question,' Unit One actuality reports (CBSese for documentary) such as 'Who Killed Michael Farmer?' and 'The Hidden Revolution,' special coverage of world events . . . the Metropolitan Opera, 'Suspense,' 'Gunsmoke' and the new-to-radio 'Have Gun, Will Travel.'"

No one can quarrel with this objective, and if good radio must have the dollars and larynges of local used-car dealers in order to survive, so be it. But it is doubtful if the CBS plan will really be a solution, because it does not alter the fact that a local station can make more money by jamming spots into a record program than it can by carrying any kind of network program.

NBC set off on a slightly different tack some years ago with its weekend programming service, *Monitor*. There are many radio men who believe that *Monitor* is better than anything NBC did in network radio's palmy days. It is in essence a relaxed variety program which begins on Friday night and continues through Sunday. It is anchored on news which seems to have been prepared by responsible people, and it uses comics briefly but frequently, like whiffs of oxygen. It is the home of such as Bob and Ray, whose acid levels were too high for television. There are a mild amount of music, some pleasant interviews by people like Dave Garroway, and enough sports to placate the fancy.

Monitor has been a success not only for these reasons but also for its loose formula, which allows the network to sell its features individually (sponsors buy the news, interviews, comics, even the weather). Local stations can then fill the leftover time with spots of their own, and they can drop out of the show at will in favor of purely local programming. (This sometimes means that a listener hears the call of a race but never learns the official result.) *Monitor* is about the best thing on network radio today and would be close to ideal if it could be heard without fear of unexpected and prolonged interruption.

Another argument for saving radio is that it is the last refuge of the commentator. Television fears rational comment more than blasphemy, and local stations usually cannot be bothered. Granted that some of the commentators were, and are, outrageously bad, even the worst can hardly be as annoying as an equivalent number of minutes of whimpering about lost love and screaming about laxatives. Radio still offers Sevareid and Morgan, Fulton Lewis, Cedric Foster, Quincy Howe, William Winter, Leon Pearson, and a few others who usually have something to say, and there are numbers of people who will be either exalted or outraged to hear them say it.

Probably the most heroic fighters to save radio are those individual station owners who think their licenses call for something more than self-enrichment. These are the men who will stoutly carry six hours of a critical UN debate or even put a school board meeting on the air. In Los Angeles, stubbornly individualistic Earle C. Anthony, owner of 50,000-watt KFI, for years devoted fifteen minutes of choice time each night to a poetry program, with live musical accompaniment. It had many listeners and was sustained. Critics say that Mr. Anthony is a wealthy man and could devote twenty-four hours a day to sustaining poetry programs if he wished. He is still one of those rare owners who has meditated about the duties inherent in a license to broadcast.

The good music stations are often cited as examples of radio's finding itself. The good music stations certainly deserve credit for not being bad music stations, but the fact is that they are not doing much that could not be done by a record player. There is a world of difference between playing a symphony record and broadcasting an on-the-spot report by a capable correspondent from a scene of trouble in Algeria.

THE problem of saving radio, then, is to create conditions whereby programs are forced to compete on their merits. The FCC could create these

conditions overnight by taking the simple step of limiting the number of commercials that can be broadcast in any given time period. A limit of three minutes of advertising in each fifteen minutes of broadcast time would clear the airways at once. It would mean that all stations would have to fill their air with something besides commercials and that owners would find themselves asking directions to the program department.

Complaints from radio spokesmen would be sure to wring congressional hearts, and there would be dire tales of hardships. It is also a hardship on the lumberman forced to stop despoiling the forest, on the lobsterman made to throw back the little ones.

In the long run, radio would be saved, and every license would be more valuable for it. The owner limited in the number of commercials he could sell would soon be selling them for a higher price. There might even be buyers for offerings like the *Stan Freberg Show* of a few seasons ago, which drew critical huzzas, a good audience, and a yawn from Madison Avenue.

Radio in which the volume of commercials was limited would be certain to flourish, perhaps spectacularly. Television has probably reached a leveling off in its audience, and may even be heading for a decline if a tenth of the people who say they are tired of it really mean it. The decline of television would create still more of an opportunity for a revitalized radio. Not that radio is ever going to gather the family into the living room again, but it can reach individuals, individuals who want to hear Eric Sevareid as well as those whose chemistry bubbles for Elvis. With a little prodding and a little encouragement, radio would still be capable of doing handsomely by a great many individuals.

If the FCC were to find the courage to save radio from the gypsies, there would almost certainly be a national debate covering the whole question of federal authority over broadcasting. That might be a good time to discuss why broadcasting licenses, radio and television, valued to the millions, are *given away*.

FCC action to rein in destructive radio commercialism would provoke the angriest type of opposition, and there would be a rallying around the local enterprise clichés such as man has seldom witnessed. Perhaps the gypsy is too deeply in radio's soul ever to be exorcised. But those who think that radio is worth saving would at least like to give it a try.

THE ICEHOUSE

BY GEORGE ABBE

I came through sun
to touch the icehouse door,
the lintel framed in majesty
of shadow, the threshold beam
so deep it shook my heart.

I felt the branding iron of mountain light
glide from my back; I stood
in the blue-fountain shadow of a world.

Now, vaguely powerful monoliths
swathed in the sleep of sawdust time;
now, rhyming blocks of Grecian stone
frozen in habitudes of dream,
free me of the familiar's heat and blindness; let me
kneel upon the cold of all the rivered unpossessed:

the crested pillars of that Roman doom
long rooming now in crumbled underworlds:
the petals of Egyptian flowers
bowered in Everests of stone, in chill
of lips seduced to artifice,
the ice wherein the mastadons of fury fell
all fully armed, and wrapped in mystic valor.

Now pallor of light
at high, dim window, ancient beams,
the clear and aching violet of shadow.

The sun, the sun is gone! Alone
in cold I kneel, secure; and fail, and fail,
and stand to gaze
on seas of Vikings and Balboa, over deeps
beneath the last subliminal, beyond
the town's last fence and faltering, grassy rise.

O ice! O clothed in particles of wood
bled out of time,
your timeless is my mood,
your unfamiliar all my recognition and
companionship.

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JAMES THURBER

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

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on Woodrow Wilson

and others

THE CHANGE IN SOVIET SCHOOLING

BY ERNEST J. SIMMONS

The Soviet educational system, which in 1958 produced twice as many engineers as did the United States's, is now undergoing a complete revision, as directed by Premier Khrushchev. For an account of this reorganization we have turned to ERNEST J. SIMMONS, an authority on Russian writers and a frequent visitor to the U.S.S.R.

CHEKHOV was loved and is loved not only by Russians, but also by Western readers," recited Galya, a ninth-grade student in a Leningrad school. "The famous foreign writer, Dresden . . ."

The class pricked up its ears. The teacher looked inquiringly at Galya.

"No, I mean Dryden."

Her classmates began to smile.

"Perhaps you mean Dreiser?" the teacher asked.

"No, it's someone else, but I've forgotten who," Galya replied in some embarrassment.

The teacher, reporting this incident in a recent article in *Izvestia*, explained that Galya really had in mind Bernard Shaw.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," the teacher admonished. "Not knowing Shaw!"

"What do I need to know that for?" Galya defiantly asked. "I'll be going to work in a factory all the same. I have no use for literature."

Galya's complaint may well be echoed by countless Soviet school children who are now destined to work in factories or on collective farms in order to justify their claims to a higher education in this land where the intellectual is more revered than the movie actress or sports champion. In fact, the sweeping changes in education which have recently been announced may turn out to be more significant for the Soviet future than the orbiting of the first Sputnik.

The Soviets have always regarded education as a matter of supreme importance for the future of the state and have lavishly supported its development. After the progressive experimentation of the early years of revolutionary upsurge, education settled down to a national pattern in the 1930s.

A profound utilitarian emphasis dominated the pattern: boys and girls were encouraged to think of education as a means of acquiring skills desperately needed by the state in its drive to achieve industrial reconstruction and agricultural collectivization. Hundreds of technical schools and institutes to educate specialists sprang up.

The efficacy of Soviet scientific education is really the fruit of some thirty years of intense emphasis on such studies. Honors and attractive material rewards were held out to those who made a career of science. The 250,000 scientists now at work in the Soviet Union and the 94,000 engineers who graduated in 1958, more than twice as many as did in the United States, offer some measure of Soviet success over the years in popularizing science education.

A strong note of dissatisfaction with the prevailing system of education was first heard at the 20th Party Congress in 1956. Instruction was divorced from life, speakers declared, and graduates had little notion of the importance of socially useful labor. Decisions were taken to introduce polytechnical education in the ten-year schools. Students in the fifth to seventh grades were assigned two hours a week in school workshops and those in the eighth to tenth grades two hours a week of practical training in agriculture and industry. Further, applicants to institutions of higher learning were informed that preference would be given to those who had already achieved a record of employment in manual labor.

In addition, an experiment in fifty ten-year schools in 1957 called for three days a week of regular studies and three days of application to

a job specialty of the student's selection. With the cooperation of industrial plants and, in rural areas, of collective farms, students learned to read blueprints and were trained to be universal-lathe operators, patternmakers, electricians, winders, draftsmen, and designers. They then continued their formal education over an eleventh year, but spent half of their time in regular employment at the plant in their acquired trades.

Results of the experiment were praised on every hand. Teachers claimed that student participation in the work and in all the activities of the plant had a beneficial effect on their studies, especially on their science courses, in which they did much better than the average in examinations. The directors of plants asserted that the students acquired occupational skills faster than workers without a secondary-school education, students were gratified by this dual participation in learning and practical work, and parents were convinced that their children displayed a new interest in the process of being educated.

ENCOURAGED by the success of these preliminary experiments, inner circles of the Party decided upon a comprehensive reorganization of the whole national system of education. Khrushchev himself sounded the keynote in a ringing speech at the 13th Congress of the Young Communist League on April 18, 1959. He pointed out that, because institutions of higher learning can admit approximately 450,000 a year, and only half of these to full-time study, some 2,200,000 secondary-school graduates between 1953 and 1956 could not qualify for advanced education. Yet they knew nothing about work in industry and agriculture.

Khrushchev called for the introduction of vocational training, with direct work experience, in all the ten-year schools and evening courses. Institutions of higher learning should be reorganized, he said, so that their programs would involve a combination of theoretical study and extensive work, manual or otherwise, though preferably in the student's own specialties. And these institutions should admit only students with labor records. It is wrong in principle and foreign to socialist society, he pointedly declared, to believe that only second-raters go into industry. Such reasoning is insulting to toilers. "All children entering school," he concluded, "must prepare themselves for useful labor, for participation in building a Communist society."

With customary unanimity, government educational authorities promptly supported the leader's position. In September, Khrushchev made a detailed report to the Presidium of the Central

Committee of the Party on the need to reorganize the educational system, and two months later the Central Committee and the U.S.S.R. Council of Ministers published "The Party and Government Theses on School Reforms." The objectives as well as various details of the "Theses" were then discussed in numerous public meetings, in hundreds of articles and letters in the press, and in many speeches at the 21st Congress of the Communist Party. Finally, in December, the Supreme Soviet voted "The Law on Strengthening Ties Between School and Life." It called for initiating the reforms in 1959 and 1960 and for the completion of them within three to five years.

New study plans have already been formulated which require establishment of a compulsory eight-year school of general education instead of the old seven-year school. Substantial changes will be made in the usual general education courses: more time will be allotted to foreign language study, and its primary goal will be the acquisition of oral speech skills; the old geography course is being expanded, and new courses are being added in natural history and natural science; students will also be given a wider knowledge of mathematics, in which special attention will be paid to computing techniques and the solution of practical problems, and the physics course will be altered to include extensive material of an applied nature that will serve as a theoretical foundation for the study of such subjects as machine building and the fundamentals of electrical engineering.

The total program of the eight-year school will devote a third of the student's time to what is described as "training for socially useful labor." Among other things, the program will include the acquisition of elementary knowledge about major branches of production; skills in measuring, computing, reading of blueprints, and processing the most common materials; and manual work in study shops and on training-and-experimental sectors. From the third grade on there will be two hours a week of such work as cleaning classrooms and school grounds, repairing furniture, and working in school lunchrooms and libraries. In addition, home economics courses will provide instruction to girls from the fifth to the eighth grades in dressmaking, sewing, and cooking, and to boys in the fifth grade on how to take care of homes, clothing, and footwear.

The new study plans provide for continuity between the eight-year school and the new three-year labor-polytechnical high school. The content of the science courses on the secondary level, however, will be substantially changed to include the latest developments in science and technology. In general, more attention will be paid to the study of plastics, artificial and synthetic fibers, and

rubber, and in the biology course emphasis will be placed on practical problems of agriculture and the latest achievements in agronomy.

As in the eight-year school, about one third of the total time from the ninth through the eleventh grades is assigned to the study of vocational training and production labor. Students will perfect their vocational training by working directly at industrial enterprises or on collective farms and in basic, not auxiliary jobs, and engineers, technicians, farm directors, agronomists, and skilled workers will be in charge of training them.

A network of evening schools and correspondence courses will provide ambitious graduates of the eight-year schools with essentially the same education as that of the three-year polytechnical schools. The organization of such evening schools will allow students to work full time as they learn. And similarly, evening programs in higher education will be offered to workers who have completed their secondary-school education. In fact, one of the main intentions of the whole reorganization plan is to make day and evening education on every level beyond the compulsory eight-year school virtually interchangeable in content, standards, and staff. The total picture projected by the reorganization is that of a whole nation continuously involved with improving itself by education, either day or night; but in this process study must always be combined with labor.

The law offers special privileges for those who elect to complete their higher education while working. Those in applied science fields which initially require a knowledge of complicated theoretical subjects and a heavy schedule of laboratory experience will be allowed to take time out from employment during the first two or three years. Thereafter, however, they will be expected to complete their education while engaged in practical work in staff jobs in production, laboratories, or design bureaus. In training agricultural specialists, the educational programs will be conducted in institutes organized on the basis of large state farms which possess model instructional facilities and where the farm work will be done by the students themselves.

The future scientists, economists, philosophers, lawyers, and literary scholars will also be compelled by law to acquire "a certain amount of experience in socially useful labor," which may not necessarily have any relation to their special fields of study. Even for medical students, instruction must be "combined with continuous practical work in medical and prophylactic institutions or institutions of hygiene."

The prolongation of the whole period of formal education, an inevitable consequence of combining

employment with learning, is in no sense regarded as a disadvantage by the Soviets, who argue that the completion of formal education at a more mature age will prove beneficial to the majority of young people.

The only exceptions recognized are gifted students whose unusual abilities in the arts and sciences are manifested early in life. The reorganization plan will encourage them to finish their formal education as soon as possible and then qualify for special schools in mathematics, the natural sciences, and the arts. But even these students will be expected, while learning, to engage in a certain amount of "socially useful labor."

The reasoning supporting the educational reorganization is studded with statements concerning the need of training a people capable of developing and keeping abreast of future advances in automation, electronics, synthetic chemistry, and atomic energy. Vast labor reserves will be required if the goals of the new economic Seven Year Plan are to be achieved. But millions of students who finished their education at the end of the old seven-year schools or even ten-year schools and entered the labor force are now regarded as inadequately trained to cope with the future demands for technically skilled workers. The educational reorganization is designed to eliminate this deficiency on all levels. Soviet leaders are also aware of the economic gain to the country that would result from having all students employed while they are learning.

As the standard of living has risen, the Party leaders have become increasingly worried about the growing cleavage between the privileged managerial and intellectual class and the working classes. For the children of this privileged class, education has meant a way of avoiding manual labor and of developing ideas and tastes incompatible with Communist ideology and morality. The student disturbances at the time of the Polish and Hungarian uprisings signified to Party leaders that education was failing to inculcate in youth a proper respect for the grand design of Communism and an unwillingness to abide by the Party blueprint of Soviet life. The main cause of this failure, it was argued, was a contempt for toil. The antidote, Party leaders reasoned, was to make toil a prescribed function of all forms of education in the conviction that extensive contact with workers on the part of students would temper them and assure their loyalty to Communist ideals. "This way," declared Khrushchev in his speech to the Young Communist League, "it will no longer be possible to say that Vanya, for instance, does not have to go in for industry, while Kolya here has no other choice."



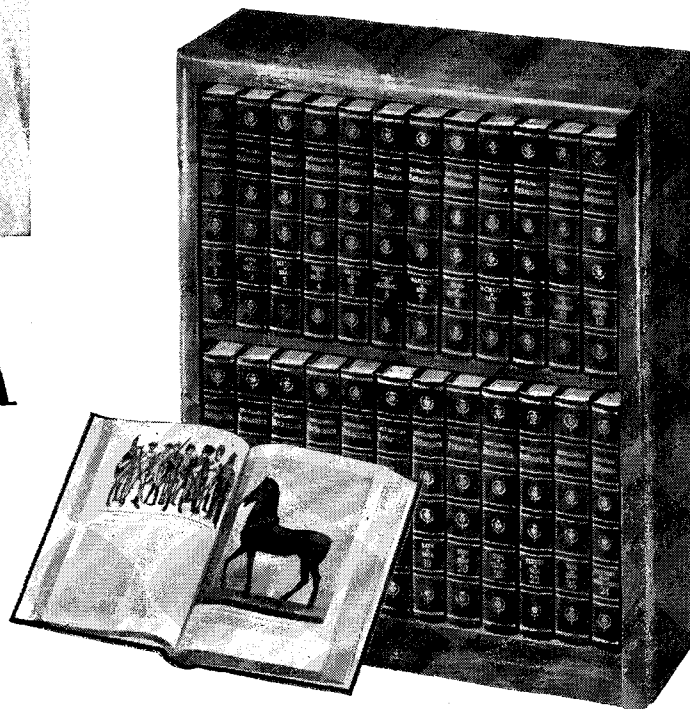
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THE TOWN DUMP

Professor of English and director of the Creative Writing Center at Stanford, Wallace Stegner is widely known for his novels and short stories and for his encouragement to young authors. He has twice been a recipient of a Guggenheim fellowship, and three of his short stories have been awarded O. Henry prizes. He here recalls an unforgettable aspect of Saskatchewan, where he spent five years of his childhood in a small frontier town.

THE town dump of Whitemud, Saskatchewan, could only have been a few years old when I knew it, for the village was born in 1913 and I left there in 1919. But I remember the dump better than I remember most things in that town, better than I remember most of the people. I spent more time with it, for one thing; it had more poetry and excitement in it than people did.

It lay in the southeast corner of town, in a section that was always full of adventure for me. Just there the Whitemud River left the hills, bent a little south, and started its long traverse across the prairie and the international boundary to join the Milk. For all I knew, it might have been on its way to join the Alph: simply, before my eyes, it disappeared into strangeness and wonder.

Also, where it passed below the dumpground, it ran through willowed bottoms that were a favorite campsite for passing teamsters, gypsies, sometimes Indians. The very straw scattered around those camps, the ashes of those strangers' campfires, the manure of their teams and saddle horses, were hot with adventurous possibilities.

It was as an extension, a living suburb, as it were, of the dumpground that we most valued those camps. We scoured them for artifacts of their migrant tenants as if they had been archaeological sites full of the secrets of ancient civilizations. I remember toting around for weeks the broken cheek strap of a bridle. Somehow or other its buckle looked as if it had been fashioned in a far place, a place where they were accustomed to

flatten the tongues of buckles for reasons that could only be exciting, and where they made a habit of plating the metal with some valuable alloy, probably silver. In places where the silver was worn away the buckle underneath shone dull yellow: probably gold.

It seemed that excitement liked that end of town better than our end. Once old Mrs. Gustafson, deeply religious and a little raddled in the head, went over there with a buckboard full of trash, and as she was driving home along the river she looked and saw a spent catfish, washed in from Cypress Lake or some other part of the watershed, floating on the yellow water. He was two feet long, his whiskers hung down, his fins and tail were limp. He was a kind of fish that no one had seen in the Whitemud in the three or four years of the town's life, and a kind that none of us children had ever seen anywhere. Mrs. Gustafson had never seen one like him either; she perceived at once that he was the devil, and she whipped up the team and reported him at Hoffman's elevator.

We could hear her screeching as we legged it for the river to see for ourselves. Sure enough, there he was. He looked very tired, and he made no great effort to get away as we pushed out a half-sunken rowboat from below the flume, submerged it under him, and brought him ashore. When he died three days later we experimentally fed him to two half-

wild cats, but they seemed to suffer no ill effects.

At that same end of town the irrigation flume crossed the river. It always seemed to me giddily high when I hung my chin over its plank edge and looked down, but it probably walked no more than twenty feet above the water on its spidery legs. Ordinarily in summer it carried about six or eight inches of smooth water, and under the glassy hurrying of the little boxed stream the planks were coated with deep sun-warmed moss as slick as frogs' eggs. A boy could sit in the flume with the water walling up against his back, and grab a cross brace above him, and pull, shooting himself sledlike ahead until he could reach the next brace for another pull and another slide, and so on across the river in four scoots.

After ten minutes in the flume he would come out wearing a dozen or more limber black leeches, and could sit in the green shade where darning needles flashed blue, and dragonflies hummed and darted and stopped, and skaters dimpled slack and eddy with their delicate transitory footprints, and there stretch the leeches out one by one while their sucking ends clung and clung, until at last, stretched far out, they let go with a tiny wet *puk* and snapped together like rubber bands. The smell of the river and the flume and the clay cutbanks and the bars of that part of the river was the smell of wolf willow.

But nothing in that end of town was as good as the dumpground that scattered along a little runoff coulee dipping down toward the river from the south bench. Through a historical process that went back, probably, to the roots of community sanitation and distaste for eyesores, but that in law dated from the Unincorporated Towns Ordinance of the territorial government, passed in 1888, the dump was one of the very first community enterprises, almost our town's first institution.

More than that, it contained relics of every individual who had ever lived there, and of every phase of the town's history.

The bedsprings on which the town's first child was begotten might be there; the skeleton of a boy's pet colt; two or three volumes of Shakespeare bought in haste and error from a peddler, later loaned in carelessness, soaked with water and chemicals in a house fire, and finally thrown out to flap their stained eloquence in the prairie wind.

Broken dishes, rusty tinware, spoons that had been used to mix paint; once a box of percussion caps, sign and symbol of the carelessness that most of those people felt about all matters of personal or public safety. We put them on the railroad tracks and were anonymously denounced in the *Enterprise*. There were also old iron, old brass, for which we hunted assiduously, by night conning junkmen's catalogues and the pages of the *Enter-*

prise to find how much wartime value there might be in the geared insides of clocks or in a pound of tea lead carefully wrapped in a ball whose weight astonished and delighted us. Sometimes the unimaginable outside world reached in and laid a finger on us. I recall that, aged no more than seven, I wrote a St. Louis junk house asking if they preferred their tea lead and tinfoil wrapped in balls, or whether they would rather have it pressed flat in sheets, and I got back a typewritten letter in a window envelope instructing me that they would be happy to have it in any way that was convenient for me. They added that they valued my business and were mine very truly. Dazed, I carried that windowed grandeur around in my pocket until I wore it out, and for months I saved the letter as a souvenir of the wondering time when something strange and distinguished had singled me out.

We hunted old bottles in the dump, bottles caked with dirt and filth, half buried, full of cobwebs, and we washed them out at the horse trough by the elevator, putting in a handful of shot along with the water to knock the dirt loose; and when we had shaken them until our arms were tired, we hauled them off in somebody's coaster wagon and turned them in at Bill Anderson's pool hall, where the smell of lemon pop was so sweet on the dark pool-hall air that I am sometimes awakened by it in the night, even yet.

Smashed wheels of wagons and buggies, tangles of rusty barbed wire, the collapsed perambulator that the French wife of one of the town's doctors had once pushed proudly up the planked sidewalks and along the ditchbank paths. A welter of foul-smelling feathers and coyote-scattered carrion which was all that remained of somebody's dream of a chicken ranch. The chickens had all got some mysterious pip at the same time, and died as one, and the dream lay out there with the rest of the town's history to rustle to the empty sky on the border of the hills.

There was melted glass in curious forms, and the half-melted office safe left from the burning of Bill Day's Hotel. On very lucky days we might find a piece of the lead casing that had enclosed the wires of the town's first telephone system. The casing was just the right size for rings, and so soft that it could be whittled with a jackknife. It was a material that might have made artists of us. If we had been Indians of fifty years before, that bright soft metal would have enlisted our maximum patience and craft and come out as ring and medal and amulet inscribed with the symbols of our observed world. Perhaps there were too many ready-made alternatives in the local drug, hardware, and general stores; perhaps our feeble artistic response was a measure of the insufficiency of the challenge we felt. In any case I do not remem-

ber that we did any more with the metal than to shape it into crude seal rings with our initials or pierced hearts carved in them; and these, though they served a purpose in juvenile courtship, stopped something short of art.

The dump held very little wood, for in that country anything burnable got burned. But it had plenty of old iron, furniture, papers, mattresses that were the delight of field mice, and jugs and demijohns that were sometimes their bane, for they crawled into the necks and drowned in the rain water or redeye that was inside.

If the history of our town was not exactly written, it was at least hinted, in the dump. I think I had a pretty sound notion even at eight or nine of how significant was that first institution of our forming Canadian civilization. For rummaging through its foul purlieus I had several times been surprised and shocked to find relics of my own life tossed out there to rot or blow away.

The volumes of Shakespeare belonged to a set that my father had bought before I was born. It had been carried through successive moves from town to town in the Dakotas, and from Dakota to Seattle, and from Seattle to Bellingham, and Bellingham to Redmond, and from Redmond back to Iowa, and from there to Saskatchewan. Then, stained in a stranger's house fire, these volumes had suffered from a house-cleaning impulse and been thrown away for me to stumble upon in the dump. One of the Cratchet girls had borrowed them, a hatchet-faced, thin, eager, transplanted Cockney girl with a frenzy, almost a hysteria, for reading. And yet somehow, through her hands, they found the dump, to become a symbol of how much was lost, how much thrown aside, how much carelessly or of necessity given up, in the making of a new country. We had so few books that I was familiar with them all, had handled them, looked at their pictures, perhaps even read them. They were the lares and penates, part of the skimpy impedimenta of household gods we had brought with us into Latium. Finding those three thrown away was a little like finding my own name on a gravestone.

And yet not the blow that something else was, something that impressed me even more with the dump's close reflection of the town's intimate life. The colt whose picked skeleton lay out there was mine. He had been incurably crippled when dogs

chased our mare, Daisy, the morning after she foaled. I had labored for months to make him well; had fed him by hand, curried him, exercised him, adjusted the iron braces that I had talked my father into having made. And I had not known that he would have to be destroyed. One weekend I turned him over to the foreman of one of the ranches, presumably so that he could be cared for. A few days later I found his skinned body, with the braces still on his crippled front legs, lying on the dump.

Not even that, I think, cured me of going there, though our parents all forbade us on pain of cholera or worse to do so. The place fascinated us, as it should have. For this was the kitchen midden of all the civilization we knew; it gave us the most tantalizing glimpses into our lives as well as into those of the neighbors. It gave us an aesthetic distance from which to know ourselves.

The dump was our poetry and our history. We took it home with us by the wagonload, bringing back into town the things the town had used and thrown away. Some little part of what we gathered, mainly bottles, we managed to bring back to usefulness, but most of our gleanings we left lying around barn or attic or cellar until in some renewed fury of spring cleanup our families carted them off to the dump again, to be rescued and briefly treasured by some other boy with schemes for making them useful. Occasionally something we really valued with a passion was snatched from us in horror and returned at once. That happened to the mounted head of a white mountain goat, somebody's trophy from old times and the far Rocky Mountains, that I brought home one day in transports of delight. My mother took one look and discovered that his beard was full of moths.

I remember that goat; I regret him yet. Poetry is seldom useful, but always memorable. I think I learned more from the town dump than I learned from school: more about people, more about how life is lived, not elsewhere but here, not in other times but now. If I were a sociologist anxious to study in detail the life of any community, I would go very early to its refuse piles. For a community may be as well judged by what it throws away — what it has to throw away and what it chooses to — as by any other evidence. For whole civilizations we have sometimes no more of the poetry and little more of the history than this.



Accent on

FOR the past two or three baseball seasons the suspicion has been growing in me that television has added much to the time-consuming aspect of the game. It may be that one notices the small delays more on TV than amid the crowd in the ball park, but it may be equally true that an awareness of their roles as TV performers is aggravating that touch of the ham which seems to reside in many athletes, especially pitchers. I assume that sports announcers, who have surely become the most statistically-minded segment of the entertainment world, could tell us to a split second the average duration of the 1959 big-league game, and I offer an uneducated guess that TV has spun it out considerably.

The pitcher has always regarded himself as the star performer, but the histrionics which now precede every pitch look like the unabashed bid for more TV camera time. We see the same old cap-twitching, pants-hitching interval, the business with the rosin bag, and the scrutiny of the ball, in which the pitcher often acts as if he had never seen a baseball before.

Then comes the stare-down, which somehow resembles the walk-down in the TV Westerns when the marshal and the gunman are getting set to blast each other. For the stare-

down the pitcher leans forward, arms dangling apeline, and eyes the batter unwinkingly for what does seem an awfully long time. "He's getting his sign," says the narrator. "He's got it." But no, the pitcher wags his head from side to side. "He's shaking it off." More staring from the stooping posture ends with a barely perceptible nod by the pitcher. He straightens up. "He's got his sign," says the narrator. That may very well be, but what follows is another brown study and, if first base is occupied, several throws to the first baseman. "He's keeping an eye on that runner." Uh-huh. The batter is fed up by this time and steps out of the box. Now it's the batter who goes through the rosin bag business. There are rosin bags all over the place. In Boston there's even one for the on-deck circle. The odd thing is that after handling the rosin bag and throwing it down the players all wipe their hands on their uniforms, which ought, it seems to me, to put them right back where they were in the first place. Eventually the pitcher pitches, and the batter knocks a series of fouls out of play into the stands. These procedures take a lot of time, most of it occupied by the stare-down.

The protective hard cap worn by batters is another new source of

delay. To judge from the way these caps are tossed to a sort of valet, once a batter has reached base, they are not unduly heavy and are apparently made of some tough plastic material. But the convention has developed that the base runner, frail creature that he is, would be cruelly burdened by having to run while wearing the cap, as if it were made of armor plate or lead. So, more protocol and more delay attend its discarding. Caps are a great pre-occupation with both pitchers and batters, who are forever tugging at them, taking them off and putting them on, sometimes just fingering the visor, or again taking the cap off and wiping the sweatband with the elbow. Is it against the rules for a player to carry a pocket handkerchief?

All the players are aware that most of the TV camera time is spent on the pitcher-batter activity, and if the pitcher has his stare-down to fatten his part, so does the batter still have his feet to keep him busy in a variety of footwork and foot maintenance, which the lens follows to the smallest detail.

We have the batter striding up to the box, a confident figure, swinging two or three bats and making, as heretofore, a fine show out of discarding the spares. What follows

next is more for the camera than for practical purposes: a quick, almost frantic scuffling in the dust. The batter stamps, kicks, and digs with his cleats as if to hollow out a regular foxhole for his stance. Breaking off suddenly in this effort, he carefully taps the side of each foot with his bat, ostensibly in order to remove any accumulation of dirt from his cleats.

The pitcher meanwhile is engrossed

in other matters; he scans the heavens or looks at the outfield. He may just stand there, slapping the ball into his glove. But the batter, in this competitive dillydallying, has begun to shift the dust into little mounds with his feet; he makes a neat little hill with his right foot and moves it four inches to a new location with his left. There is nothing to stop the pitcher from doing the same thing with *his* dust, out on the mound, so

he begins moving around little piles of dirt.

These phenomena are, of course, in addition to the routine plate pounding, wriggling, and practice swinging of the batter, and the pitcher's standard items of delay. They will be presented in fine detail in the World Series, an occasion when television and baseball combine in full flower.

CHARLES W. MORTON

How to Avoid Lightning

BY JACK BROWNELL

JACK BROWNELL is in an advertising firm in New York. This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

Each year, when the thunder-and-lightning season comes around, I start preparing for my annual fight against total destruction. Up until now I have managed to keep a slight edge. But my wind is getting shorter, I am less agile on my feet, and the law of averages being what it is, I figure that my time must be running out.

Annually, as a kind of solace to my insecurity, I get out books on *What To Do in Case of Lightning*. I study them carefully, lip-reading the instructions. But I don't feel any better; in fact, I feel a lot worse. The trouble is, the rules committee have not come up with a set of rules that everyone can agree on.

For instance, one theory says if I happen to be standing out in the open and I am the tallest thing around, I have a better than even chance of ending up a petrified local attraction. My question is, the tallest thing around *where*? My back yard? My town? My state? Or there is the Cone Theory. This says: "An object will shield an area within a radius of one or two times the height of the object." But when Mother Nature is bombarding me with lightning bolts, the last thing I want to be doing is measuring the height and radius of things. Nor am I impressed by the Magic Three Theory, which reads: 1) if you heard thunder, the lightning didn't strike you, 2) if you saw lightning, it missed you, and 3) if it struck you, you don't know it.

When dealing with lightning out-

side, the experts say that I must avoid standing under trees, sheds, or any other normally comfortable shelter. The idea seems to be to get me to run out into the open where it is raining the hardest, find the wettest gully, and dive into it face down. Apparently this is done to fool the lightning into thinking that I am a wet bump or mound in the ground, so it will go away and strike someone else. (Actually, I think it is done to make me feel so wet and miserable that I won't care if I am hit by lightning or not.)

The safest place to be in a storm is inside a car, because it is perfectly insulated and well grounded. But never in the history of thunderstorms have I been within striking distance of my car. When the first drops start falling I am usually miles away on a deserted moor or lonely beach or the fourteenth hole of the golf course.

While outdoor rules are designed to leave me wet and miserable, the indoor rules are not much better. For instance, according to the books, the safest place in my house during a storm is inside the furnace or refrigerator. But as my refrigerator and furnace are always pretty well occupied at the time, I am left to wander aimlessly around the house. And this, I am led to understand, narrows my chances of survival considerably.

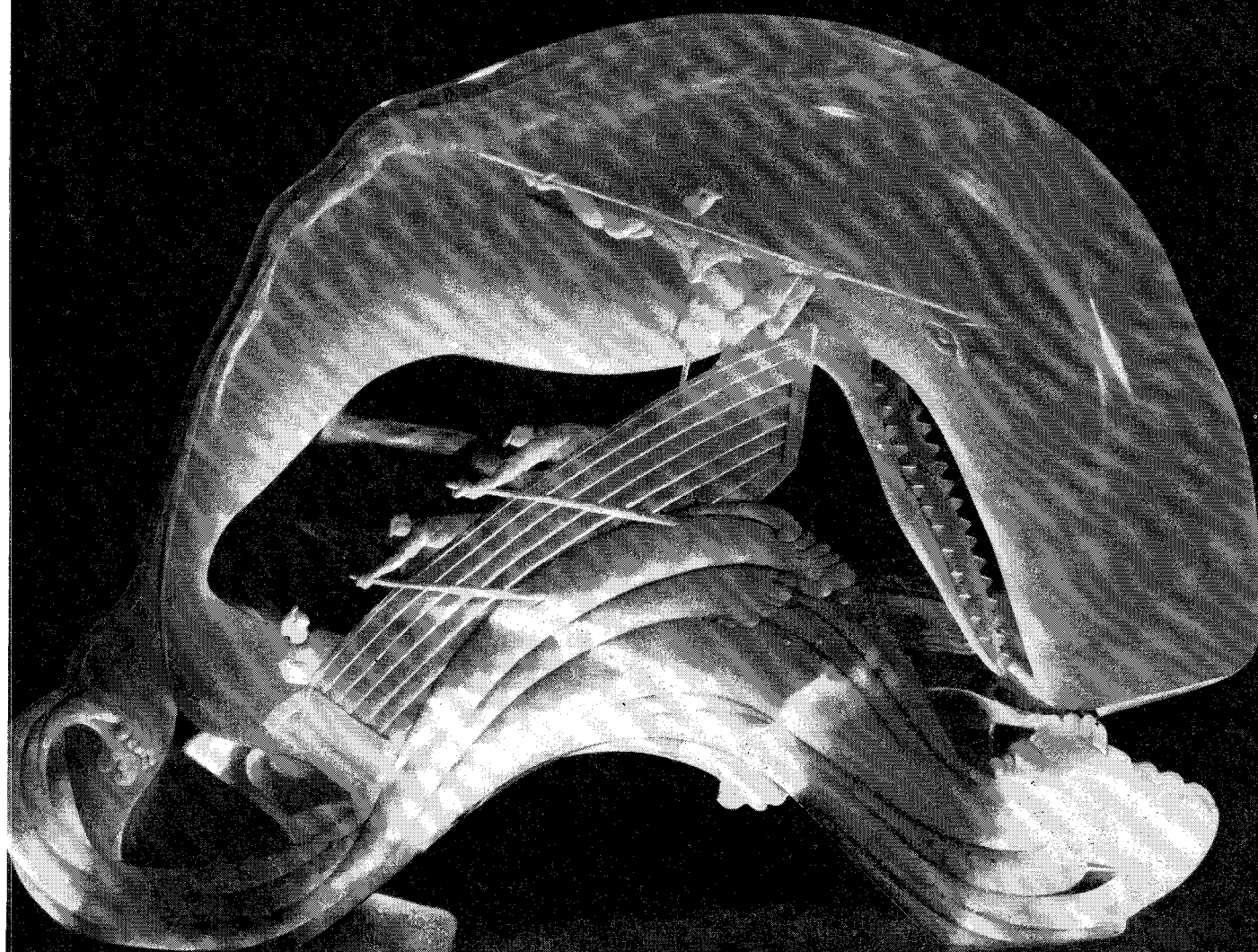
I am cautioned not to turn on the TV set or radio or talk on the telephone. I must stay away from the fireplace or open windows, because lightning may sneak in on the draft. I mustn't touch the piano or run up anything on my sewing machine.

And even the plumbing is dangerous.

Since this leaves me pretty much at loose ends, the rules committee have developed what they call the Iron Bed Theory. They suggest that I lie down on an iron bed, away from the walls, not leaving an arm or leg hanging out to break the circle of immunity (whatever that is). I haven't tried this theory, and I don't think I will. I don't mind lying down, but what would get me nervous is just lying there thinking. While the thunder is crashing overhead and the lightning is flashing, my past would rush before me. I would be frantically trying to get my affairs in shape, promising myself that if I ever got through this crisis I would take that job as missionary. And then I would begin worrying about the iron bed. Suppose it wasn't made of pure iron? The rules committee specifically recommend an *iron* bed. But suppose the ironmonger, to save iron, had sneaked in some alloys — alloys that actually attracted the lightning rather than chased it away? How would I get any rest then?

In addition to my uneasiness about the Iron Bed Theory, I have just learned another fact that makes me believe that I have been living in a fool's paradise anyway. I had always thought that lightning came down from the clouds to the earth. So I figured that if I remained fast on my feet I could dodge the bigger bolts and take my chances with the smaller ones. But now I learn that lightning starts from the ground and jumps up to the clouds. That means, if I happen to be the chosen one, the bolt is really right there under my feet all the time.

I haven't figured out a strategy to counteract this particular danger. But I am working on it. All I can think of at the moment is to wear thick-soled shoes — and jump a lot.



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Here's a Tip

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

Playwright and author of light prose, ROBERT FONTAINE lives in Springfield, Massachusetts.

As a heavy smoker who has been known to burn up three packs a day and who often has two cigarettes in his mouth at once and one behind his ear burning his hair, I have frequently switched to filter tips with the happy feeling that I was then safe from tars, resins, slivers, and carbon monoxide poisoning.

The trouble is that after a few puffs on a filtered cigarette a fellow in my position, working day after day with his brain, finds that the tobacco smoke has not done its job of ascending through the sinuses into the forebrain, soothing the old brain, shaking up the new brain, and producing ideas in the cranium.

What seems to be the trouble is that whatever there is in tobacco that causes an author to be witty, original, and the possessor of a continuous flow of good ideas is filtered out by forty thousand tiny filters all just sitting there waiting to absorb an exciting literary gem.

The result is that I have had considerable experience with smoking filtered cigarettes without the filter. I know that many research agencies,

a few of them honest and unbiased, have made reports on filtered cigarettes and nonfiltered cigarettes, but no one to date to my knowledge (and it's vast) has reported on filtered cigarettes nonfiltered. I have, by the way, tried filtered cigarettes in a filter holder. The result is something akin to breathing fresh country air. Dreadful!

Hit Parade has a filter that comes off with an easy flick of the fingernail and even, in some instances, leaves just the trace of a tip to prevent tobacco on the lip (Fontaine's lesion). The main problem is that Hit Parade tastes to me just the same with or without the filter, a little like a Lucky Strike with an inferiority complex.

On Parliaments the filter presents a problem to me. It seems that the filter has been managed so well it never comes off without tearing some of the paper, leaving the tobacco standing out like my daughter's hair after she has just washed and dried it.

The Kent filter is curious in that, while it comes off well and leaves a neat cigarette, it tastes curiously unrelated to a Kent, as if the removal of the tip had caused a mutation in the flavor.

Viceroy, Salem, and king-size Kools all de-filter well, Kools tasting pretty much the same, or as if you had Vicks VapoRub on your tonsils.

There is another method of getting a good strong smoke out of filtered cigarettes, and that is by lighting the filter end without removing it. It takes a strong man indeed to smoke it until the filter burns away, which it is very reluctant to do. Meanwhile, unless the smoker is far from any human company, he is likely to be looked down on in much the same way that he would be if he were burning rubber boots and hemp in the fireplace.

Finally there is the effete method, certainly no Marlboro man would use, of removing the filter from one end and putting the *other* end in your mouth. I suppose this can be made to work satisfactorily, but I always feel a trifle uneasy with the wrong end of a cigarette in my mouth. I mean, since all the bad products are supposed by science to be at that end.

Is it possible we will ever have a cigarette we can light in the middle and smoke back and forth? I suppose not.

THE SWALLOWED MAN

BY AMES ROWE QUENTIN

Sailors who had
Tossed him out
Shortened sail and
Went about

Leaving Jonah
To a cavern
Warm and yeasty
As a tavern.

Whale-born westward
Wave-born beachward
Swept up on the
Shell-filled sand
Gorged on shellfish
Slept on seaweed
Prophesied and
Died on land.

Diet Hints

BY LEE FOSTER

LEE FOSTER, whose weight at "a trim 200 pounds" is down from 257, is a make-up editor for the New York TIMES.

See your doctor

Before you begin any prolonged or drastic diet, it is very important that you see your doctor. See how big and fat he is — and he a doctor, mind you, who should know all about the strain that excess weight puts on the heart and circulatory system. A single visit may convince you that he is in much worse shape than you are and that you don't have to diet at all. This can bring you immediate peace of mind and spare you weeks or months of semistarvation.

Eat less — lose more

If you feel you must go on a diet, remember that the less food you eat, the more you will lose. This has been proved in clinical tests. People who were given nothing to eat over a period of time lost their lives.

Don't skip meals

Choose a sound diet, one that provides all the basic food elements your pudgy body needs, and follow it religiously. Above all, don't skip meals and don't skimp on portions. It is an established fact that if you eat little or no breakfast or lunch in an effort to speed loss of weight, you will be so hungry by dinnertime that you will overeat and actually gain weight. So be sensible — stuff yourself at every meal.

Exercise will power

When you stuff yourself, do it intelligently. Exercise will power in choosing your foods. Let us say that



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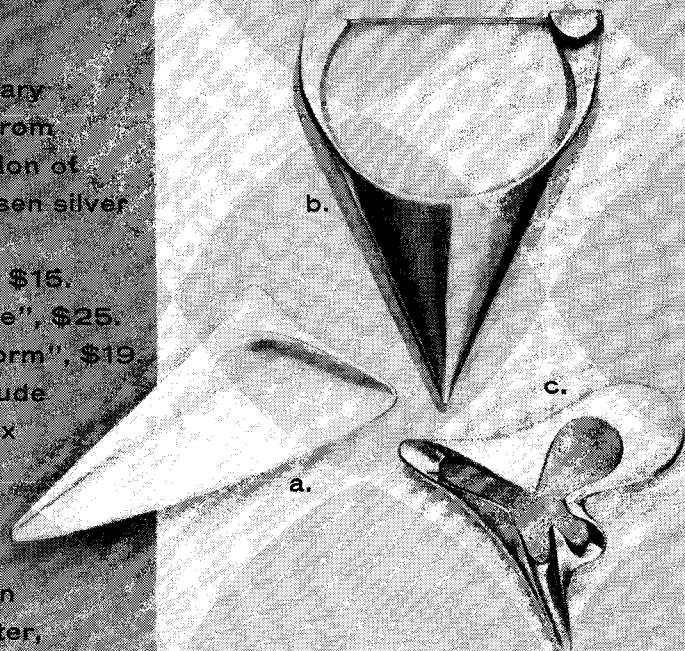
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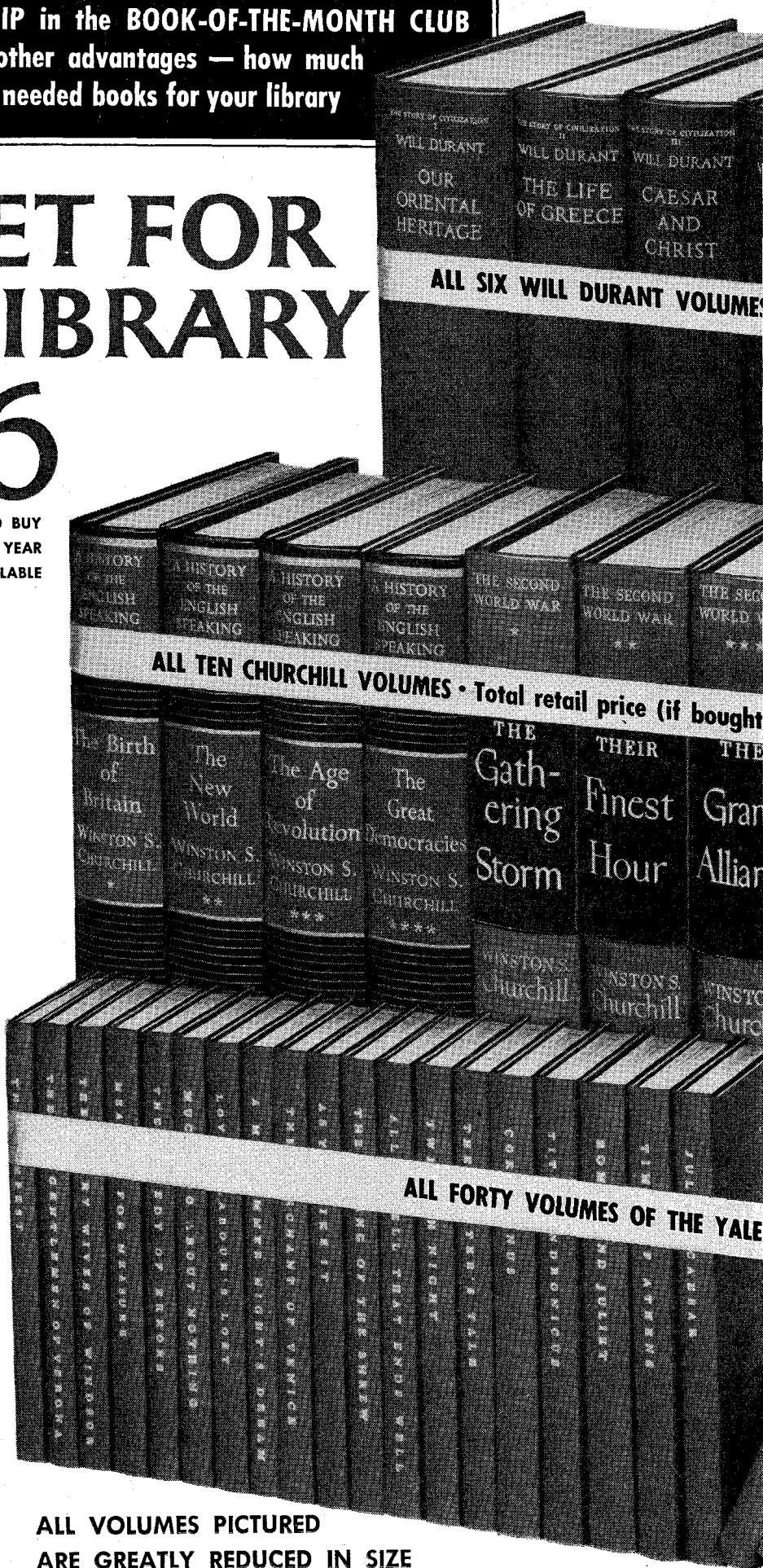
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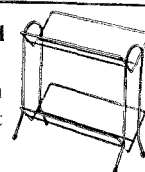
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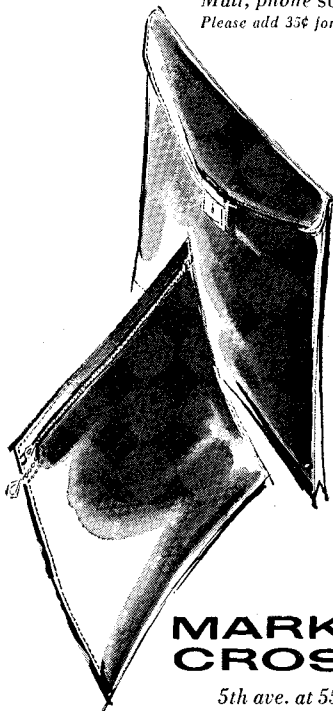
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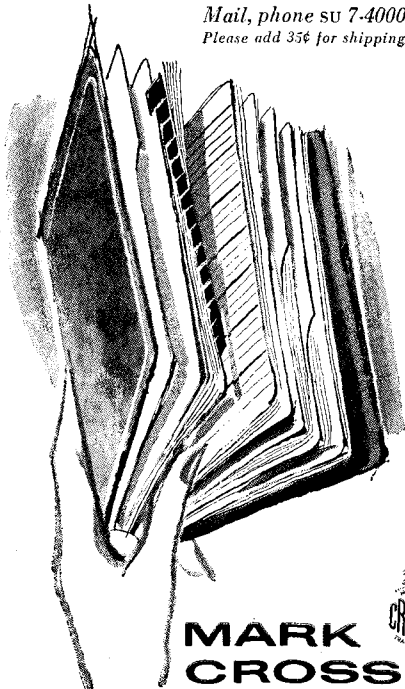
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you are on a 1200-caloric-a-day diet. If your Monday morning breakfast consists of half a small grapefruit (50 calories), a poached egg (75 calories), two slices of dry toast (150 calories), a chocolate malted (500 calories), and a piece of pie à la mode (600 calories), you have had it until sometime Tuesday. Yet you could have stayed within your calorie quota had you resisted temptation and done without the half grapefruit, the poached egg, and the dry toast.

Weightlessness?

BY ELIOT TOZER

A former navy pilot who experienced zero gravity in the United States Air Force School of Aviation Medicine, ELIOT TOZER is now farming in Tappan, New York.

Space doctors look forward eagerly to the day when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration will clamp a pilot into a capsule on the nose of an Atlas missile and blast him into orbit around the earth. Not until that day will they find out how the unearthly state of weightlessness will affect the crews of spaceships.

Science fiction writers have usually pictured weightlessness as a lotus-eater's dream. They have described the crew of Lunar Ship X-42 as space-happy, with eyes misted over, hearing gently dulled, limbs floating free. You get a mild and very brief indication of this euphoria when your automobile tops a rise and suddenly drops out from under you.

And it is true that some people are exhilarated by short periods of weightlessness. But an equal number become violently ill. The remainder get befuddled. The truth is that the scientists simply do not know how weightlessness will affect space men, especially over long periods of time. Nor can they find out. For of all the unpleasant and lethal forces that will wreak their fury on man in space, only weightlessness cannot be satisfactorily simulated and studied here on earth.

Since weight is a function of the pull of gravity, man can become weightless only when gravitational pull is canceled out. And he can accomplish this practically only by

Never weigh yourself

If you step on the scale and find that you have lost weight, you will become overconfident and tend to nibble indiscriminately. If you get on the scale and discover that you have not lost weight, you will become depressed and abandon your diet. Either way, of course, you lose. So the cardinal rule for carefree dieting is never weigh yourself—and find a tailor who is good at letting out trousers.

subjecting himself to an equal and opposite force. The space doctors at the School of Aviation Medicine, Randolph Air Force Base, Texas, do this by flying a jet plane in a vertical arc so that the centrifugal force nullifies the force of gravity. But the plane must curve over into a dive shortly after it begins its climb. No one has been weightless much longer than a minute.

So-called weightless experimenters shown floating in water or riding on columns of air are not weightless at all. They assume weight because they are supported against the pull of gravity.

We do not know, then, what will happen when NASA's Project Mercury pilot slips into the never-world of weightlessness. If he orbits the earth twice, as expected, he will be weightless for at least three hours.



Will he become wildly disoriented as he floats unsupported? Will he know which way is up without the reassuring tug of gravity?

The space doctors think he will adapt to his eerie environment. But they are nagged by doubts.

Dr. Siegfried Gerathewohl, formerly of the School of Aviation Medicine, points out that five physi-

ological mechanisms help us orient ourselves in space. They are the eyes (most important), the otoliths and cilia in the labyrinth of the inner ear, tiny pressure receptors in our skin, tension sensors deeply buried in our muscles, and the Pacinian corpuscles in our connective tissue. Significantly, only the inner ear is affected by gravity or lack of it. Thus, under zero-gravity conditions, only one mechanism sends confusing signals to the brain. Could space crews be trained to ignore the garbled information coming from the inner ear and orient themselves with the help of the other four mechanisms?

Dr. Harold von Beckh, Aero-medical Field Laboratory, thinks so. Not long ago, he shone a bright light upward through the bottom of his home aquarium and clamped an opaque cover over the top, thus reversing, in a visual sense, top and bottom. The fish began to swim upside down. Happily, apparently.

Pilots flying on instruments in overcast skies have trained themselves to believe their eyes and not their inner ears when they turn, climb, or dive. Because the otoliths of the inner ear react slowly, they sometimes tell a pilot he is still in a turn after he has straightened out. He soon learns to believe the needle he sees on his turn indicator.

But fish in tanks and pilots in airplanes are not weightless. The nagging doubt remains. Can weightless spacemen orient themselves by eye? Recently, Dr. von Beckh described an unusual experiment. Noting that test subjects were fully aware that they were about to enter the weightless state and could thus prepare themselves, he asked Lieutenant C. M. McClure, an air force jet pilot, to eat a heavy meal and fall asleep in the back seat of a jet so that he could be awakened in the weightless state without warning.

Despite his long flight experience, including several zero-gravity arcs, McClure, when awakened, thought that his arms and legs were "floating away." He felt a desperate need to pull them back and assume a "normal posture." Near panic, he grabbed for the canopy, unable to orient himself until his body once more assumed its normal weight.

There is also some doubt whether weightless crewmen will be able to coordinate well enough to push the right buttons and pull the right

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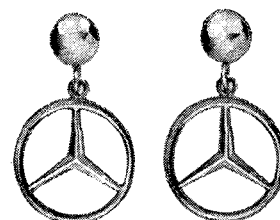
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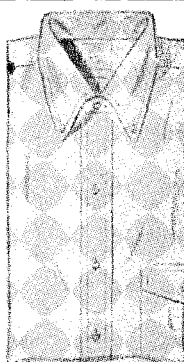
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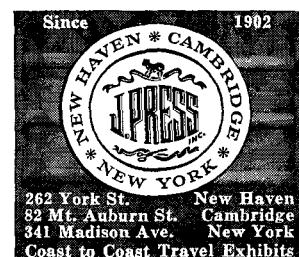
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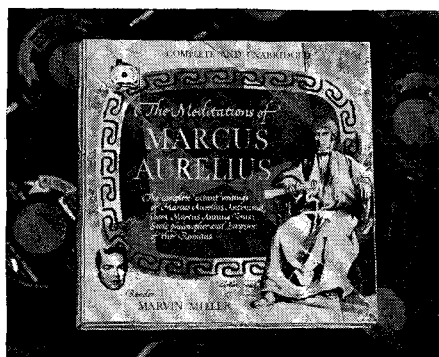


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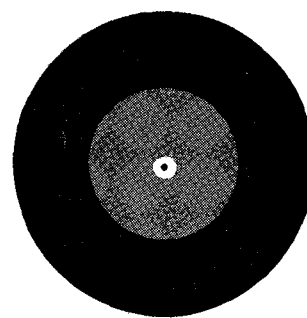
switches to navigate their craft. Some time ago, Dr. von Beckh flew a series of parabolic arcs with a tank of turtles in his lap. It was not easy. The water drifted up out of the tank when it was weightless, and Dr. von Beckh had to continually fit the tank around it. But the turtles learned after several flights to depend on their eyes alone in striking at their food and, despite confusing signals from the labyrinth, soon hit it with normal accuracy.

Dr. Gerathewohl, in a series of experiments at the School of Aviation Medicine, had several subjects plunge darts into a small target at the height of the zero-gravity arc. Most soon learned to hit the target as accurately when weightless as they did on the ground.

The doctors think that weightlessness itself will not affect crewmen physiologically. But the combination of high G-loads (forces due to rapid acceleration — as when you are forced back in your car seat when you step on the gas) with long periods of weightlessness may cause trouble. The Russians reported that the heart rate of Laika, the dog in Sputnik II, accelerated rapidly on take-off and that it "took about three times as long for the number of heartbeats to reach their initial values as it did in laboratory experiments" on earth. Pilots black out much sooner in steep turns after being weightless. Blackout lasts longer, and the pain is sharper.

Space crews may suffer optical illusions. Several subjects complained that the afterimage of a point of light seemed to drift upward if they closed their eyes while weightless.

At aeromedical laboratories at Wright Field, Ohio, at Holloman Air Development Center, New Mexico, and at the School of Aviation Medicine, Texas, the space doctors have subjected rugged pilots to nightmarish tests on centrifuges, in furnaces, and on gyrating disorientation platforms. As a result, they have learned how to filter out some of the force of high G-loads during blast-off. They can keep a pilot comfortably cool during the plunge into the atmosphere. And they know how to help him get back on the track if his ship tumbles violently out of control. But not until NASA's Project Mercury pilot finally streaks into orbit around the earth will they solve the mystery of weightlessness.



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Symphony No. 2; Overtures to The Ruins of Athens and Prometheus

Eugen Jochum conducting Berlin Philharmonic and Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestras; Deutsche Grammophon DGS-712006 (stereo) and DGS-12006

Not many a conductor could come along with a Beethoven Second right on the heels of Beecham's superb interpretation and squeeze into this column's limited space. Jochum can. In its own way his Second matches the Baronet's. Jochum, I think, tries to play Beethoven more beautifully than anyone else, and usually (with the Berlin Philharmonic to help him) he does. He focuses on a continuity of string tone, sacrificing a little (not unduly) the drum and trumpet punctuation which Beecham keeps prominent. Thus we have a sonic mellifluence, while the pace keeps dignity. As aid to this, the German engineers have contributed sound even finer than that of the Angel-Beecham. I still slightly prefer the Beecham style, and his record has the choruses from *The Ruins of Athens* — real rarities — instead of *Prometheus*, but the choice is worth care.

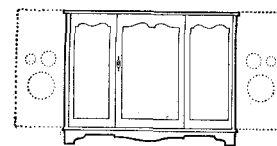
Chopin: Concerto No. 2; Andante Spianato; Polonaise in E-flat

Artur Rubinstein, piano; Alfred Wallenstein conducting Symphony of the Air; RCA Victor LSC-2265 (stereo) and LM-2265

I am at a loss to perceive any good reason for calling this album *The Rubinstein Story*, since it isn't. It is a flashing new triad of Chopin performances by Rubinstein, and in this part of the twentieth century no more enticing terminology is necessary or, in fact, possible. This man at this work is a magician, and everyone should know it by now. Larghetto:

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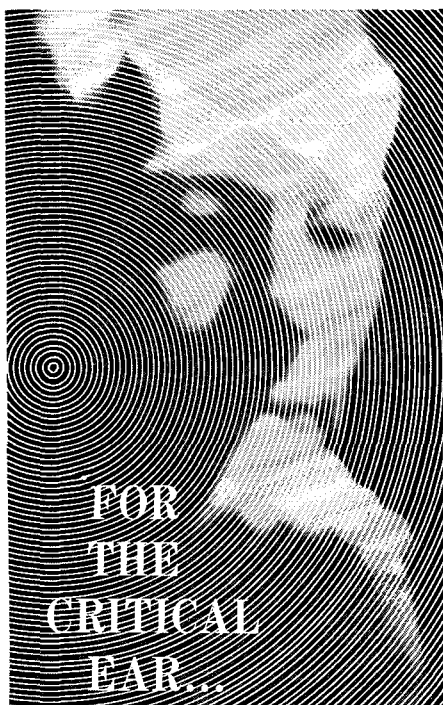
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and you dream, happily as helplessly. Allegro: and you tingle, feeling the music almost in your own fingertips. In sum, a true joy, even if you have to pay extra for the biographical sketch by Clifton Fadiman (which, I must admit, is very good, and has Picasso drawings to make it even livelier).

Mozart: Violin Concertos No. 3 and No. 4

Zino Francescatti, violin; Bruno Walter conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia MS-6063 (stereo)

The monophonic version was not yet listed in catalogues at reviewing time, but surely it will be available by the time you read this. What can be said of these violin concertos Mozart wrote at nineteen? No one else could have written them at any age, with their angelic playfulness and their poignancy of pure beauty. And no one else now alive, I dare say, could put them to us more tastefully than Francescatti and Bruno Walter. I would have liked Columbia's recorded sound better if it had been a little more discrete, but this is a quibble. The record is delightful.

Rossini: The Barber of Seville

Erich Leinsdorf conducting Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, Fernando Corena, other singers; Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-6143 (stereo: four records) and LM-6143 (three records) Britishers—meaning mainly London and Angel Records—have so thoroughly monopolized the credits for good recorded opera lately that it is a grateful pleasure to proclaim a home-grown triumph. This Victor *Barber* is a triumph, no mistake about that. The recording technicians have contrived an easy-listening realism not surpassed anywhere: if you close your eyes, you can almost see the stage. Leinsdorf has sensed and brought out every bit of Rossini's merry logic, and the singers are admirably obedient to the plot. Further, they are all in good voice. Valletti, Merrill, and Corena are engagingly lusty, and Roberta Peters is positively luscious, as well as agile as all-get-out. Everyone concerned deserves plaudits, except for the man who designed Victor's new opera packages. They have a little protruding brass latch on the side, to scratch neighboring albums, and there is no identification of the album on the spine.

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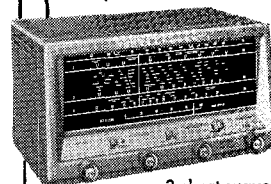
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Shostakovich: Symphony No. 1; Prelude in E-flat Minor; Entr'acte from Lady Macbeth of Mzensk

Leopold Stokowski conducting Symphony of the Air; United Artists UA-8004 (stereo) and UA-7004

In 1925 a somewhat brash, bespectacled youth presented a symphony as his graduation thesis at Leningrad Conservatory. One way or another, it managed to get played, was introduced to America by Leopold Stokowski, and has been (over here, anyway) a success ever since. Its author was a sort of early-vintage Angry Young Man, but he could write music zestfully. Later he lost his anger, also his zest. There is quite a lot of banging in the First Symphony, but some really sensitive songfulness too. Stokowski makes it come alive in a big, brassy way, and probably he directed recording procedures too, to judge by the balanced richness of the sound.

Tartini, Corelli, Geminiani, and Vivaldi: Four Sonatas

Nathan Milstein, violin; Leon Pommers, piano; Capitol SP-8481 (stereo) and P-8481

The Tartini sonata is the *Devil's Trill*, the Corelli is *La Follia*, the Vivaldi is Opus 2, No. 2, and the Geminiani, Opus 4, No. 10. All four are very high-grade Italian baroque, courtly and vivacious. Also, of course, they were written for the old convex bow and harpsichord, so Milstein has had to resort to latter-day arrangements, some his own, none distasteful. The point of the music, in the main, is violinistic cleverness in a pleasing vein. Milstein hugely enjoys himself playing it, and it is hard for anyone not to share his feelings.

Villa-Lobos: Quartet No. 6

Kodály: Quartet No. 2

Hollywood String Quartet; Capitol SP-8472 (stereo) and P-8472

The Hollywood Quartet seems to me even better at twentieth-century work than at the classics. Here the Villa-Lobos, especially, is superb: all the Stravinskian modernism and Indian lyricism blend into a sane and lovely whole, which makes immediate musical sense to any listener, however ignorant of compositional techniques. The Kodály piece dances along like a good companion, and Capitol really has proved here how very much stereo can do for chamber music.



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An opera-lover's dream! Choice moments of madness from *Anna Bolena*, *Hamlet*, *Il Pirata* interpreted—as nobody else can—by Maria Callas. "Her dramatic instincts are well-nigh perfect." (Gramophone, Grt. Brit.) Recorded with the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, Nicola Rescigno conducting.

Donizetti: Anna Bolena, Act 2 ("Piangete voi?")
"One of the most impressive and poetic of her interpretations." (Sat. Review)

Thomas: Hamlet, Act 4 ("A vos jeux")

Bellini: Il Pirata, Act 2 ("Oh! s'io potessi")

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SCHWARZKOPF

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's first album of dramatic arias by Wagner and Weber for Angel! In it, she once again demonstrates her "phenomenal stylistic intelligence and her ability to evoke character by voice alone" (New Yorker). Recorded in stereo with the Philharmonia, conducted by Walter Susskind.

Elisabeth's Greeting and Elisabeth's Prayer from *Tannhauser*.

Elsa's Dream and Elsa's Meeting with Ortrud from *Lohengrin*.

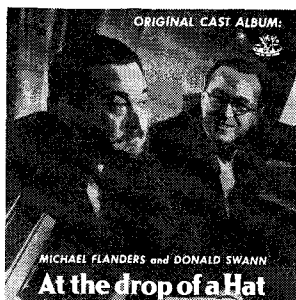
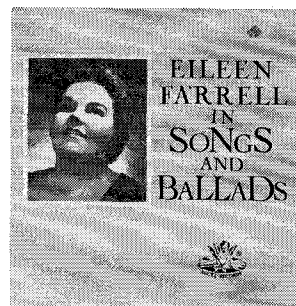
Arias from Act 2 and Act 3 of *Der Freischütz*.

Angel Stereo (S) 35806

FARRELL

Eileen Farrell turns her warm heart and her "big, beautiful, comforting soprano" (Chicago Tribune) to the songs everybody knows. The result: a wonderful example of the "superb musical taste that makes her singing some of the finest to be heard today." (Opera News) Fifteen songs, including *Danny Boy*, Gershwin's *Summertime*, others. Recorded in London with George Trovillo, Pianist.

(Monophonic only) Angel 35608



2 NEW FUNNY MEN ON BROADWAY

Bluff, bearded Michael Flanders and diffident, bespectacled Donald Swann have been delighting sellout British audiences for two years with their "smallest, neatest, smartest, brightest revue." (London Express) This season, they interrupt their London run to open on Broadway (Oct. 8, John Golden Theatre). Preceding them by a dozen paces is Angel's new stereo album of the American version of their after-dinner farrago "At the Drop of a Hat." (Even if you own the original album you'll want this new one too.) Be the first on your block to g-know

about "A G-nu," "Song of Reproduction," and other quietly hilarious songs for our time, presented with "a disarming blend of literacy and low comedy" (New Yorker) by the Highly Original Cast of Flanders and Swann.

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Beethoven: Missa Solemnis

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Anna Moffo, beautiful young American soprano, in her first solo album on Angel.

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pleasures *and* places

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE NORTH COUNTRY

BY MITCHELL GOODMAN

The southern two thirds of New England takes the full impact of the swarms of vacationers pushing north from the great metropolitan centers. Hotels are too plentiful, and trying too hard; the villages are often a bit self-consciously photogenic and historical; there are too many eyes on the tourist dollar.

The mistake most motorists make is to stop their northward drift fifty or a hundred miles too soon. They save two or three hours of driving time and lose the best of the New England north country. Nor is this region — extending diagonally north and east for 120 miles from Lake Champlain in Vermont to Umbagog Lake in New Hampshire — as inaccessible to the traveler as it once was.

Although the superhighways do not, thank goodness, penetrate into the north country itself, they do bring it within reach of the time-pressed motorist, who until recently dared not venture north of, say, southern Vermont or the busy New Hampshire lakes region. Now, from New York on the thruway to Albany and southern Vermont, it is no more than a four-hour drive; and from there (or from Concord, New Hampshire, a turnpike terminus on the way north from Boston) the unadul-

terated north country is but three hours away.

The nonmotorist also gains. Recent improvements by Trailways and Greyhound have nearly halved bus times to New England; frequent service to a surprising number of points in northern New England now outstrips the railroads in speed, flexibility, and interest en route. Stimulated by their superhighway advantage, the bus companies have added new equipment and express services. Trailways goes from Boston to both slopes of the White Mountains and has another service from New York and Boston that passes through the lake and mountain resorts of New Hampshire going to Berlin on the edge of the north country. From these places the traveler might go on by local bus services or by rented car.

A tour of the north country might begin with the pastoral islands of Lake Champlain, then work eastward through the northerly ranges of the Green Mountains to Newport on huge Lake Memphremagog, then to the wonderfully unspoiled lakes in the northeast corner of Vermont, before crossing over into the northern ranges of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. After making the circle of this magnificent and little-traveled country, from Canaan through Groveton, West Milan, Errol, and Dixville Notch to Pittsburg, the traveler who likes solitude might go on past the serene Connecticut Lakes, through miles of virgin forest, into the rolling farmland of Quebec.

At the top of New Hampshire there is but one main road through country that is largely wilderness. This is hunting and fishing territory to be compared with the Maine woods — yet it is pleasantly varied with rolling farmland in the river valleys, mild mountains, lively vil-

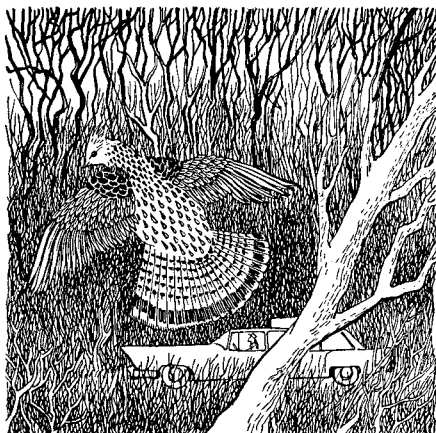
lages, and a great network of hiking trails. All in all, it is a true northern frontier country, wilder today than it was fifty years ago, full of interest for the traveler seeking a serene and spacious natural scene without frills. Only about fifty miles north of the White Mountain resorts, this region of the sporting camp can be as rough-and-ready as it sounds or as comfortable as a good village inn.

Not long ago the carousing lumberjacks dominated the life of Colebrook (the trading center, with a presentable inn), and this area catered mainly to what the locals



call "down-country sports," city men who came up to rough it in the woods. Nowadays, with the heated cottages and other improvements in accommodation, they come later and later into the fall and bring their families with them. The lodges and cabin camps (many with housekeeping) are open, generally, until December 1. Plain living is the rule in most of these places; their standards of service have been improving noticeably in recent years, and the high level of simple good eating has been maintained.

How wild is the area? Pittsburg township has 350,000 acres of what looks like primeval forest, along



with four large lakes that are almost completely undeveloped. Yet the town itself is not much more than two hundred miles from Boston. There are three different routes from Boston, each a rewarding drive. Traffic is never heavy, and a number of new motels make it easy to improvise an itinerary. An especially good halfway house in the heart of the mountains is Mount Crescent House, on a high back road at Randolph, a gracious old-fashioned



place built by an early settler (and still run by his descendants) that is also the headquarters of the earnest, congenial, and cultivated Randolph Mountain Club.

The presence of a luxury hotel in Dixville Notch, a golf course and good restaurants in Colebrook, and other amenities does not mean that the New Hampshire north country has gone soft or cluttered. It is big, rough, awesome country, and though there are plenty of trails safe for the casual hiker, there are many others suitable only for the man with a compass or a guide. Most of the streams and ponds are secluded, the wildlife is everywhere (so many bears that until recently there was a bounty paid for them), and the frontier atmosphere is still being created by woodsmen who think hunting and fishing are not so much recreation as a way of life.

The guides are as authentic as the woods themselves. In winter some work as trappers; others work in the lumber camps. The novice in the woods will find most of them willing to advise on fly casting and other esoteric matters. Most important, they and their employers in the sporting camps keep track of the streams and ponds that are "hot" and lead their guests to the fish. Cost of a guide, boat, and motor is about \$17 a day.

The upper Connecticut rates consistently as one of the best trout streams in the East — big rainbows and browns. Pittsburg township has more than a dozen superb trout ponds as well as the fishing waters of the three Connecticut Lakes, Back Lake, and Lake Francis. Big Diamond and Little Diamond are two other ponds worth noting in a list too long to be enumerated. A special season for trout in the north country (casting or trolling with artificial flies only) begins the day after Labor Day and runs to October 15, and for landlocked salmon until September 30. Fishing supplies are plentiful in most of the towns.

The hunting, north country people say, is far better than it was thirty years ago. In the past fifteen years the deer herd has grown steadily, in spite of a liberal open season on both buck and doe. The deer season in the north of New Hampshire runs the whole of November, overlapping with the small game season that opens October 1. Ruffed grouse, woodcock, and black ducks are included in the heaviest concentration of birds in the state.

Along the fifty miles of road from Dixville Notch to the Connecticut Lakes there is a wide choice of accommodation, from heated-swimming-pool luxury at \$20 a day to a rude cabin on a deep-woods pond for as little as \$7 a day (with meals). Typical are the sporting camps, some with refinements like maid service and selection on the menu, almost all as comfortable as one could hope for this close to unadorned nature. Fairly representative of these is Big Diamond Lodge, at the end of a forest road out of Kidderville, where \$9 a day, \$25 a weekend, or \$58 a week pays for cabin, boat, and meals (about half the cost of the resort hotels further south). The best choice, perhaps, for both hunting and fishing and for a less active life in the woods, is First Connecticut Lake (famous for its landlocked salmon). Some good accommodations here are The Glen, Partridge Lodge, and Camp Otter. A few camps cater mainly to the serious sportsman, but most are now designed to please the itinerant sightseer as well. The usual setting is a lake surrounded by miles of unbroken forest and hills; and the camps provide boats, motors, guides, hunting and fishing licenses — all that is needed.

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GERTRUDE STEIN

IN AMERICA

BY JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

Poet, teacher, editor, and literary critic, JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and educated at the University of Michigan and at Harvard. His most recent book, DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA, was published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint in 1955. This is the second excerpt from his forthcoming book, THE THIRD ROSE, a full-scale biography of Gertrude Stein, her life, her writings, her associates, and the cultural movements of which she was a part.

GERTRUDE STEIN would not go back to America, she had always said, until she was a lion, a real lion. Now — on October 24, 1934 — as the S.S. *Champlain* slid through morning mist, and, port-side, Staten Island dimly floated past, and the Statue of Liberty beckoned, she was about to see the proof writ larger than she had ever dreamed.

When the press launch drew alongside and a horde of reporters climbed aboard, she met them with a large show of confidence. Anticipating their questions — they were, after all, the very same questions she had been asked for twenty years — she took them off guard. “Suppose no one asked a question,” she led off, “what would the answer be?” And when they asked, “Why don’t you write the way you talk?” she replied, “Why don’t you read the way I write?”

“I do talk as I write,” she insisted, “but you can hear better than you can see. You are accustomed to see with your eyes differently to the way you hear with your ears, and perhaps that is what makes it hard to read my works.” When one of the reporters asked if she had been upset by comparisons of her writings to the babblings of the

Drawing by Francis Picabia, Stein Collection, Yale University.



insane, she said no, not one bit, because there was an important difference. “You can continue to read me, but not the babblings of the insane. Besides,” she added with a softening glance, “the insane are frequently normal in everything except their own phase of insanity.”

Those who had come to challenge her were themselves challenged. Taking the initiative, she answered them with a confounding simplicity and won them with easy good humor. When they asked if she believed she had introduced anything new into writing, she answered, “I have not invented any device, any style, but write in the style that is me. You have material in yourself and in humanity and you apply it, that’s all. I describe what I feel and think. I am essentially a realist.” About influences her work may have had on American writers she was succinct. “If you can influence yourself,” she said, “it is enough.” And when, finally, they asked about “all those repetitions,” she answered, “No, no, no, no, it is not all repetition. I always change the words a little.”

In their notebooks the reporters detailed her costume, her thick woolly stockings, round-toed, flat-heeled Oxfords, her cerise vest and mannish shirt of cream-and-black stripes, her coarse tweed suit, and the baffling hat she wore — a sort of deerstalker’s cap modeled after a thirteenth-century one Alice Toklas had seen in the Cluny Museum — and hurried back to their desks. The afternoon papers blossomed with references to the “Sibyl of Montparnasse,” “the high priestess of the Left Bank,” and every story about her bore the

inevitable Steinese caption. Typical among them was:

GERTY GERTY STEIN STEIN
IS BACK HOME HOME BACK

More than six months later, "wedded to America," as she told the Paris newspapermen who covered her return to France, she could look back upon every evidence of being the lion she had hoped to become and upon the renewal of a love affair with her native land that remained passionate to the day of her death.

She had seen the news of her arrival announced in lights crawling around the New York Times Building, had found herself so famous in the big city that she was addressed on the street more often than if she were in Bilignin. She took New York traffic in stride, never hesitating as she stepped from any curb into the midst of it. When an anxious friend asked her why she acted with such bravado, she answered, "All these people, including the nice taxi drivers, recognize and are careful of me." She had crisscrossed the nation by air from Massachusetts to California in a series of some forty-odd appearances, each of them surrounded by fanfare and adulation. At the Hotel Algonquin in New York, where literary and theatrical celebrities had long been the rule, she had aroused more comment and interest, according to Manager Frank Case, than anyone else who had ever stopped there.

Nothing could have pleased her more. "I was very surprised to see how gentle people are today. Everyone is so courteous and polite, so friendly. I am not speaking of the people I know, I have not seen anyone yet. I mean the people in the streets — they seem to recognize me. And they come up to me and say, 'Miss Stein?' And I say, 'Yes,' and then we talk in the most friendly fashion, not at all as if they were seeking out some one who had attained some notoriety. I find it perfectly charming."

She had enjoyed reunions with many old friends, among them Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, with whom she had spent part of Christmas Eve in Baltimore. She had seen Sherwood Anderson, first at his brother-in-law's home in Fall River, Minnesota, and later in New Orleans, where they spent a long evening eating oranges and reviewing the marvelous turns of events that had brought them once more together. A happy meeting, it was their last.

Of new friends, the first in her affection was Thornton Wilder, who was then teaching at the University of Chicago. After the great success of her first lecture there, the University's young president, Robert Maynard Hutchins, asked her to return to conduct ten sessions of a seminar

made up of thirty selected students. In one of these sessions she made the most forceful answer to an essential question she had ever spoken. When, according to Thornton Wilder, one of her students asked her for an explanation of her most famous line, "Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose," Gertrude fixed her attention on the young man and launched into eloquence. "Now listen!" she said. "Can't you see that when the language was new — as it was with Chaucer and Homer — the poet could use the name of a thing and the thing was really there? He could say 'O moon,' 'O sea,' 'O love' and the moon and the sea and love were really there. And can't you see that after hundreds of years had gone by and thousands of poems had been written, he could call on those words and find that they were just wornout literary words? The excitingness of pure being had withdrawn from them; they were just rather stale literary words. Now the poet has to work in the excitingness of pure being; he has to get back that intensity into the language. We all know that it's hard to write poetry in a late age; and we know that you have to put some strangeness, something unexpected, into the structure of the sentence in order to bring back vitality to the noun. Now it's not enough to be bizarre; the strangeness in the sentence structure has to come from the poetic gift, too. That's why it's doubly hard to be a poet in a late age. Now you all have seen hundreds of poems about roses and you know in your bones that the rose is not there. All those songs that sopranos sing as encores about 'I have a garden; oh, what a garden!' Now I don't want to put too much emphasis on that line, because it's just one line in a longer poem. But I notice that you all know it; you make fun of it, but you know it. Now listen! I'm no fool. I know that in daily life we don't go around saying 'is a . . . is . . . is . . . ' Yes, I'm no fool; but I think that in that line the rose is red for the first time in English poetry for a hundred years."

IN SPITE OF momentary wonderings at why so little of her past seemed to return as she crossed and recrossed the continent, Miss Stein decided that America had become, as she said, "*my business*," and she wanted to be involved in all of it. She had been entertained at the White House. "Mrs. Roosevelt was there and gave us tea," she wrote with vastly mitigated enthusiasm, "she talked about something and we sat next to some one." With George Gershwin she had sat on a piano bench while he ran through the score of his new opera, *Porgy and Bess*. She had been guest of honor at an epicurean dinner at Miss Ellen Glasgow's

in Richmond, Virginia. After she had watched the last lap of one of the marathon dances, which had become a national craze, she wrote to Carl Van Vechten: "A most extraordinary thing, they are like shades modern shades out of Dante and they move so strangely and they lead each other about one asleep completely and the other almost, it is the most unearthly and most beautiful movement I have ever seen it makes the dance nothing at all." She had ridden in a police car of the homicide squad on official duty on Chicago's South Side. She had discussed theories of education with Robert Maynard Hutchins and Mortimer Adler, theories of drama with Charlie Chaplin, who reminded her of her favorite matador, Gallo, "who could not kill a bull but he could make him move better than any one ever could and he himself not having any grace in person could move as no one else ever did."

Bird's-eye views of American terrain (she traveled almost entirely by air) had been a surprise and an affirmation. She felt for the first time that she knew what the ground really looked like and related what she saw to cubism. "When I looked at the earth I saw all the lines of cubism made at a time when not any painter had ever gone up in an airplane. I saw there on the earth the mingling lines of Picasso, coming and going, developing and destroying themselves. I saw the simple solutions of Braque, I saw the wandering lines of Masson." Thinking about this, she was moved to make one of the few assertions of her lifetime in which she directly related her own career to the world of the painters. "Straight lines and quarter sections, and the mountain lines in Pennsylvania very straight lines," she said, "it made it right that I had always been with cubism and everything that followed after . . . once more I knew that a creator is a contemporary, he understands what is contemporary when the contemporaries do not know it yet, but he is contemporary and as the twentieth century is a century which sees the earth as no one has ever seen it, the earth has a splendor that it never has had."

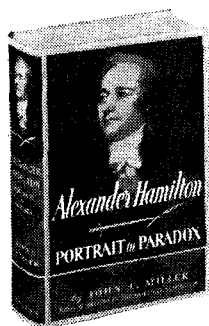
Paradoxes trailed in the wake of her passage across the United States, and not the least of these was the fact that the most obscure writer of the century had, for a time, become the most famous. Her name had studded the conversation of the more literate segment of the population for years, but now, suddenly, it had also become a household word on every level of society. References to her cropped up interminably in movies, musical revues, comic strips, and random newspaper stories; a high school newspaper in Utica, New York, put out a special Gertrude Stein number; on the Pathé newsreel, movie audiences

could see and hear her reading "Pigeons on the grass"; she was quoted as often in barrooms and in courts of law as she was in classrooms. It was an eccentric sort of celebrity, yet it was attended by far more good humor than malice. The public was able to tolerate and accept her as a person, while among the occupational literati she was widely regarded with envy, suspicion, and a curiously puritanical impatience.

Young writers, without vested reputations to guard or critical positions to defend, were apt to be her champions. One of them, William Saroyan, wrote to her in the hope of an interview when she would come to San Francisco: "Some critics say I have to be careful and not notice the writing of Gertrude Stein but I think they are fooling themselves when they pretend any American writing that is American and is writing is not partly the consequence of the writing of Gertrude Stein and as the saying is they don't seem to know the war is over." In the opinion of Sinclair Lewis, on the other hand, she was promoting a racket.

Whatever the true nature of its interest, the public went on reading of her comings and goings with good-humored indulgence. Even so famous a die-hard as Henry Seidel Canby — who had said earlier that, like the work of E. E. Cummings, hers was without content — was moved to qualify his distaste: "I never chanced to meet her until she came home, and then found her a sensible, intelligent woman, in appearance one of the executive type of highly civilized Jewish women so familiar in philanthropic and art-management circles in New York. . . . Yet," he had to admit, "I still cannot read her without losing my temper." Nevertheless, Canby was newly aware of her power even as a writer and went so far as to suggest that the young editors of *Time*, in their efforts to differentiate their new magazine from the declining *Literary Digest*, were "subtly and unconsciously influenced by the experimenting going on in the early 1920's, and perhaps directly by Gertrude Stein's twists of sentence order."

NOT the least of paradoxes was the fact that the sale of her books continued — with the exception of *Three Lives*, which for a time was the best seller in the Modern Library — to be vastly out of proportion to her fame. Random House brought out handsome editions of *Portraits and Prayers*, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, and *Lectures in America*, but sales were sparse and all of the titles could shortly be found on bookstore tables reserved for publishers' overstock and remainders. If neglect on such an essential level puzzled observers who could not reconcile it with her astonishing notoriety, this



John C. Miller

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

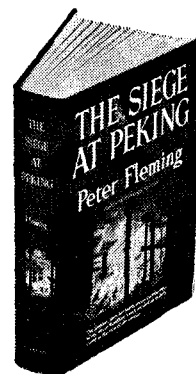
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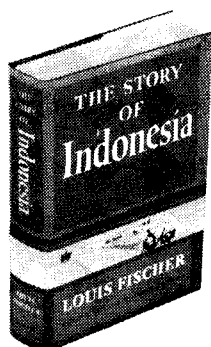


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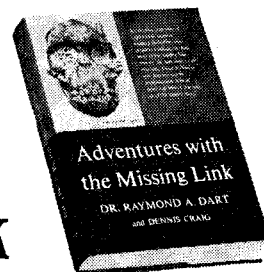
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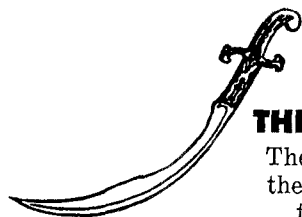
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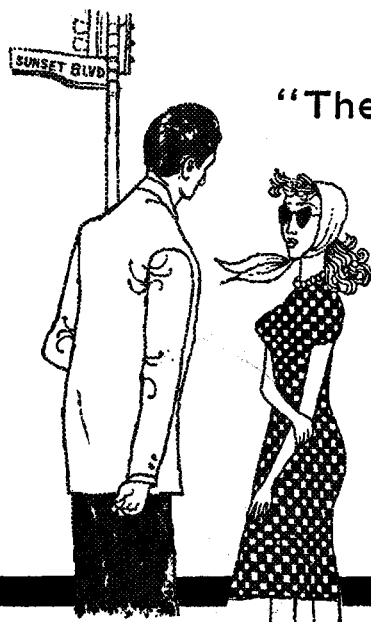
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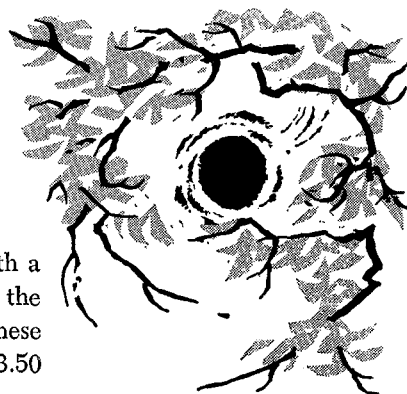
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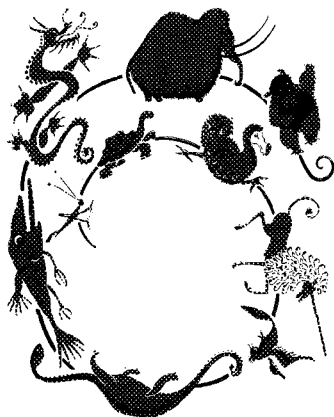
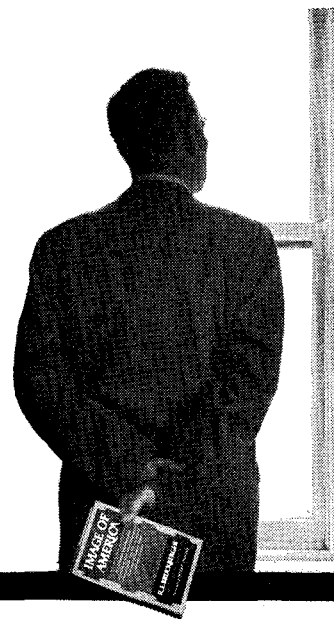
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EXOTIC ZOOLOGY

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did not puzzle Gertrude. She knew that her publicity came from the fact that perhaps one person in a thousand could say that she was doing something of value and that the voices of all of the others were not strong enough to drown out the one that spoke with conviction. It had become a cliché to accuse her of writing nonsense, and a very tiresome one. The stubborn point on which her reputation rested and from which her publicity issued was simply the point of conviction that made itself heard above the reams of good-humored ragging and the choruses of mockery.

No one had ever made better copy for a depression-ridden population than this earthy, articulate mother image from Paris. She had an undeniable way with reporters of every stripe and could beguile them into putting aside all the prejudices with which they had approached her. At the sight of her comfortable and comforting presence, at the first sound of the inflections of her soft American voice, they were quite put off. Since many of them still came expecting to meet "a languid woman . . . smoking cigarettes, sipping absinthes perhaps and looking out upon the world with tired, disdainful eyes," they were at first surprised, then altogether disarmed. In this aura of good feeling they wrote more copy than they had planned and turned in engaging accounts of the woman at whom they had expected only to jeer.

In New York, twelve full columns of largely front-page space had been devoted to her within twenty-four hours of her arrival. A number of these stories were carried throughout the country on news-service wires. Local papers took the cue, and when she turned up in one city after another, she was nearly always front-page news. An account of her visit to Boston began: "Put away any notion that Gertrude Stein is either slightly cracked, or a literary sideshow faker of the kind Barnum liked to handle. This pleasing, thick woman with the close-cropped iron-gray hair, the masculine face and the marvelously pleasant smile, voice and manner, is doing something she thinks is good and no abracadabra, simon-pure, could come from her wittingly."

Once, when she was being interviewed by several reporters at one time, she noticed that a photographer sitting in on the conference followed what she was saying with particularly close attention. "It's funny," she said to the reporters, "but the photographer is the one of the lot of you who looks as if he were intelligent and was listening. Now why is that?" Turning to the photographer, she asked, "You do, you do understand what I am talking about, don't you?" With words she might have put into his mouth and which, in *Everybody's Autobiography*, she did put

into his mouth, he answered, "Of course I do. You see, I can listen to what you say because I don't have to remember what you are saying. They can't listen because they have got to remember."

In St. Paul she came across the account of an interview written as if it were the report of a wrestling match, in which the reporter quoted from her works sentences which were among her favorites. The story was well written, she thought, and the cribbed sentences were aptly and amusingly related to what she had said in the course of the interview. At a luncheon party that same day she told her hostess she considered the article the best writing about her that she had read. The hostess was appalled. She explained that the local literati were in an uproar about the piece because it was vulgar and could only reflect badly upon the taste of St. Paul. Complaints had reached the ears of the paper's editor, and the young reporter was expected to lose his job. Gertrude was unable to talk to the young man herself, but the hostess sought him out and reported Gertrude's feelings. With tears in his eyes, she reported back, he said that Gertrude had saved his life.

AMERICA could not take her seriously, but since it could not ignore her, it made her into a popular darling. Her style — or, at least, journalistic versions of her style — became a nationally recognized trade-mark. But among intellectuals she still carried less weight as an artist than as a symbol. She was, after all, the intimate of Picasso and Matisse and the School of Paris. Individuals who had never read a line of her work beyond the *Autobiography* defended her with a vehemence that often merely disguised ignorance. She represented the questing American spirit in Paris, that exportable product which, at a distance, constituted a bulwark against native Babbitry. For the middlebrow, to deny Gertrude Stein meant denying the new era of all things marvelously irresponsible and inscrutable, meant lining up with George Babbitt as he scratched his balding head in front of a cubist canvas. To deny *Tender Buttons* and *Four Saints* was somehow to sanction the "booboisie" morality whose zealots had threatened to put the publishers of James Joyce behind bars, banned *The Captive* from Broadway, and elevated Bruce Barton to the status of the thirteenth apostle. For the highbrow, to deny Gertrude Stein was to support critics such as Van Wyck Brooks, whose worried appraisals of the dominant literature of the century had already made him déclassé.

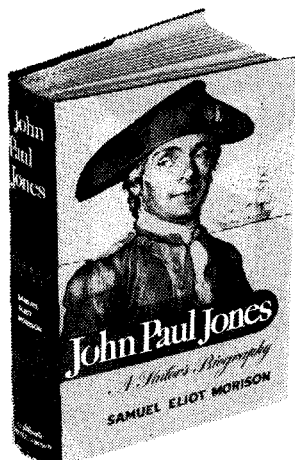
Gertrude never wrote answers to attacks upon her, but, face to face with an adversary, was quick

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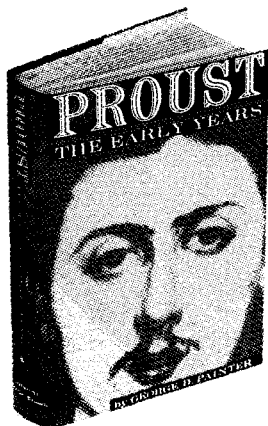


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to her own defense. Once, at the question period after a lecture, a woman in the audience accused her and certain of her contemporaries of sensationalism. Gertrude's answer was blunt: "People today like contemporary comforts, but they take their literature and art from the past. They are not interested in what the present generation is thinking or painting or doing if it doesn't fit the enclosure of their personal apprehension. Present day geniuses can no more help doing what they are doing than you can help not understanding it, but if you think we do it for effect, and to make a sensation, you're crazy."

Attacks, from sanctuaried critics or from the scribes of the tabloid columns, merely swelled her progress. As people fought to get tickets to her lectures and jostled for positions in her vicinity at the many luncheons held in her honor, Gertrude Stein was becoming an American institution. She had, at the outset of her tour, decided to limit her audiences to five hundred because she felt she could not, at one time, interest more people than that. This decision in itself resulted in an increased interest no trick of publicity could have matched. At Princeton, the scene of her first college lecture, the police had to check crowds trying to fight their way into the lecture hall. After that there was never any question that audiences *less* than five hundred would ever assemble to hear her.

For months on end her joy was unclouded; all America, it seemed, was hers. "I found that Americans really want to make you happy," she told a reporter. "This does not mean that they lack sophistication, but the fact that their gentleness has persisted while they have been becoming sophisticated shows that it is genuine. In Europe, on the other hand, a person's neighbor doesn't really count for much." When she was asked if she thought the country had changed during the many years she had been away, she said, "No neither America nor Americans after all when you say changed how could they change what after all could they change to, and when you ask that of course there is no answer." And to Sherwood Anderson she wrote, ". . . it was beautiful that American country it was it is there is nothing to be said about it but that that it was and it is beautiful. . . ."

But toward the end of her visit a question asked on the editorial pages of the Hearst press must have struck Gertrude as the very darkest echo of her own secret thoughts. "Is Gertrude Stein not Gertrude Stein," the editorial queried, "but somebody else living and talking in the same body?" The writer's implication tended to make Gertrude the victim of a psychosis and might have been dismissed as part of the general campaign of

ridicule. But, in a sense the writer never could have guessed, the question was oracular, touching on the quick an issue Gertrude could not resolve.

The name and nature of identity had been part of her meditations ever since the days of her adolescent *Weltschmerz*. All her life she had wondered who she was. Her work was an objective register of personality, and should have been a solid answer, but she could not accept even the great bulk of it as sufficiently conclusive. "I am I because my little dog knows me," she said, and then deliberately checked herself. "That does not prove anything about you it only proves something about the dog." Since she believed that "the essence of being civilized is to possess yourself as you are," she was worried now about what happens to people who, like herself, had become the objects of the media of mass publicity in the twentieth century. Since publicity was one of the measures of success, she would of course have to bear with it. But the problems it brought were real. Henry James had said that the theme of an artist remained interesting only so long as the artist was a failure, that so long as he was a failure he was a person. But when he succeeded, he disappeared into his work, and there was no person left. Picasso had said a similar thing to Gertrude when he was reviewing his own transition from poverty to fame. She echoed both him and James in *Lucy Church Amiably* when she said: "A genius says that when he is not successful he is treated with consideration like a genius but when he is successful and has been as rich as successful he is treated like anybody by his family." She herself could not finally stand the effacement of her unique personality in the mills of notoriety and came to the conclusion that, like war, publicity "prevents the process of civilization."

She had always hoped there would be paintings that would live outside of their frames. But a personality that refused to be framed, especially if that personality were her own, troubled her to the point of obsession. She turned to investigations of time and of all the possible ways in which the human psyche can perceive it. Only by an act of memory, she concluded, are we conscious of time. Without memory, without a specific taking of bearings in relation to past events, the psyche is timeless. Much of her life's work had been directed toward an appreciation or comprehension of this timelessness. Brooding anew, she assayed works which, she hoped, would prove clarifying and, perhaps, comforting. For the next years of her fame she would be devoted to meditations that might save her for herself, and for the writing that the vulgar hands of publicity or the attentions of an admiring public would almost totally neglect.

ERICH FROMM



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All of the above are books that Rinehart & Company has had the privilege of publishing — but we would also like to call your attention to the widespread acclaim for Dr. Fromm's new book, *Sigmund Freud's Mission*, published by Harper's. You will find all of his works at most bookstores.

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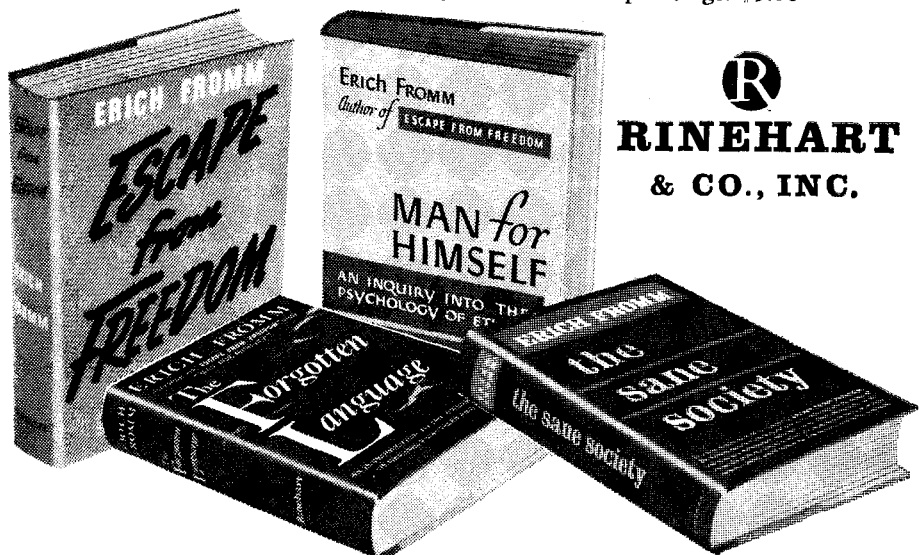
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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

The world has formed its image of the British officer type from the rigid good form of a Kitchener and the fatuous conventionality of Colonel Blimp. But the brilliant eccentric and the nonconformist fired by faith — a Cromwell, a "Chinese" Gordon, a Lawrence of Arabia — has played a conspicuous part in British military history. One of the most singular members of this species was Major General Orde Wingate (1903-1944), who was killed in an air crash in Burma when his fame was at its height. The British press had dubbed him, successively, the Lawrence of Judea, of Ethiopia, and of Burma, and Churchill eulogized him as "a man of genius who might well have become also a man of destiny." Wingate's Burma campaigns have been recorded in several books (one of them by this reviewer), but **CHRISTOPHER SYKES'S ORDE WINGATE** (World, \$6.00) is the first full-dress account of his life buttressed by access to the family papers and the relevant military records. While it may be overly detailed for the impatient reader, it is a biography worthy of the extraordinary man who is its subject.

Wingate came of a family of soldiers and evangelistic ministers. His parents, Plymouth Brethren, gave him a strict Puritan upbringing, and the Bible, especially the Old Testament, remained his favorite reading and governed his moral outlook. Although he was conventionally trained as a gunner at Woolwich, there was much of the biblical prophet in his make-up: a harsh strength and fierce idealist dedication; a conviction that the right was on his side; a volcanic rage against the tyranny, which seemed to him ubiquitous, of the conventional mind,

the "military ape"; and great personal magnetism.

In his school days, Wingate did poorly and suffered from an unfounded sense of persecution. But even in his youth he felt destined to be the instrument of some great cause, and he found it when he was posted to Palestine in 1936. Thereafter he was a fanatical Zionist, an attachment he explained in terms of faith in the Bible and a sense of identity with a persecuted but ever-resurgent people. In pre-war Palestine, Wingate organized the "Special Night Squads," composed of Jewish volunteers and a few British regulars, which proved to be the first effective answer to the guerrilla tactics of the Arab terrorists. Wingate's ambition — and it remained the central passion of his life — was to be the leader of a Jewish army, and he threw himself into the struggle for its creation with an indiscretion so flagrant that he was removed from Palestine and never allowed to serve there again.

In 1940-1941, Wingate achieved spectacular successes as commander of the patriot uprising in Ethiopia. After the campaign, he turned in a report which could have cost him a court-martial for insubordination, and, brooding over his grievances, he attempted suicide. Just when his career seemed ruined, General Wavell summoned him to India to organize "irregular activities" against the Japanese. The result was the first Chindit expedition — supplied solely from the air — which so impressed Churchill that he took Wingate to the Quebec conference, where he was placed in charge of the "Long Range Penetration Group" that established itself in northern Burma in 1944.

Wingate's detractors claim that he was crazy and that his Burma operations were of no real military value. Mr. Sykes's painstakingly documented and clear-eyed biography shows that this is an unjust estimate with an element of truth. The Chindit expeditions served no strategic objective, but they misled

This month Edward Weeks is traveling in the Soviet Union with a group of writers and editors who have been sent by our State Department as part of its cultural exchange program. "The Peripatetic Reviewer" will be back in the November ATLANTIC.

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- e) available for publication throughout the world
- f) available for motion-picture, dramatic, and television production throughout the world
- g) typed, double spaced, on one side of standard-size paper only
- h) submitted between October 1, 1959 and March 31, 1960

H The conditions:

- a) The competition is open to any writer, whether previously published or not, provided that the manuscript submitted has not been published; furthermore, a writer may submit more than one manuscript.
- b) Each entrant must agree that he or she will accept the award of \$2,500 if declared the winner and further that the award will constitute, as well, a one-year option for dramatic, motion-picture, and television rights, which rights may be acquired by Highroad Productions and/or Columbia Pictures for adaption to the screen by Carl Foreman for an additional payment of \$18,500.
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- g) The sponsors, while exercising all reasonable care of submissions, cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage; it is suggested that all entrants retain a duplicate copy of their manuscripts.
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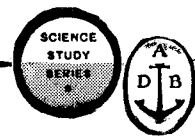
the Japanese into making grave blunders, and the success of Wingate's ideas about jungle warfare brought about a general reform of British methods. He proved himself both an imaginative innovator and a hardheaded realist — an inspired leader of unorthodox enterprise. As a man, he was certainly to some extent unbalanced. His eccentricities (strapping an alarm clock to his wrist, munching raw onions, receiving military visitors naked) point to a compulsion to flaunt his sense of being "different." He was infuriatingly rude and contentious, and he had an obvious persecution complex. But his life and achievements also testify abundantly to a gigantic force of character, which won him the enthusiastic backing of men like Wavell, Amery, and Churchill.

Complex figures like Wingate and Lawrence, who have become the heroes of romantic legend, pose a formidable challenge to the serious biographer. Mr. Sykes has emerged from it with a portrait more persuasively balanced than any that the biographers of Lawrence succeeded in achieving.

THE SOURCES OF A MASTERPIECE

PROUST: THE EARLY YEARS (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.50) by **GEORGE D. PAINTER**, a curator of the British Museum, is the first part of a two-volume work, ten years in the making, which is intended to be a definitive biography. In the preface, Mr. Painter makes the following claims and assertions: First, Proust's life "has never yet been treated with anything approaching scholarly method . . . nine tenths of the narrative here given is new to Proustian biography." Second, Proust's picture of heterosexual love is *not* simply a transposition of his homosexual feelings. This is "one among very many unrealized biographical facts about Proust." Third, the evidence assembled in this biography that Proust's novel is "based entirely on his own experiences" leads to the discovery that the novel was meant to be the "symbolic story" of his life.

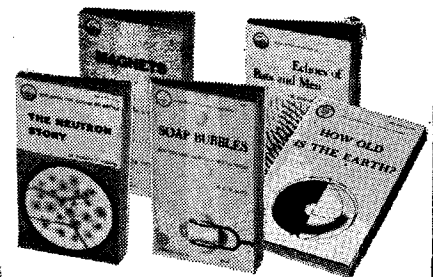
Now Mr. Painter's book is, unquestionably, a master stroke of enterprising and industrious research, a biography of great originality. But there is a distasteful element of boasting and even misrepresentation in the preface from which I have just quoted. "Nine tenths new"



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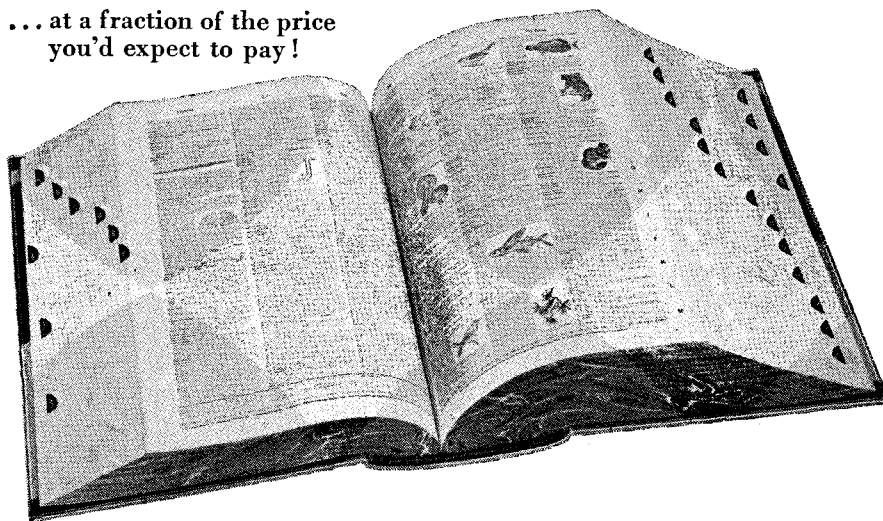
is an exaggeration. Proust's sentimental attachments to women are well known, and it is most certainly not "unrealized" that he drew on them in his work (see, for instance, Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle* and Harold March's *The Two Worlds of Marcel Proust*). Thirdly, the concept that *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is the symbolic story of Proust's life, so far from being a discovery, was suggested by Proust himself. What is genuinely revolutionary about Mr. Painter's approach is that it seeks to show that, in the most literal sense, Proust's work is a "creative autobiography"; and it meticulously identifies and reconstructs the sources in Proust's life of all the major and many of the minor characters, events, and places in his novel. (It is worth noting that Proust insisted on several occasions in his letters that his characters were "invented.")

Mr. Painter has succeeded in conducting his immensely detailed scrutiny without slipping into the dry tone of pedantry; he has pieced together a picture of Proust and his world and the making of his masterpiece that is continuously absorbing. He proceeds in chronological order, interrupted by four digressions: on the topography of Illiers, which became the mythical landscape of Combray; on the salons that Proust frequented, their hostesses, and the people he met there (Painter even records the witticisms that Proust later made use of); on the Dreyfus affair, which caused Proust to turn away from the great world with a mixture of disgust and guilt; and on Proust's study of Ruskin, who led him to the idea of salvation through art.

Proust's novel, Painter observes, is an "allegory" of his life. The precise nature of this allegory is not discussed in the present volume, but the pattern of Proust's early years can be interpreted as a search for a vocation, which he fails to find in love, friendship, and society (and eventually discovers in art). To deal intelligently with the life of so extreme a neurotic as Proust calls for at least a modest fund of psychiatric insight, and many of his biographers have lacked it. One of the merits of Mr. Painter's study is the remarkably tactful way in which it uses psychoanalysis as a possible source of illumination. All in all, the first installment of Painter's biography warrants the expectation

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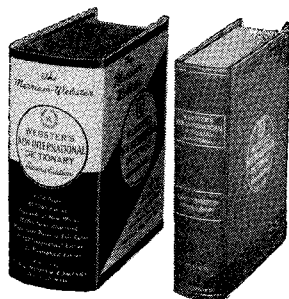
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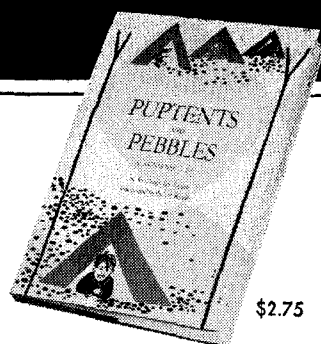
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that the completed work will be one of the two or three major texts in the vast literature on Proust.

PIONEERS

FREE ASSOCIATIONS: MEMOIRS OF A PSYCHOANALYST (Basic Books, \$5.00) is the unfinished autobiography of the late ERNEST JONES (1879-1958); he put it aside to devote himself to his monumental biography of Freud. The narrative covers the first half of Jones's life, and an epilogue by his son rounds off the story. The title may possibly suggest that the author has, so to speak, put himself on the couch and given free play to his memories. But in fact the book is a conventionally composed personal history, and it is an extremely interesting one. What gives it an unusual flavor is the infusion of psychoanalytic insight into a chronicle that reminds one of those robustly affirmative Victorian memoirs celebrating "my youth and early years."

Ernest Jones was a man blessed with limitless energy and a talent for enjoyment. The amount of work he tackled in any given year is truly awesome to contemplate, but he found time for friendship, travel, the theater; he was an expert figure skater and chess player; and he had his fair share of youthful love affairs, followed by two (his first wife died) intensely happy marriages.

Jones, the son of a colliery manager, was born in a parish of Wales called Llchwyr (and he narrowly missed being named Myrrdin). His memoir opens with a crisp sketch of his apparently happy Victorian boyhood, and he recalls without distress the rigors of nineteenth-century life in the country — a mile-and-a-half walk to the well for water and twelve-mile expeditions to and from church on Sundays. He notes that at seven he and his playmates were so "fully informed" about sexual matters that he later had no difficulty in accepting the side of Freud's doctrine which aroused the fiercest resistance: his theories about the sexual life of children.

The middle chapters of *Free Associations* contain a fascinating account of the author's extremely varied experience in the London medical world at the turn of the century. When Freud's ideas came to Jones's attention, he was at once profoundly impressed and presently began to put them into practice. In 1908, before

Franklin Hyde,

*Who caroused
in the Dirt
and was corrected
by His Uncle.*



His Uncle came on
Franklin Hyde
Carousing in the Dirt.
He shook him hard
from Side to Side
And
Hit him till it Hurt,



Exclaiming, with
a Final Thud
"Take that!
Abandoned Boy!
For Playing with
Disgusting Mud
As though it were a Toy!"

MORAL

From Franklin Hyde's
adventure, learn
To pass your Leisure Time
In Cleanly
Merriment,
and turn
From Mud and
Ooze and
Slime...



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Free from parents, kin, and nurses
Plunge headlong into H. Belloc's
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starting a new life as director of the Psychiatric Clinic of the University of Toronto, Jones went to the Continent and became acquainted with Freud.

From here on, Jones's story centers on the prominent role he played in the development of psychoanalysis. He conceived and carried out the idea of forming "an inner group of [five] trustworthy analysts" who would act as "a sort of Privy Council to Freud." In alliance with A. A. Brill, he pioneered psychoanalysis in the United States. He founded the British Psychoanalytical Society. And he published the first book on the new doctrine written in English.

Jones's relationship to Freud has often been justly compared to that of Huxley to Darwin — both Huxley and Jones were, as Jones puts it, "bonny fighters." It is strange indeed that the Freudian revolution, whose originators were Central Europeans and for the most part Jews, should have found its most orthodox and most tenacious missionary in a Welshman of Baptist ancestry who had to teach himself German in order to read Freud and who was closer in temperament to Victorian optimism than to the pessimism of the master.

The life of pioneers in an altogether different sphere — Kenya in the second decade of the century — is beautifully described in **ELSPETH HUXLEY'S** memoir: **THE FLAME TREES OF THIKA** (Morrow, \$4.00). One aspect of the book is at first disconcerting: the author was a very young child in the period she is writing about, and unless she is endowed with, literally, total recall, much of her detail and all of her dialogue must be some sort of reconstruction. But so vivid and so captivating is Mrs. Huxley's narrative that this objection soon ceases to trouble the reader.

The author's parents, Robin and Tilly, were a couple of charming innocents, who bought five hundred acres in the wild Kikuyu country in the hope of getting rich by growing coffee. They lacked every qualification, except spirit, for the pioneer life — Robin's idea of how to recruit native labor was to turn on the Gramophone and keep playing *The Bluebells of Scotland*. But when, after two years, the war took Robin and his family back to England, they had come to understand and love

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To tickets abroad: one to Greece, **The Flight of Ikaros**, by **Kevin Andrews** (\$3.75), a young American who chose to live among an ancient and passionate people with no thought for the consequence. Published in England; the Times said, "An astonishing achievement," the Observer, "Mr. Andrews is probably the only American who ever got inside the skin of the Greek shepherd . . . If you want some truth about Greece, here it is." The other ticket to the USSR — **Moscow Gatecrash** by **John Godley**, **Lord Kilbracken** (\$3.50), a foreign correspondent who has a most disarming talent for turning up in a succession of interesting situations, talking to Pasternak and on another occasion to Khrushchev, marching in a May Day parade through Red Square, squiring a pretty Intourist guide to the race-track. It is in many ways a book astonishing for its ease and balanced judgments, attractive in its wit and cogency.



One ticket to a private library: **From the Morgenthau Diaries**, by **John Morton Blum** (\$7.50). Eleanor Roosevelt says in her foreword, "This book will provide material of an essential kind for future historians, but there is also much of the human side as well as the technical. From it emerges the existence of basic trust and respect between two men who lived in strenuous times."

Two tickets to the theatre: one to **Archibald MacLeish's J.B.** (\$3.50), starting on tour after a Pulitzer Prize-winning year in New York, the other to the inimitable entertainment of **Cornelia Otis Skinner, The Ape in Me** (\$3.00). Again this versatile mistress of exaggeration and verbal slapstick makes both sensible and wild fun of herself and the rest of the world. Embellished with drawings by Alajalov.



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the world of Thika, and Chief Kupanya bestowed on them a necklace with good magic to ensure their return. The charms of Mrs. Huxley's chronicle, whose tone is tender, poignant, or gay, are the sharp, highly individual portraits of Africans and European settlers, the vivid evocation of the ways and landscape of antique Africa, and the artistry with which the incidents are handled—a murder among the Kikuyus, a case of possession by an evil spell, a buffalo hunt and its tragic consequences. *The Flame Trees of Thika* can well stand comparison with Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa*.

"MULTIPLICITY OF EYES"

The essay has been well described by Mr. Leslie Fiedler as "that brief piece of discursive prose, whose intimacy of tone and relaxed approach make it the next step beyond intelligent conversation." ALDOUS HUXLEY is unquestionably a master of this prose form; indeed, critics have tried to prove that he is a bad novelist by arguing that he is a good essayist. Many of his best pieces have appeared in volumes which are now out of print, and it is pleasant to find them restored to circulation in his **COLLECTED ESSAYS** (Harper, \$5.00).

In his preface, Huxley observes that the essay has "a three-poled frame of reference"—the autobiographical, the objective or concrete-particular, and the abstract-universal. Some celebrated essayists have been at their best on only one of those poles—Lamb on the personal, Macaulay on the objective, Bacon on the universal. Huxley, for his part, finds most satisfying the writers who, like Montaigne, have moved freely, hither and thither, between the three poles of the essay. He himself, to my mind, has never been at home in the region of the personal, the autobiographical, but he has shuttled with immense skill, wit, and erudition from the particular to the universal, from *choses vues* to general truths.

Mr. Huxley, as the headings in the present collection remind us, has written essays on an astonishing variety of subjects: nature and travel, criticism of all the arts, history, politics, sociology, psychology, and mysticism. The territory he has explored stretches from the "delicious" buttocks of baroque statuary



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to the beatific visions induced by mescaline. Whatever his subject, Huxley brings to bear on it "a multiplicity of eyes" — scientific, philosophic, economic, artistic, religious. Thus, an Indian garden sets his mind ranging from horticulture to migrant birds, unemployment among college graduates, the categorical imperative, cracker mottoes, and Hindu totems. The distinctive character of the Huxleyan essay is admirably suggested by a passage in *Point Counter Point* in which the writer Philip Quarles says: "One sentence, and I am already involved in history, art and all the sciences. The whole story of the universe is implicit in any part of it. Make the smell of roast duck in an old kitchen diaphanous and you will have a glimpse of everything from the spiral nebulae to Mozart's music and the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi."

FICTION CHRONICLE

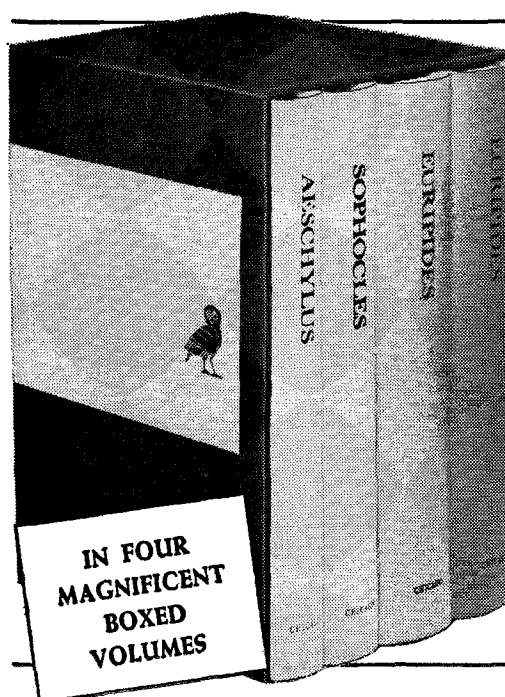
THE CAVE (Random House, \$4.95) by **ROBERT PENN WARREN** introduces us to a dozen characters, involves them in a tragic situation (a young man is trapped in a subterranean cave), and shows us how this tragedy affects them: broadly speaking, it brings to each of them a deeper self-awareness, which helps them to try to free themselves from the various caves in which they have become trapped.

The setting is a small town in Tennessee, and the characters are a varied lot. Among them are a one-time "hillbilly heller," who is now a stiff-necked old man dying of cancer; the bank president and his pretty daughter, who is pregnant but won't name her seducer; a tormented minister, who is struggling to overcome unchristian jealousies; the minister's son, who ruthlessly exploits the fate of the trapped man, his partner, to gain the notoriety that will pay his way to the longed-for freedom of New York; and a Greek restaurant owner with a bright-yellow Cadillac, an invalid ex-chorus-girl wife, and an overdraft. These characterizations are excellent, and Warren is a vigorous and accomplished storyteller. As a picture of the intricate, sometimes startling, relationships in a small Southern town, his novel has considerable force. But to my taste, it suffers from various kinds of inflation. Like a number of well-known American writers, Warren

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has utterly no regard for the classical virtue of economy, and he throws in incidents and data which are largely, if not wholly, irrelevant. His style runs to overwriting and to a stagy overintensity. Here is a sample of the passages which struck me as fancy wordmongering: "It wasn't any real surprise when it happened. Nor was it a non-surprise. It was an event outside of the dimension in which you expected, or didn't expect, something to happen, either above or below or slantwise off yonder where you didn't have to look at it. But it came later than anybody who might have been able to think about it in the dimension of expecting would have expected."

To turn from Robert Penn Warren to FRANÇOIS MAURIAC is to move to the opposite stylistic pole, where all is brevity and concentration. The Mauriac novel which has just been published, *QUESTIONS OF PRECEDENCE* (Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, \$3.50), was written nearly forty years ago. Its setting is the author's native city, Bordeaux; and he paints a devastating picture of the snobberies, cruelty, and lordly loutishness of the ruling caste — "the aristocracy of the cork" — in the early part of the century. Mauriac's narrator belongs to a rich family in the timber trade, and he longs to be admitted to the world of the great wine families, whose sons go to school with him. After a painful humiliation, he and his sister Florence try to arouse the jealousy of "the Sons" by taking up a poor, brilliant, romantic-looking outsider, Augustin. They invite him to their summer villa, and their strategy works: Florence catches one of the Sons. But in the course of an enchanted summer, Augustin has fallen in love with her, and when he learns that she has simply been using him, he vanishes. Before going, he spills out to her the mysterious and terrible story of his past, which has a shattering effect on her. She enters into marriage already disillusioned with her husband's world, and soon she gives herself up to the exploration of physical passion. What follows is a confused and tentative but at moments eloquent treatment of one of Mauriac's major themes: that when man's sins drag him into the abyss and make him an outcast from society, they are hounding him along a road that may lead him to seek access to salvation.

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The novel, though compactly narrated, is a bit fuzzy, crudely melodramatic, and sprinkled with improbabilities. Nevertheless, it has a measure of that power which is the hallmark of the great artist — the ability to create a watertight world and to involve the reader in it emotionally, however distant he may be in temperament and belief from its creator. It would be difficult, I imagine, to be more out of sympathy than I am with Mauriac's sin-haunted vision of life and with his convictions that all human loyalties are obstacles to divine salvation, that all physical desire is as hideous as the ravages of leprosy. And yet I find even in *Questions of Precedence*, one of his apprentice efforts, an electrifying quality which few contemporary novels have.

The young French writers of today, especially the women, are re-activating the oldest tradition of the French novel: its reputation for being scandalous. The latest *succès de scandale* to come to us from France is **CHRISTIANE ROCHFORD**'s first novel, **WARRIOR'S REST** (David McKay, \$3.75), which missed the Prix Femina by a vote, won another prize, sold 100,000 copies, and greatly impressed the critics.

Warrior's Rest describes a journey to the end of the line — the line in this case being bed and the bottle. The two travelers are Genevieve Le Theil, the narrator, a puritanical and priggish young *bourgeoise*, and Renaud Sarti, an idealist *manqué* who has become an alcoholic and a nihilist with the searing contempt for normalcy of Colin Wilson's Outsider. Quite by accident, Genevieve saves Renaud's life after he has attempted suicide. She promptly falls in love with him and, since he is homeless and destitute, installs him in her Paris apartment. The candor, brutality, and demonic energy of his love-making bring about her sexual awakening, and she finds herself in bondage to a man who emerges from empty passivity only to lose himself in sex and drunkenness. A curious struggle ensues: Genevieve tries to coax Renaud toward a more human existence, and he, determined to destroy "the demons" of her puritanism, forces her into the lower depths of depravity and submits her to atrocious indignities. In the piercingly ironic conclusion, love conquers all — and defeats itself. For when

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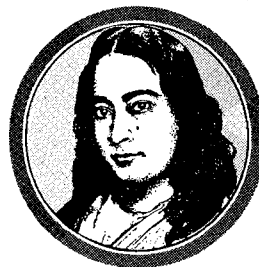
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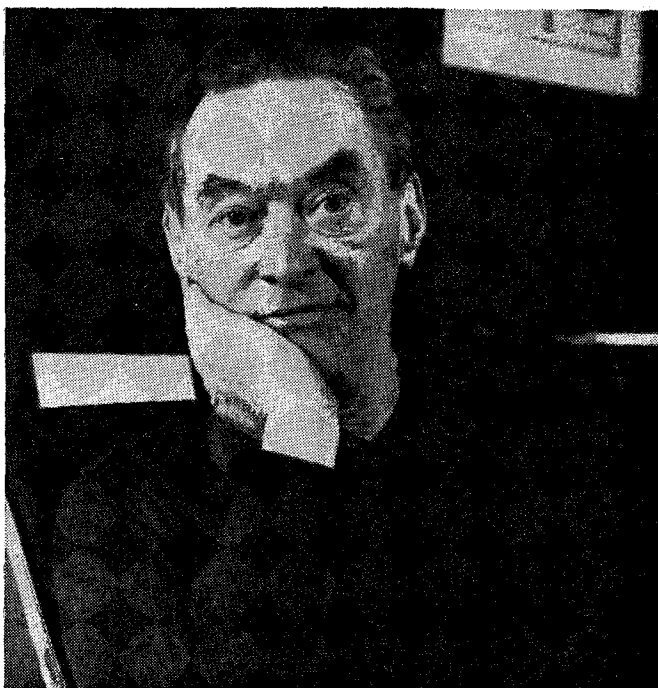
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 and servant of the public.

*The Atlantic Monthly Press
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We are proud to have played a part in bringing the ideas of Walter Lippmann to the American reading public during the past twenty-two years through the publication of his books: *THE GOOD SOCIETY* (1937; revised 1943); *U.S. FOREIGN POLICY: Shield of the Republic* (1943); *U.S. WAR AIMS* (1944); *ISOLATION AND ALLIANCES: An American Speaks to the British* (1952); *THE PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY* (1955); *THE COMMUNIST WORLD AND OURS* (1959).

Renaud, surrendering unconditionally, makes Genevieve marry him and begs her to help him enter "the Great Washing Machine" of ordinary life, Genevieve realizes that he has ceased to be the man she loved.

The robust vein of black comedy that runs through this nightmarish story makes it a singular fusion of the tragic, the erotic, and the comic. Slightly reminiscent of *Lolita*, it seems to me to move on two levels. On one, it is an audacious description of sexual obsession and of a season in hell. On the other, it parodies and punctures both the impulse of the amorous *bourgeoise* to tame her rogue male and the fashionable glorification of the Outsider. Christiane Rochefort, whom some readers will undoubtedly consider a moral monster, is unmistakably a writer of real talent.

The climber of lower-middle-class origin — the dominant figure in the new British fiction — appears as a Labor member of Parliament in *NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE* (Harper, \$3.50) by WILFRED FIENBURGH, a Labor member of Parliament who died in an automobile accident just after completing this novel. Mr. Fienburgh has written an adroit, fast-moving study of an ambitious politician, and his inside picture of British politics is quite first-rate. *No Love For Johnnie* is a novel of contemporary England which belongs with those of Braine, Wain, and Kingsley Amis.

PARSONS AND POETS

TWO GENTLE MEN (Dutton, \$5.00) by MARCHETTE CHUTE is a dual biography of the poets George Herbert (1593–1633) and Robert Herrick (1591–1674). The link between them is that both were country clergymen and both were "gentle men in an age that was not gentle . . . they refused to interfere with their neighbors at a time when interference was almost a duty." Otherwise, they were poles apart. Herbert came of a noble family of warriors, but he grew up dedicated to peace and the service of God; when he started to write poetry, he assured his mother that it would be "ever consecrated to God's glory." At Cambridge he prepared himself for the Church; then at thirty-one he entered Parliament. His ambition was to become secretary of state and to assist King James in resisting the

pressure for war. When James's death ended these hopes, Herbert returned to the Church. The poems he called "Affliction" reflect the anguish of a man who feels he has lost his way and has not put his gifts to their best use. But in the last years of his short life, he found peace and fulfillment as a country parson. He has generally been portrayed, as "little less than sainted." His one volume of poems, *The Temple*, was published after his death.

Herrick was the son of a prosperous goldsmith. He became apprenticed in his father's trade; then he studied law at Cambridge. When his closest friend entered the Church, he entered with him and remained in it throughout his long life, but did not take his responsibilities very seriously. In his youth, he had found the vocation to which he was to devote the whole of himself, the writing of poetry, and for a time he formed part of the hard-drinking group that gathered around Ben Jonson. He was an alien to his fanatical century, for "paganism lodged beside Christianity in his mind as affably as flowers in a field." Giving free rein in his poems to what he called his "wanton wit," he sang of "fresh and fragrant mistresses"; "of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers/ Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers." His poetry is some of the happiest in the English language.

Readers who crave high drama and bold colors may find the lives of Herbert and Herrick too tame for their taste, but Miss Chute is a painstaking and accomplished biographer, and she has fashioned out of undramatic material an interesting and thoroughly readable narrative. Her portraits of the two principal figures are vitalized by sympathy and fruitful research, and among the book's other assets are a fine sketch of Cambridge in the early seventeenth century and a remarkably clear and succinct analysis of the religious conflicts of the period. I have but two reservations: Miss Chute's overall picture of this "violent, passion-ridden" era seemed to me a bit on the bland side, and there is often too much gentleness, I feel, in her verdicts. She says, for instance, of Cromwell that "he had relatively little tyranny on his conscience when he died." Contrast this with Churchill's summation of him as a man who "sensibly darkened the journey of mankind."

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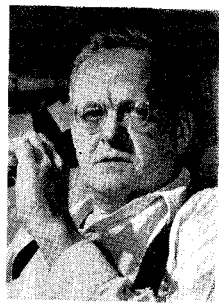
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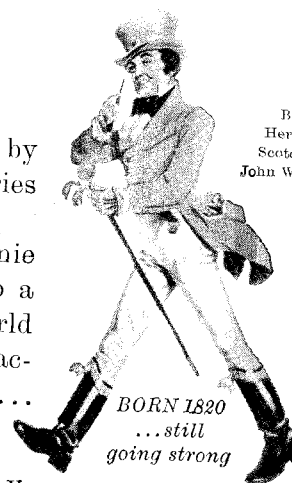
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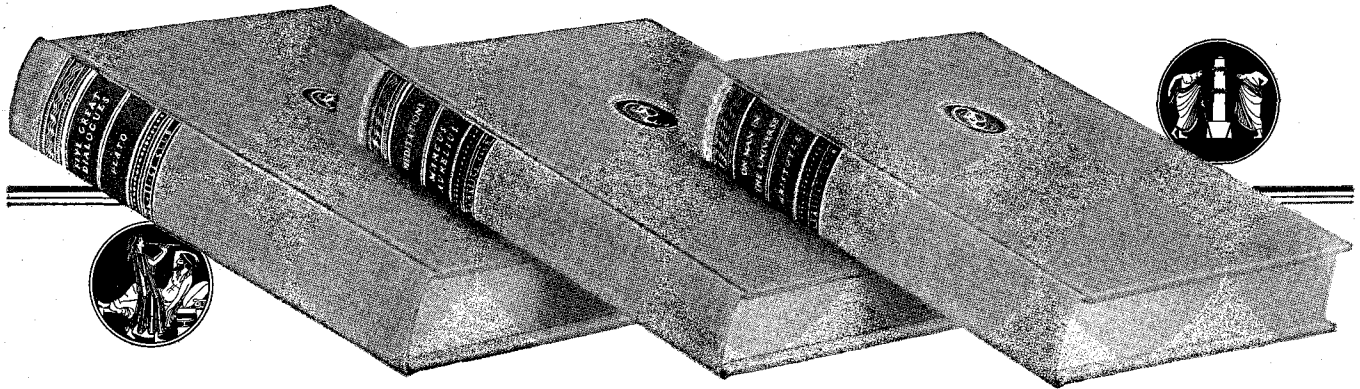
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